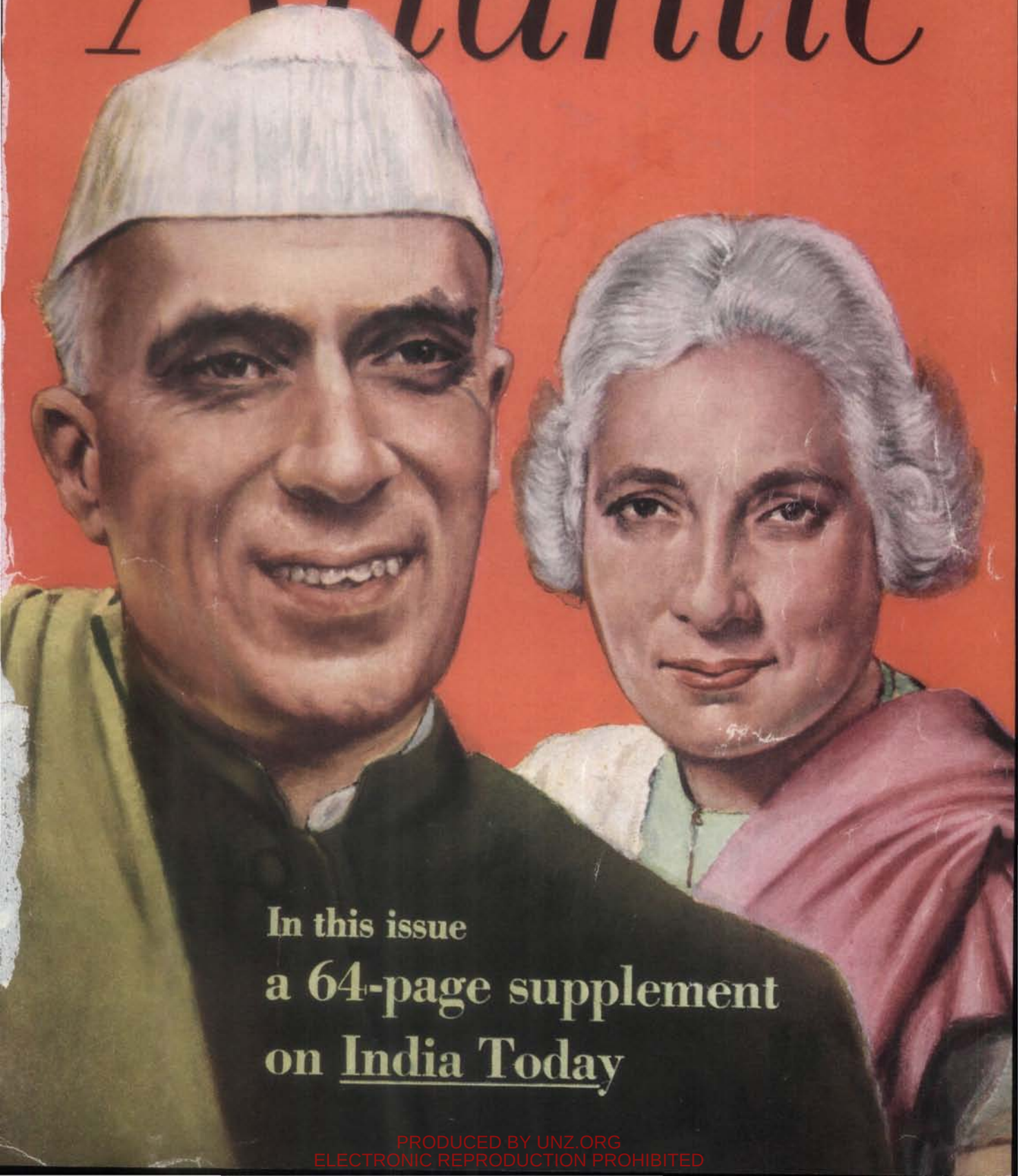


SE 29 '53

October 1953, 50 cents

BURLINGAME
PUBLIC LIBRARY
Burlingame, Calif.

THE *Atlantic*



In this issue
a 64-page supplement
on India Today



FRENCH CALENDAR CLOCK. Lower dial shows months, days, dates, phases of moon. From the famous Old Charter Collection.

Tick-tock... tick-tock... the whiskey that didn't watch the clock.



VIENNESE PENDULETTE. Heart, pushed down rod, re-ascends in 24 hours. Unique in America, as is Old Charter, better by the drink because it's aged longer by the clock.

OLD CHARTER GOES INTO THE CASK A SUPERIOR WHISKY. AS IT AGES, IT BECOMES MORE MELLOW AND RARE. THESE TWO FACTORS ARE BEHIND THE SUPERB FLAVOR THAT IS OLD CHARTER'S. OLD CHARTER'S SUPERB FLAVOR HAVE ACTUALLY WON OVER MANY SCOTCH WHISKY DRINKERS. IT HAS BECOME ONE OF THE MOST POPULAR WHISKIES IN AMERICA. TRY IT.



OLD CHARTER



Kentucky

STRAIGHT BOURBON WHISKY
OLD CHARTER DISTILLERY CO.



"CHIEF SAY CALL BY NUMBER BEST WAY!"

**CALLS GO THROUGH
FASTER WHEN YOU
CALL BY NUMBER**

You save time on out-of-town calls when you give the Long Distance operator the number you want.

So here's a helpful hint. Write down the out-of-town numbers you already know. If there's a new number you don't have—or an old

one you may have forgotten—be sure to add it to the list when the operator gives it to you.

Would you like an attractive booklet for your telephone numbers? Just ask your local Bell Telephone Company.

BELL TELEPHONE SYSTEM

LOCAL to serve the community. NATIONWIDE to serve the nation.



OCTOBER ATLANTIC

Ninety-five years of continuous publication

VOLUME 192 1953 NUMBER 4

Reports: Canada — Germany — London — Washington

Howard Thurman. <i>An Atlantic Portrait</i>	JEAN BURDEN	39
The Spiritual Quality of Justice	JUDGE HAROLD R. MEDINA	45
A World of Glass. <i>A Story</i>	WILLIAM SANSOM	48
Before Night. <i>A Poem</i>	EDWARD WEISMILLER	54
Movies and TV. <i>Murder or Merger?</i>	JOHN T. RULE	55
Russian Assignment <i>The Atlantic Serial</i>	Vice Admiral LESLIE C. STEVENS	59
The Freedom to Believe	WILBER G. KATZ	66
These Winter Dunes. <i>A Poem</i>	CHARLES G. BELL	70
What Happened to Atlantis	ROBERT GRAVES	71
October Frost	JOSEPHINE JOHNSON	75

ATLANTIC BOOKSHELF

The Peripatetic Reviewer	EDWARD WEEKS	78
Books the Editors Like		82
Reader's Choice	CHARLES J. ROLO	84

ACCENT ON LIVING

Charles W. Morton — George Stevens — Charles G. Bell — Mitchell Goodman — Sue Sayle Reith — Marjorie Riddell — Loyd Rosenfield — John Gould — Russ Newbold		92
Record Reviews	JOHN M. CONLY	97

■ INDIA TO AMERICA

Essays, Stories, and Verse	by Indian Writers	103-172
----------------------------	-------------------	---------

*Cover portrait of Prime Minister Nehru and Madame Pandit
by Ern  de Sauv *

1 YEAR \$6.00 2 YEARS \$11.00 3 YEARS \$16.00

THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY, October, 1953, Vol. 192, No. 4. Published monthly. Publication Office, 10 Ferry Street, Concord, N.H. Editorial and General Offices, 8 Arlington St., Boston 16, Mass. 50 cents a copy, \$6.00 a year. Unsolicited manuscripts should be accompanied by return postage. Entered as second-class matter July 15, 1918, at the Post Office at Concord, N.H., under the Act of March 3, 1879. Printed in the U.S.A., by Rumford Press, Concord, N.H. Copyright 1953, by The Atlantic Monthly Company. All rights, including translation into other languages, reserved by the Publisher in the United States, Great Britain, Mexico, and all countries participating in the International Copyright Convention and the Pan-American Copyright Convention.



How Much Do You and Your Family Know About Art?

TEST YOURSELF: Can you identify the painters of these famous masterpieces?

Here is a simple and successful way—particularly for families with children—to obtain a well-rounded education in the history of art under the guidance of
THE METROPOLITAN MUSEUM OF ART

MANY persons, cultivated in every other direction—literature, music, world affairs—have only a smattering of information about art. The reason is obvious: the world's precious masterpieces repose in museums throughout Europe and America, unseen, even unknown, by all but the few who seek them out.

The revolutionary idea of The Metropolitan Museum of Art is to bring the art treasures of the world directly into the homes of cultivated people everywhere, so that they—and their children—may experience the pleasure and the lift of spirit which come with seeing and understanding beautiful works of art.

Once a month the Museum prepares a set of exquisite Miniatures in full color. Each set deals with a different artist or school and contains 24 fine Miniatures (of the size shown at right) and a 32-page Album, in which the artists and their works are discussed, and in which the prints can be affixed in given spaces. Eventually, the most interesting and representative work of every period, school and great painter, from leading museums here and abroad, will be included. In effect, as it proceeds, the project will be an informal but comprehensive course, in both the history and appreciation of art, for persons of all ages.

BEGIN WITH THE SET BELOW—YOU MAY CANCEL AT ANY TIME
 To acquaint yourself visually with the project, we suggest you begin with the Michelangelo set and subscribe for a few months at least. *You have the privilege of canceling at once—or at any time you wish.* Forthcoming sets will present the works of Gauguin, Titian and Giotto. With your first Album, and with every sixth thereafter, you will receive a handsome Portfolio in which the Albums may be kept for constant reference and enjoyment. The price for each set is \$1.25, including the Album.

AS A DEMONSTRATION ... SEND FOR 24 MINIATURES OF THE MOST FAMOUS WORKS OF

Michelangelo

REPRODUCED IN **FULL COLOR** BY
 The Metropolitan Museum of Art

Price for the full set of 24 Miniatures, including a 32-page Album containing explanatory notes about the artist and his work **\$1.25**

PLEASE NOTE: Since The Metropolitan Museum is unequipped to handle the details involved in this project, it has arranged to have the Book-of-the-Month Club, of New York, act as its national distributor. The selection of subjects and the preparation of the color prints remain wholly under the supervision of the Museum. All matters have to do with distribution are handled by the Book-of-the-Month Club.

ANSWERS: 1. Van Gogh 2. Sir Thomas Lawrence 3. Rembrandt 4. Leonardo 5. Goya 6. Gainsborough 7. Renoir

ALL MINIATURES ARE
 OF THIS SIZE
 IN full-color



HEAD OF GOD, MICHELANGELO

Book-of-the-Month Club, Inc., 345 Hudson St., N. Y. 14, N. Y. 16-10

Please begin my subscription to *The Metropolitan Museum of Art Miniatures* with the set of 24 Miniatures of works by MICHELANGELO, with Album (price, \$1.25), and send me subsequent sets when issued. I understand that they are now being prepared by *The Metropolitan Museum of Art* so that I will receive two sets of Miniatures every other month. The set that has been prepared to accompany MICHELANGELO is FIGURE PAINTING BY RENOIR (price, \$1.25, with Album) and it will be sent to me with the MICHELANGELO Miniatures. At the same time I will receive, free, a handsome Portfolio in which to keep six Albums. Additional Portfolios will be sent, also without charge, as they are needed during the period of my subscription.

IT IS UNDERSTOOD THAT I MAY CANCEL MY SUBSCRIPTION WHENEVER I WISH

Name _____

Address _____

City _____

Zone _____

State _____

DO NOT ENCLOSE MONEY • A BILL WILL BE SENT

M17

POSTAGE AND HANDLING CHARGE, WHICH WILL NOT EXCEED 10¢ PER SERIES, WILL BE ADDED



THE ATLANTIC REPORT

on the World today

Canada

THE parallels between the Canadian general election in August and the last American presidential race were both striking and significant. The Canadian Liberal Party had been in power for seventeen years, winning in 1935 by riding the same crest of economic chaos that had given the Democrats their big win in 1932. Like the Democrats, Canadian Liberal administrations had sold the country on the welfare state. In many ways, they went much farther than the Democrats. All Canadian children up to the age of sixteen years draw monthly family-allowance checks from the state. Everybody gets an old-age pension at seventy — whether they need it or not and whether they want it or not. Like the Democrats, the Liberals espouse “reasonable” freedom of trade.

Their Conservative opponents, like the Republicans whom they generally resemble, were still identified in many Canadian minds with the depression. In their 1953 campaign they blasted away at a Liberal regime grown old, slothful, and arrogant; at waste, inefficiency, and a procession of minor scandals; at high taxes which they promised to cut by \$500 million a year; at Canadian dependence on American markets and American capital. They too summed it all up with the slogan “It’s time for a change!”

The contrasts, however, were more striking than the parallels. Canadians, rooting from the side lines, got themselves thoroughly excited over the American elections. They listened to the campaign oratory, gradually chose Stevenson as the popular favorite, and followed the returns with rapt attention. Their own campaign they ignored. They boycotted meetings, turned off their radios, paid none of the candidates any outward attention. Then,

after the dreariest campaign on record, they went to the polls and gave the Liberal administration a resounding endorsement.

Canada’s St. Laurent

In Canada the main reason for the outstanding Liberal triumph was Prime Minister Louis St. Laurent. Seldom has a Canadian politician been held in greater esteem. A French-Canadian Catholic, he has the capacity for arousing in English-speaking Protestant Canadians the same respect and admiration that move their compatriots in Quebec. The people knew, when they saw and heard him, that they liked and trusted him. It was not that they either disliked or distrusted George Drew, the handsome and fluent leader of the Conservative Party. They just ignored him.

For Drew and the Conservatives, their failure to defeat a single Liberal cabinet minister, their election of a scant 50 members against 171 Liberals in a House of Commons of 265, were a stinging rebuke. Seemingly, they had been shipwrecked on a tide that had been running full in their favor. In the previous election in 1949, they did badly, electing 41 members to the Liberals’ 191. But after that things picked up. They won a dozen by-elections caused by death and retirement, and raised their strength to 48 while the Liberals dropped to 181.

In the provinces where the Liberals were in power, the Conservatives scored important gains. New Brunswick and Prince Edward Island turned the Liberals out and put the Tories in. Ontario all but obliterated the Liberal Party in the provincial field. In Quebec itself, long the foundation of Liberal power, an anti-Liberal party was returned to office. Even British Columbia, a Liberal stronghold



What is a magazine made of?

Pulpwood? Copper and zinc and printer's ink? Coal and oil and lead and web presses? Is a magazine merely the result of a shrewdly-timed use of all these dead objects? No. *Ideas are what magazines are made of.*

Twenty-eight years ago the editors of The New Yorker brought together a collection of ideas—new ideas—interesting ideas. They went to work. And their ideas worked. Since then they have attracted a readership of as compact a group of mentally-awake people as can be found in America—awake to what is new, tenacious in loyalty to what is old and good.

Ideas are what make magazine readers.

What are advertisements made of?

Advertisements, too, are only the confections of coal and oil and copper and web presses—so much junk for the back lot—until they are touched alive by ideas. *Ideas are what advertisements are made of.*

During the past 28 years The New Yorker has attracted to its pages the greatest number of advertisers of all the magazines printed in America. Since 1925 these advertisers have used more than 70,000 pages in The New Yorker. What is more, these advertisements are exceptionally full of ideas.

Ideas are what advertisements in The New Yorker are made of.

The ideas in the advertisements couldn't have prospered without inspiration from the ideas of the editors. So together they got results.

Ideas are what results are made of.

THE
NEW YORKER

No. 25 WEST 43RD STREET
NEW YORK 36, N. Y.

Sells Ideas To People Other People Follow



The Atlantic Report on Canada



from away back, dumped its provincial Liberal administration in favor of a queer assortment of political mavericks who called themselves Social Crediters.

The U.S. bans Canadian dairy products

It seemed to the Tories, last winter, that the winds of change were blowing strongly in their favor. That notion was strengthened by the American results in November. A half dozen minor scandals in the defense department caused the Tories no pain at all. President Eisenhower gave them an unintentional lift in one of his earliest executive orders. Taken under the U.S. agricultural price support system, it banned the importation of Canadian dairy products.

This order hit eastern Canadian farmers, and hit them hard. In recent years they have had a profitable market for dairy products, particularly cheese, in the United States. It was cut off overnight by the embargo. The Canadian government protested through the usual channels.

The corridors of Parliament buzzed all spring with agitation for retaliation. If the Americans were up to their old tricks, the time to get tough was now. If embargoes were to be the thing, it was a game Canada could play. "Let's slap some embargoes on the export of nickel, asbestos, aluminum, uranium, and newsprint and watch a real uproar in Washington! Let's show Eisenhower that he's on a two-way street!"

Eventually Parliament unanimously passed a resolution urging the Prime Minister personally to attempt to have the embargoes lifted. Mr. St. Laurent made a special visit to Washington to put Canada's case to the President.

America's best customer

The Canadian case is almost unanswerable. Canada is the best customer the United States has, and 22 per cent of the foreign trade of the United States is with Canada. It is a trade that provides the United States with a favorable balance that has run to almost \$1 billion a year and is now averaging around \$500 million. Seventy per cent of all Canadian imports come from the United States, while only about 55 per cent of Canadian exports go south of the border.

It is a trade which, since the war, has been skyrocketing. Exports from Canada rose from about \$900 million in 1946 to \$2400 million in 1952. Canadian imports from the States jumped from \$1405

million in 1946 to almost \$3000 million last year. By comparison, the sterling area, which took \$900 million in Canadian exports in 1946, took only slightly over that last year. Canadian imports from the sterling area, including Britain, rose from \$265 million to \$565 million.

The American embargo on dairy products, plus hints in Congress of a lot worse to come, focused attention on Canada's vulnerable trade position. The Conservatives blasted the government for ignoring and neglecting the British market while encouraging trade with the States, and continually urged a switch from American trade to British trade.

Riding the industrial boom

Since the war, Canada has been riding the greatest industrial boom in history. American branch plants located in the Ontario-Quebec industrial wedge have been going in for multimillion-dollar enlargements. Ford has spent \$35 million on a new assembly plant near Toronto. General Motors will spend a similar sum. Even more outstanding has been the development of natural resources in the north and west. Vast new iron ore deposits are being opened in Quebec; there is a uranium boom in the north, an oil and gas boom on the prairies. Asbestos, nickel, aluminum, and copper production are mounting steadily.

It was here that Mr. Drew struck what should have been political pay dirt. Why, he asked, should Canada go on forever supplying raw material to the United States and importing semi-finished products? Why not keep our nickel, our iron ore, our asbestos, our gas, in Canada and do our own processing and sell the finished products to the United States? The United States is using up its resources. We have just started to tap ours. We have the resources, the power, and the skill to process them right here in Canada. Why don't we?

In other times, under different conditions, these might have been the fetching sort of arguments that would have sent Mr. Drew back to the House of Commons in triumph. They are the sort of arguments that Canadians would listen to if times were tough. But in August, 1953, Canadians were more prosperous than they had ever been in their lives. Wages touched an all-time high; nobody who wanted to work was out of a job. Things were good, the Liberals kept reminding the electors.

Mr. Drew's most serious tactical error in the campaign was his flat promise to cut taxes by \$500 million a year. It was a round figure with

BOTH *Free* ...WALTER J. BLACK, PRESIDENT OF THE CLASSICS CLUB, INVITES YOU TO ACCEPT FREE TO NEW MEMBERS

These Two Beautiful De Luxe Library Editions



THE COMPLETE WORKS OF

THE ESSAYS OF

Shakespeare *and* Bacon

*All 37 Plays • Comedies, Tragedies,
Histories and Poems*

*On Love, Truth, Friendship, Riches
and 54 Other Fascinating Subjects*

EVERY word Shakespeare ever wrote — every delightful comedy, stirring tragedy, and thrilling historical play; every lovely poem and sonnet — yours *complete* in this beautiful 1312-page volume. Chuckle at the ever-modern comedy of Falstaff; be fascinated by glamorous Cleopatra; shudder at the intrigues of Macbeth; thrill with Romeo in the ecstasies of love. Be amazed at Iago's treachery; step with delight into the whimsical world of Puck and Bottom.

Shakespeare is the one writer who understood human nature as no other ever has, before or since. So deep did he see into the hearts of all of us that he is more alive today than he was three hundred years ago!

HERE is another Titan of the Elizabethan era — Sir Francis Bacon, whose surpassing intellect laid the groundwork of science and philosophy for generations. Anyone in search of personal guidance and a practical, day-by-day philosophy of life can do no better than to read these immortal essays ... about love, politics, books, business, friendship and the many other subjects which Bacon discusses so clearly, incisively, wisely. So much wit and wisdom is packed into these writings that quotations from them have become part of our literature.

Both these handsome De Luxe volumes — Shakespeare and Bacon — are yours *free*, as membership gifts from the Classics Club.

Why The Classics Club Offers You These 2 Books Free

WILL YOU add these two volumes to your library — as membership gifts from the Classics Club? You are invited to join today ... and to receive on approval beautiful editions of the world's greatest masterpieces.

These books, selected unanimously by distinguished literary authorities, were chosen because they offer the greatest enjoyment and value to the "pressed for time" men and women of today.

Why Are Great Books Called "Classics"?

A true "classic" is a living book that will never grow old. For sheer fascination it can rival the most thrilling modern novel. Have you ever wondered how the truly great books have become "classics"? First because they are so readable. They would not have lived unless they were read; they would not have been read unless they were interesting. To be interesting they had to be easy to understand. And

those are the very qualities which characterize these selections: *readability, interest, simplicity.*

Only Book Club of Its Kind

The Classics Club is different from all other book clubs. 1. It distributes to its members the world's classics at a low price. 2. Its members are not obligated to take any specific number of books. 3. Its volumes (which are being used today in many leading colleges and universities) are luxurious De Luxe Editions — bound in the fine buckram ordinarily used for \$5 and \$10 bindings. They have tinted page tops; are richly stamped in genuine gold, which will retain its original lustre — books you and your children will cherish for years.

A Trial Membership Invitation to You

You are invited to accept a Trial Membership. With your first book will be sent an advance notice about future selections. You may reject any book you do not wish. You need not take any specific number of books — only the ones you want. No money in advance, no membership fees. You may cancel membership anytime.

Mail this Invitation Form now. Paper, printing, binding costs are rising. This low price — and your FREE copies of The Complete Works of SHAKESPEARE and BACON'S ESSAYS — cannot be assured unless you respond promptly. THE CLASSICS CLUB, One Park Avenue, New York 16, N. Y.

Walter J. Black, President
THE CLASSICS CLUB

One Park Avenue, New York 16, N. Y.

Please enroll me as a Trial Member and send me, FREE, the beautiful two-volume De Luxe Classics Club Editions of The Complete Works of SHAKESPEARE and BACON'S ESSAYS, together with the current selection.

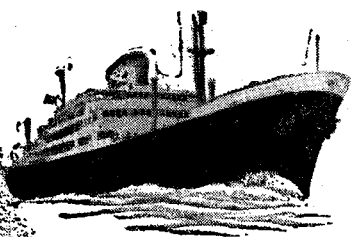
I am not obligated to take any specific number of books and I am to receive an advance description of future selections. Also, I may reject any volume before or after I receive it, and I may cancel my membership whenever I wish.

For each volume I decide to keep I will send you \$2.89, plus a few cents mailing charges.
(Books shipped in U.S.A. only.)

Mr. }
Mrs. }
Miss } (Please Print Plainly)

Address

City Zone No. State



Combine a wonderfully relaxing vacation with a business trip to Africa

Sail aboard the fine passenger liner
s. s. *African Enterprise*
or s. s. *African Endeavor* ...
17 glorious days between
New York and Capetown.
These ships call also at
Durban, Port Elizabeth
and Lourenco Marques.
Fine food, comfortable
accommodations, friendly
service on the fair-
weather route to

MODERN AFRICA

... strategic raw materials and trade opportunities for the American businessman

Below the Sahara are some 80 strategic raw materials. Here, also, a tremendous industrial development is under way and markets for heavy and consumer goods are growing constantly. Investigate the possibilities for your business.

See your Travel Agent
for reservations, or

FARRELL LINES

Only American steamship company
linking the United States with
all THREE ocean coasts of Africa

26 Beaver Street, New York 4, N. Y.

which the Liberal speakers had a field day. And it was a promise without an appeal.

Canadians pay whopping taxes, but taxes are not something the average Canadian gets worked up about. The withholding system has created a condition where the average worker doesn't handle his tax money. Even at the corporation level, taxes are regarded as a cost of doing business and are budgeted for by the cost accountants. Only the self-employed, the small business and professional men, have much tax trouble. Unfortunately for the Conservatives, they are not numerous.

In addition to its painless extraction of the personal income tax, the Canadian government this year will raise \$1565 million, or a third of its entire budget, in excise taxes, sales taxes, and import duties which are deeply buried in the retail price level. The Liberals did cut income taxes 10 per cent this year and made other concessions that were not unacceptable.

No time for a change

So they promised nothing but prosperity and talked about their record. By any yardstick it was a good record. In six years, they had paid for the added cost of the war in Korea and Canadian commitments in Europe, and had cut the national debt by almost one sixth. Canada was enjoying almost complete industrial peace, so there was no residual bitterness from big strikes or long layoffs.

In such an economic climate, the Tory slogan, "It's time for a change!" backfired. The issues the Tories had been raising with such vigor and such confidence evaporated before the bright face of the economy and the personality of St. Laurent.

Washington's next move

Another big crop is being harvested in western Canada. That will be an unheard-of four good crops in a row. Despite the greatest sales of Canadian grain in history this year, the Canadian elevators were jammed tight with the 1952 crop when the 1953 harvest started. The wheat is in strong hands, being all held by the Canadian Wheat Board, a government agency. Farmers will get a down payment this year of \$1.40 a bushel when they can deliver their

new crop. What that crop will bring, ultimately, will depend on what Washington does with the huge American wheat surplus.

If the United States seeks to solve its domestic agricultural surplus problem by giving its wheat surplus away or selling it at bargain basement prices, it will collide with Canadian interest head-on. The recipients will be Canadian customers who have been paying cash for Canadian wheat. The huge surplus of wheat will simply be shunted from American elevators to Canadian elevators. What is true of wheat is true of most other foods. Any rush of altruism in Washington, if it takes the form of a commodity giveaway, will be ruinous to Canada.

A further decline in cattle prices would spell disaster for thousands of Canadian cattlemen. In western Canada, where the populace lives off the farmers who live on world markets, all this is primary school stuff. Because it is, a cloud of uncertainty is perturbing the farmers, who haven't been enjoying quite the same level of prosperity that has been the rule in the east. The Canadian price level, loaded as it is with hidden taxes and high markups, weighs heavily on them. Any decline in their prices will squeeze all the profit out of farming. The prairie farmer was a worried voter on election day, which explains why the Liberal Government lost ground in the west.

The return of the Liberals should mean a continuation of the friendly relations that have been the rule between Ottawa and Washington. But that, too, will depend largely on Washington. Faced with a restrictive American trade policy, the Conservatives would have leaped at the chance to raise tariffs. The Liberals will not, but that does not mean that they will do nothing in face of a return to high protection south of the line. They will move slowly, but the war taught the Canadian government that special taxation concessions would work wonders in getting new forms of production going. The war also taught Ottawa some very slick tricks in currency management.

But the greatest protection Canada has against extreme action in Washington lies in the realization by Americans that the United States needs all the friends it can make.

The International Collectors Library offers you

Any Three

of these Ten Masterworks
in authentic period bindings
for only \$1⁰⁰

OF HUMAN BONDAGE by W. Somerset Maugham. Bound in green, morocco-grained, with a handsome design from the library of Louis XVI.

WAR AND PEACE by Leo Tolstoi. Bound in rich wine red, levant-grained, with a design from the magnificent library of Czar Alexander II.

WUTHERING HEIGHTS by Emily Brontë. Bound in blue, morocco-grained, with a design by Mercier, master bookbinder of the 19th century.

PERE GORIOT by Honoré de Balzac. A story of Paris. Bound in vermillion, morocco-grained, with a design from the library of Madame Pompadour.

ANNA KARENINA by Leo Tolstoi. Perhaps the most powerful and moving story ever written about marital infidelity. (Czar Alexander II binding).

THE WAY OF ALL FLESH by Samuel Butler. The stark, gripping novel which helped to terminate the prudish Victorian age. (Louis XVI binding).

THE BROTHERS KARAMAZOV by Fyodor Dostoevsky. Freud called this work the most masterly novel ever written. (Czar Alexander II binding).

BARCHESTER TOWERS by Anthony Trollope. A love story spiced with the gentle humor that is Trollope's trade mark. (19th century Mercier binding).

CRIME AND PUNISHMENT by Fyodor Dostoevsky. Said to be the most widely read novel of all time and all literature. (Czar Alexander II binding).

PRIDE AND PREJUDICE by Jane Austen. The gay and charming book that has kept people smiling for over 140 years! (19th century Mercier binding).

**An unprecedented offer to those who want to
build a distinguished home library**

THE libraries of the men who created the "golden age of bookbinding" were havens of exquisite beauty. On their shelves were fabulous volumes bound in burnished Arabian leather, in crisp llama, tender doeskin and the precious pelts of strange Asiatic animals . . . all filigreed in arabesques of gold and silver. Not even a millionaire could buy these volumes now, for they are the national art treasures of a dozen lands. Yet—on the most limited budget you may have thrilling reproductions commissioned by the International Collectors Library!

A LIFETIME LIBRARY OF LUXURIOUS VOLUMES. Within the covers of these gorgeous books are the greatest works of literature—novels, drama, philosophy, biography, poetry, history. The bindings are in the rich reds, meadow greens, deep browns and blues of the originals. Each is elaborately embossed in 24 kt. gold, enriching your rooms as they did the palaces of kings. They are warm with the beauty of their luxurious material which contains leather but does not demand the care of leather books. The page tops are decorated with gold leaf, and a silk ribbon marker has been added.

HOW THE LIBRARY'S PLAN WORKS. The Library distributes these volumes at just \$3.65 each, *strictly limited* to members. Each month you will receive an advance notice of the forthcoming release. If you do not want it, merely notify us and it will not be sent; otherwise, it will come to you for just \$3.65 plus small delivery charge. You build your library as you choose—either exquisite sets of matched volumes or an equally handsome collection of individual volumes—and you may take all the books you wish or none at all.

MAIL THE COUPON TODAY! Send for your three volumes for free examination. If you are not overwhelmed by their beauty and value, simply return them in 7 days and owe nothing. Otherwise, pay \$1.00 (plus shipping charge) for all three and become a Library member. Remember—you buy only the books you want when you want them, and you may cancel membership at any time. Mail the coupon *today!*

Write Below the Titles of the Three Volumes
You Want For Just \$1.00

International Collectors Library
Garden City, N. Y.

Please send me the three International Collectors Library volumes whose titles I have written above for free examination. I understand that if I am not completely delighted, I may return the three volumes within 7 days and owe nothing. Otherwise, I will send As a regular Library member I will receive each month an advance description of the forthcoming selection, which I may accept or reject as I choose. I may take as many or as few volumes as I wish at the exclusive price of just \$3.65 each, plus delivery charge—and I may resign membership at any time simply by notifying you.

Name.....

Address.....

City.....

Zone..... State.....

INTERNATIONAL COLLECTORS LIBRARY American Headquarters,
Garden City, N. Y.

Germany

SINCE the fleeting “honeymoon” of 1945–46, when the Soviets hoped to dupe the West into leaving all Germany to them, and the Allies dreamed of a Germany controlled and circumscribed by East-West coöperation, both Eastern and Western policies for Germany have been based, willy-nilly, on de facto partition of the country.

The Soviets made a brash grab for all Germany when they laid down the Berlin blockade, and they have tried carrot-and-stick psychological strategy to woo Western Germany. The West has successfully fended off all Soviet assaults, and it has dispatched many diplomatic notes challenging the Soviets to permit free elections in all Germany. But neither East nor West has been willing to play double or nothing, to risk its position in half of Germany for the sake of gaining the whole.

Immediately after V-E Day, the Soviets rifled East Germany of industrial equipment. Ever since, they have more and more turned the area into an integral part of the Soviet bloc. Soviet state corporations appropriated key East German industrial concerns; leading German scientists and technicians were kidnaped for work in the Soviet Union; the remainder of the East German economy has been exploited and reoriented as Soviet needs require.

Politically, while the façade of a multiparty system is maintained, liquidation of opposition, Communization via the secret police, and subjugation to Soviet policy have proceeded apace. Militarily, the Soviet Army and Air Force have built a mighty net of bases in the area and have developed a fledgling East German army to support them.

The policy of the West

Western policy toward Western Germany has been infinitely different, morally and humanly. It has, however, by its own democratic means, as assiduously attempted to integrate Western Germany into the Western bloc as the Soviets have tried to merge their zone with the East. West Germany has become a member of the Schuman Plan, which hopes to amalgamate the coal and steel industries of Germany, France, Italy, Belgium, Holland, and Luxemburg.

Militarily, since former President Truman’s decision in 1950 to dispatch four more American divisions to Europe, West Germany has been developed into a formidable bastion of NATO land and air strength. West Germany herself has been asked to contribute troops to the common defense, under the European Defense Community (EDC) scheme, which would unite German contingents with those of the five other Schuman Plan countries.

EDC, however, although it has been two and a half years in the making, is still far from becoming a reality, principally because the French, who conceived it in order to deny Western Germany an independent army, now balk at legitimizing their own brain child, since they fear both German resurgence and Soviet resentment. The West German government has ratified the treaty, although its test in the German Constitutional Court is still pending.

The desire for unity

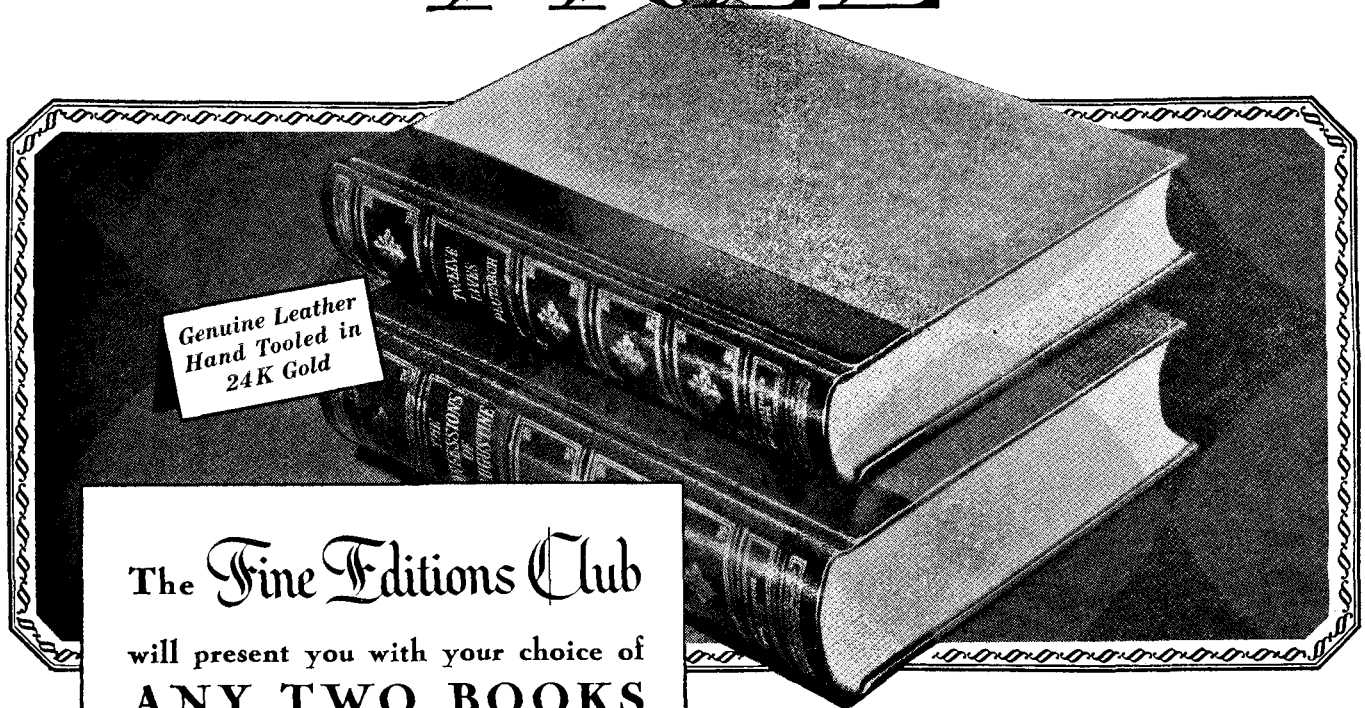
East Germany’s Communists have naturally endorsed Soviet policy; however, they make up less than 10 per cent of the East German population. Ninety per cent of the East Germans despise partition, for the obvious reason that it means Soviet entrenchment in their midst. Ever since 1945, they have looked to the West for salvation from their plight, for liberation. Hence they have also had their reservations about an Allied policy that seemed, in their eyes, to be lavishing bounties on Western Germany but neglecting the East.

Understandably, the East Germans have never come to grips with the question of exactly what the West could do for them, short of starting a war to free them. In their trapped, powerless situation, they simply felt it to be inconceivable that as powerful a complex as the West could do nothing. Now that they have shown, by rebellion, how much they can do, the East Germans may understand Western caution even less.

The spectacularly smoldering rebellion in Eastern Germany raises, more sharply than any other event since 1945, the question of all Germany’s future. And it is a cold war maxim that as Germany goes, so goes Europe.

Absolutely FREE

No "strings" to this offer
— the only condition is
your love for fine books



The Fine Editions Club

will present you with your choice of
ANY TWO BOOKS
FROM THE LIST BELOW

YOU ARE INVITED to choose TWO of the Fine Editions listed below as a GIFT of the Fine Editions Club and receive *on approval*, your choice of a third Fine Edition as your first regular selection of these handsome new editions of favorite classics of all time. Here are luxury volumes, in bindings worthy of their great contents . . . which you can acquire to build a beautiful matched library of your own. Send for your two free gift volumes today.

CHOOSE FROM THIS LIST

CRIME AND PUNISHMENT by Fedor Dostoevsky
THE DECAMERON by Giovanni Boccaccio
TWELVE LIVES by Plutarch
THE SHORT STORIES OF EDGAR ALLAN POE
FIVE COMEDIES by Aristophanes
THE REPUBLIC by Plato
NANA by Emile Zola
PERE GORIOT and EUGENIE GRANDET by Balzac
PICTURE OF DORIAN GRAY by Oscar Wilde
A TALE OF TWO CITIES by Charles Dickens
HUCKLEBERRY FINN by Mark Twain
THE RED BADGE OF COURAGE by Stephen Crane

BOOKS OF RARE BEAUTY AND DISTINCTION

A Handsome Adornment to Any Home



BOUND WITH GENUINE LEATHER HAND TOOLED IN 24K GOLD... PAGE TOPS ALSO 24K GOLD

These new Fine Editions are *triumphs* of the book-binding art . . . handsome, full-library-size collector's editions to lend grace and distinction to your home. Never before has *any* book club offered volumes like these . . . superbly bound in *deep-maroon genuine leather* with beautiful Library Cloth. Examine these volumes for yourself . . . feel their rich, quality bindings . . . see their clear, legible type and fine quality paper, with page tops edged in 24K gold. The Fine Editions Club will send you, as a lover of great books, *your choice of any two volumes from the list of titles at the left . . . FREE . . .* along with any other title from that list as your first selection which you may return without any obligation, if you are not completely delighted. As a member of the Fine Editions Club you will not be required to take any special number of books during the year. You may drop your membership any time.

THE FINE EDITIONS CLUB, Membership Department,
2230 West 110th St., Cleveland 2, Ohio

AT10-3

Please send me **ABSOLUTELY FREE** the two Fine Editions indicated below and *approval* copy of the first regular selection. With this shipment please send me your Invitation to Membership and full information about the Club and its future selections.

It is understood that, if I become a member, I may cancel at any time, and that I need not take any specific number of books. For each selection I decide to keep I will send you the special Members' price of \$3.95, *which includes all postage charges.*

Even if I decide not to become a member, I may still keep the 2 gift copies.

MY TWO FREE
GIFT BOOKS: 1. _____ 2. _____
Select titles from list at left

MY FIRST REGULAR
SELECTION (*on approval*) _____
Select title from list at left

MR., MRS., MISS _____
(Please print name)

ADDRESS _____

CITY _____ ZONE _____ STATE _____

Membership is limited to one subscription to any family or household

Membership Rolls now open to CANADIAN and FOREIGN Subscribers

Daughter India

In this month's HOLIDAY, there is a remarkable piece on all of India, by Miss Santha Rama Rau.

Miss Rama Rau is a native daughter of India, an adopted daughter of the United States. Both her countries should be extremely proud of her.

Despite her youth, she writes exquisitely and maturely. And despite the scope of her subject, she has been able to bring India into surprisingly clear focus, without intellectual pompousness, without condescension to the reader.

At a time when this great country and its many, many millions are so important to America and all the world, HOLIDAY is proud to offer you this superb prose-and-picture document. And proud, too, that it is the kind of outstanding writing that is making HOLIDAY so respected by so many respected judges.

On June 16 the overworked construction crews on East Berlin's Stalinallee housing project began a protest march toward the offices of the East German Communist government, located in the late Hermann Goering's Luftwaffe Ministry in Leipzigerstrasse. Perhaps the march was actually sanctioned by Soviet authorities, anxious to feign that, under the new "soft" Malenkov policy, workers could "strike" for better conditions. Whatever its origin, Eastern Germany's first open antigovernment demonstration in eight years fused a powder keg of latent fury.

Eastern Germany blows up

Workers, seeing the Stalinallee crews on the move, dropped their tools and marched along. Shopkeepers, clerks, factory hands, truckers, passers-by, women, and youngsters swelled the throng. Word spread like wildfire among the East Berlin citizenry, until more than 50,000 surged and seethed in the Leipzigerstrasse.

Hastily improvised placards demanded more food, better pay, deposition of the hated German Communist rulers, and free elections. Angry bands roamed East Berlin, smashing Communist Party offices, ripping down Red posters. The following day rioters scaled the famous Brandenburg Gate and tore down and burned the Red flag.

Radio newscasts from West German stations, plus the word-of-mouth communication always so highly organized in a police state, stirred all the people of Eastern Germany to arise. In Saxony's uranium mines, 100,000 semi-indentured laborers struck, smashing equipment, setting fires, beating Red labor bosses. Fire and destruction ran through the great Leuna chemical plant.

Tumult raged in all the major industrial cities, in Leipzig, Dresden, Merseburg, Magdeburg, Halle, and Chemnitz. Road and rail traffic halted; mills slowed down or stood still; Communist functionaries were assaulted; on the streets and in big city squares, loud and livid masses shouted for freedom.

German Communist police proved powerless to cope with the conflagration. Some fired viciously on their countrymen, but others stripped off their uniforms in sympathy, while the

majority, divided between their duty and their people, seemed simply ineffectual. Soviet troops and tanks had to be called in.

The unarmed rioters pushed desperate courage to the point of throwing stones at T-34s; some tanks were disabled by logs jammed into their treads. Gradually, behaving with disciplined restraint, firing over the rioters' heads, the Soviet units dispersed the demonstrations.

After three days, the first flare of rebellion burned out. Indecision, perhaps caused by the "soft" policy, perhaps resulting from surprise that anyone would dare revolt against them, marked the Soviets' reaction. In reprisal, they ordered a number of executions and had dozens of alleged ringleaders arrested.

Gruesome as these measures were to their victims, they did not approach the massive, icy rigor of which Soviet power is traditionally capable. Indeed, the German Communist government, shaken to its roots, hastily made a series of concessions, lowering work norms, raising welfare payments, easing crop quotas which farmers must deliver to state-controlled markets, promising more consumer goods, and the like.

Thus encouraged, and still incensed, the rioters acted again, with a sit-down strike in Merseburg, a slowdown in the famed Zeiss optical works at Jena, new uprisings in the uranium mines, and road and rail blocks throughout the Soviet zone.

Food for the hungry

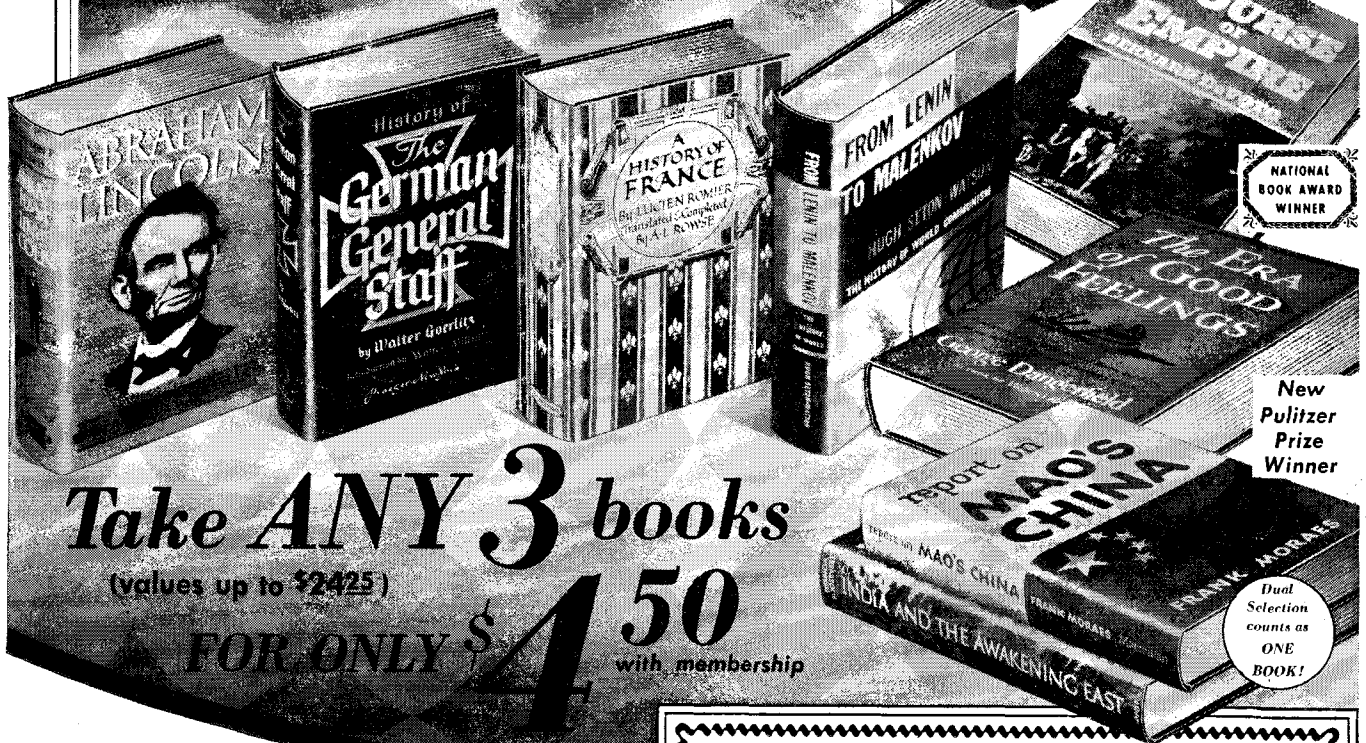
A third rash of revolt came in July in conjunction with President Eisenhower's offer of 15 million dollars' worth of food to Eastern Germany. The Soviets and East German Communists promptly rejected the offer. Thereupon, West Berlin and West German official and private agencies made food packages (from German stocks which could now be replaced by the U.S. shipments) available in West Berlin.

Thousands of East Berliners streamed across the city's dividing line to buy the packages at giveaway prices. More thousands of East Germans came; often, groups of families pooled their money to send one food-buying emissary to Berlin. But on

DEMONSTRATION OFFER

OF NEW BOOKS OF

HISTORY and WORLD AFFAIRS



Take **ANY 3** books
(values up to \$24.25)
FOR ONLY \$4.50
with membership

Only the original HISTORY BOOK CLUB
offers you so rich a variety
of distinguished new books!

HERE is an amazingly generous demonstration offer — to prove how much you'll enjoy the RICH VARIETY of important new books of history and world affairs you can get at cash savings through the History Book Club.

As a member, you take only the books you want, and you save real money on them. (Last year, members saved an average of \$2.77 on each selection, including the value of their bonus books!)

The volumes pictured above sell for up to \$10.00 each in publisher's editions. But you may choose ANY THREE for a total of only \$4.50 if you join the History Book Club on this unusual offer!

A Unique Book Club

The original History Book Club is unique in two ways. First of all, your selections are not restricted to United States history; you have your choice, as well, of the very best new books that deal with other parts of the world — with their history, politics, and people.

Second, this is the ONLY club whose books are chosen by a distinguished Board of Historian-Editors.

Other Membership Advantages

Every selection is described to you in advance in a careful and objective review. You then decide whether you want the book at the special member's price. If you don't want it you merely return a form (always provided) and it will not be sent. You may take as few as four books a year, and resign any time after accepting four such books.

You receive a valuable Bonus Book at no extra charge, each time you purchase four selections. In addition to current selections, a large number of other important books are always available to you at special money-saving prices.

Choose any THREE of the books pictured above for only \$4.50. Then mail your coupon without delay.

Which 3 do you want for only \$4.50 with membership?

MAIL ENTIRE COUPON TO:

The HISTORY BOOK CLUB, INC., Dept. A-10
45 West 57th Street, New York 19, N. Y.

Send me at once the three selections I have checked below, two as my enrollment gifts and one as my first selection, and bill me only \$4.50 plus a few cents for postage and packing. Forthcoming selections will be described to me in advance, and I may decline any book simply by returning a printed form. You will send me a valuable FREE BONUS BOOK each

time I purchase four additional selections or alternates. My only obligation is to accept four selections or alternates in the first year I am a member, and I may resign at any time after accepting four such books. **GUARANTEE:** If not completely satisfied, I may return my first shipment within 7 days, and membership will be cancelled.

CHECK YOUR 3 BOOKS HERE

☐ **FROM LENIN TO MALENKOV: The History of World Communism** By Hugh Seton-Watson. Masterful history of Communist power in Russia and the world — and of the ruthless men and women who control it now. List price \$6.00.

☐ **HISTORY OF THE GERMAN GENERAL STAFF** By Walter Goerlitz. The most feared and respected military geniuses of all times their personalities, triumphs, and fatal miscalculations, from Clausewitz to Rommel. List price \$7.50.

☐ **ABRAHAM LINCOLN** By Benjamin Thomas. "Best one volume life of Lincoln" in recent times! Illustrated. List price \$5.75.

☐ **THE COURSE OF EMPIRE** By Bernard DeVoto. Breathtaking story of the westward surge of the American Frontier! Many picture maps. List price \$6.00.

☐ **THE ERA OF GOOD FEELINGS** By George Dangerfield. America's "coming of age." Full of sidelights about Calhoun, John Jacob Astor, Clay, others. List Price \$6.00.

☐ **THE JOURNALS OF FRANCIS PARKMAN** (Two volumes, boxed) Edited by Mason Wade. Here are the witty private journals by the author of *The Oregon Trail* who roamed Europe and North America in the early 19th century. An historical treasure for your library. Illustrated. List price \$10.00.

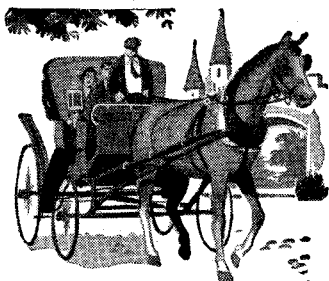
☐ **A HISTORY OF FRANCE** By Lucien Romier. An exciting panorama of Kings, Emperors, poets, revolutionaries and statesmen Maps and pictures. List price \$6.50.

Dual Selection (Counts as 1 book)

☐ **REPORT ON MAO'S CHINA** By Frank Moraes. Eye-witness account of Communism in conflict with thirty centuries of Chinese culture. By the brilliant, pro-democratic editor of *The Times of India*. List price \$3.75.

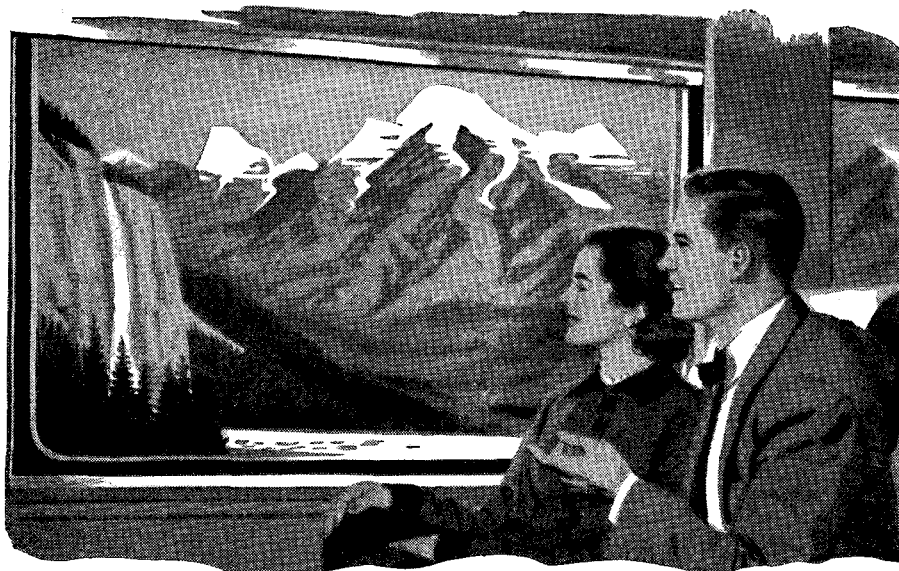
and
INDIA AND THE AWAKENING EAST By Eleanor Roosevelt. First hand report on an area vital to United States policy. List price \$3.00.

Name.....
Address.....
City.....Zone.....State.....(A-10)



Roll across Canada by smooth Canadian Pacific train...picture views all the way. *Breathe in the charm of Québec in a horsedrawn calèche... relax at Château Frontenac in fine hospitality. Nearby, take in the Laurentian resorts this fall. Shop in metropolitan Montreal. Stop in Ottawa, stately capital...take color "snaps" of colorful "Mounties."*

Glide by Canadian Pacific train —through glorious **CANADA** land of vacations unlimited.



Scenic! The 3,000 miles of Canadian Pacific rail, from green Atlantic to blue Pacific. Next-to-nature views of flame-colored countryside, green forests, shining snow peaks. Fine service every mile...it's *Canadian Pacific!*



Never-to-be-forgotten train scenes as you coast to Canada's Evergreen Playground. Victoria, British Columbia is renowned for roses from April to January...and year-round golf. Stay at the famous *Empress*, hospitable hotel in a 10-acre garden...swim in the largest sea pool under glass!

Spin westward by Canadian Pacific through autumn pageantry of lake-and-woods...fertile prairies...oil-rich, booming cities...to nature's scenic spectacle, the Canadian Rockies, where the Banff and Lake Louise areas offer thrilling sport.



Ask your agent about Canadian Pacific train-and-hotel service across Canada...White Empress sailings to Europe...fast airliners to the Far East, New Zealand and Australia.



Canadian Pacific

Agents in U. S. and Canada

Canada is news! See it by Canadian Pacific.

their return home, the East Berliners and East Germans encountered Communists and police who tried to wrest the precious packages from them. Countless clashes ensued, often billowing into small-scale skirmishes, and bitterness against Communism attained new heights.

The force of Soviet repression is potentially formidable; discouragement may make an end to the rebellion. On the other hand, the basic injustices that fed the conflagration have not changed, despite Red promises.

More important, the rioters, having stripped themselves of that mute acquiescence which alone makes life under dictatorship possible, having placed themselves beyond the pale of the police state, have become new men. They may be beaten down, but in their consciousness it will be a long time before they can lie down again. Finally, the Eastern Germans' sense of victory and historic achievement may sustain their heroic posture.

The message of the rebellion is clear and indelible. Beneath the surface slogans, the rioters were saying two things: 1) get the Soviets out of Germany, and 2) let the Germans once again be masters in their own country. The uprising sprang out of personal and mass misery; it was not consciously national in conception; but the satisfaction of its basic demands can plainly be secured only by the liberation of Eastern Germany and its reunion with the rest of the country. The rebellion is the most powerful request so far made, by Germans, for the unity and independence of their nation.

The West Germans respond

The Western Germans, during the early post-war years, were too hungry, too apathetic, and too much beset by real or fancied personal suffering to have sympathy left over for their harder-hit brethren in the East. As the economic situation improved, reconstruction and satisfaction of pent-up material cravings took precedence over politics.

The West German government, in its initial stages, needed all its energy just to get organized. In foreign policy, it acceded to the Western integration schemes, both out of conviction and also because that was the price the Western powers asked in

return for granting the government more and more sovereignty.

But today, with the Western German economy enjoying a steady prosperity, with the physical and psychological scars of Nazism and war healing, with the impressive consolidation and growing international stature of the West German government, natural patriotic feelings are mounting and wider horizons are dawning.

Western German public opinion speedily swung into line behind the East Germans. The West Germans were affected by the plight of their countrymen, and electrified by their bold resolution. The message of the rebellion, its clarion call to national reunion, was understood.

Newspaper editorials, political speeches, and private expressions plumped for national unity with unheard-of vigor. Guilty awareness of past indifference to Eastern Germany and present inability to come to its rescue intensified the West Germans' rhetoric. They turned to their American, British, and French occupiers, asking for action.

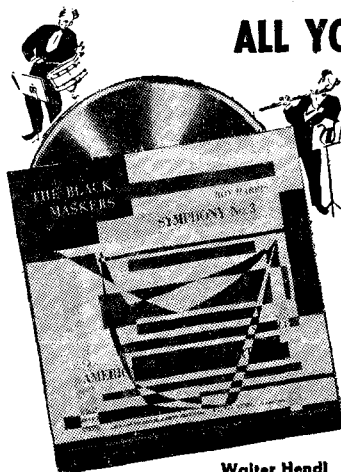
The struggle for prestige

Thus the East German rebellion has become a test of both Eastern and Western prestige in Germany. Obviously, Soviet policy is profoundly discredited, not only because its always unpopular character has been so signally demonstrated, but even more because the naked force on which the Soviets rely has been mocked by bare-handed mutiny.

The West Germans can now see beyond their stomachs, beyond the confines of their rump Germany between Rhine and Elbe, forward to a day when their country may again assume its natural and legitimate shape. The East German rebellion has accelerated this vision.

It might appear that Western prestige, customarily in converse relationship to Soviet prestige, has shot upward. In this instance, that is not precisely the case. Neither Eastern nor Western Germany appears to be content with having the West bask in the reflected glory of the rebellion, nor even with the degree of positive response that President Eisenhower's food offer represents.

An Introduction to Great American Music THREE COMPLETE WORKS BY 3 OF AMERICA'S GREATEST COMPOSERS ALL YOURS for only \$1.00



Walter Hendl
Conductor

Roy HARRIS

SYMPHONY NO. 3: First recording on long-playing records! "... the first truly great orchestral work to be produced in America," *Serge Koussevitsky*. "... as representative of our times as the best works of Shostakovich and Prokofiev," *O. Thompson*.

Roger H. SESSIONS

THE BLACK MASKERS: First recording on long play! An expressionistic suite dedicated to Ernest Bloch. Sessions' music is "... tremendously vigorous, moves forward with a relentless drive. Probably closest in intent to the music of Beethoven," *Mark A. Schubart*.

William SCHUMAN

AMERICAN FESTIVAL OVERTURE: First recording on long-play! A lively overture by one of our greatest composers—a winner of the Pulitzer Prize for Music.

ALL THREE ON ONE HIGH-FIDELITY 12" LONG-PLAYING RECORD

Manufactured for the AMERICAN RECORDING SOCIETY
by RCA Victor Custom Record Division

\$1.00
Regularly
\$4.95

We Are Happy to Send You This Record to Introduce Our Recordings of "200 Years of American Music" ... A Program Inaugurated by a Grant from the ALICE M. DITSON FUND OF COLUMBIA UNIVERSITY.

Since the last war a great musical awakening has electrified the music-loving world—a sudden realization that the foremost music being written today is *American music*—and that American composers have been writing enjoyable melodies, important music for the past 200 years!

And now an outstanding musical organization has embarked on a program of creating high fidelity recordings of 200 years of American music! Every form of musical expression is included in this program—symphonic, choral, instrumental and chamber works, folk-music, theatre music ... music born of the love of liberty and the love of fun, the love of good living and the love of God. Whatever your tastes—here is music for you!

HOW THIS MUSIC CAME TO BE RECORDED

Recently the directors of the renowned Alice M. Ditson Fund of Columbia University awarded a substantial grant which made possible the founding of the American Recording Society, whose sole purpose is to record and release each month a new high-fidelity, full-frequency recording of American music, on Long Playing records. These records have already won for the Society an *Award of Merit* from the National Association for American Composers and Conductors "for outstanding service to American Music."

ARE THE RECORDS EXPENSIVE?

No, to the contrary. These recordings, which are pressed for the Society by the custom department of RCA Victor, are priced below most L.P.'s of comparable quality—only \$4.35 for 10" records and \$4.95 for 12" records. The A.R.S. Philharmonic Orchestra engages the finest available artists and conductors ... and all recordings are made with the latest high-fidelity equipment, and pressed in limited quantities directly from silver-sputtered masters.

WHAT SOME A.R.S. MEMBERS SAY:

"... excellent, both as music and from the technique of recordings."

K.M., Troy, N. Y.

"... could not refrain from dashing off this note to report my enthusiastic satisfaction in the performance as well as in the technical excellence of the reproduction."

D.H., New York, N. Y.

"They equal the top records on the market and surpass most."

G.M., Germantown, Tenn.

HOW THE SOCIETY OPERATES

Your purchase of the superb Long Playing record offered above for only \$1.00 does not obligate you to buy any additional records from the Society—ever! However, we will be happy to extend to you the courtesy of an Associate Membership. Each month, as an Associate Member, you will be offered an A.R.S. recording at the special Club price. If you do not wish to purchase any particular record, you merely return the special form provided for that purpose.

FREE RECORDS OFFERED

With each two records purchased at the regular club price you will receive an additional record of comparable quality *absolutely free*. We urge you to mail the coupon at once since this offer is limited.

NOTE: These exclusive A.R.S. recordings are not available anywhere else—at any price!

AMERICAN RECORDING SOCIETY
100 Avenue of the Americas, New York 13, N. Y.

AMERICAN RECORDING SOCIETY, Dept. 782
100 Ave. of the Americas, New York 13, N. Y.

ALL 3 for \$1.00

HARRIS — SESSIONS — SCHUMAN

Please send me the 12" record described above, for \$1.00. As an Associate Member in the Society, I will receive the Society's publication which will give me advance notice of each new monthly Society Long-Playing selection, which I may purchase at the special Membership price of \$4.95 for 12" records, \$4.35 for 10" records, plus a few cents for U.S. tax and shipping. However, I need not purchase any Society records—but with each two I do purchase, you will send me an additional record absolutely free.

- ☐ Bill me only \$1.00, plus shipping
☐ I enclose \$1.00. You pay shipping

Name.....

Address.....

City.....Zone.....State.....

A-10 Canadian Add.: 1184 CASTLEFIELD AVE.
TORONTO 10, ONTARIO

Both Eastern and Western Germany are asking for more substantial Western acknowledgment of the rebellion's agonies and aims. In short, the West is being requested by much German opinion to mobilize all peaceful means for the attainment of German unity.

Big Four conference?

All leading West German politicians have responded to this ground swell of unity sentiment. The Socialists, with their large potential following in East Germany, have always argued for unity first, integration with the West thereafter. Since the rebellion, they have pushed with new vigor a demand for one "final" Big Four conference at which Soviet willingness to agree to German unity should be tested, while integration with the West would be postponed.

Christian Democratic Chancellor Konrad Adenauer's whole foreign policy has espoused integration with the West first, unity thereafter. But now Adenauer, too, has endorsed an early Big Four meeting. Adenauer's coalition partners, the strong Free Democrats, took a pro-unity stand which

was virtually as strident as that of the Socialists.

Meanwhile, the Big Four have been seeing to their positions. The Western powers asked the Soviets to meet in late September, to discuss free elections and a peace treaty for all Germany.

The Soviets replied with a crafty proposal for a "temporary all-German government," which would represent Germany before the Big Four, help plan a peace conference, and prepare free elections. The note also proposed economic concessions to Germany such as ending reparations on January 1, 1954, and cutting occupation costs to 5 per cent of the German state budget.

However, the "temporary government" would be formed more or less equally from East German and West German parliaments, a procedure that would give the same voice to a fraudulently installed body as to a freely elected one. Furthermore, the Soviets have frequently "ended" reparations exactions, only to tap the German economy in more devious ways; and

the proposed reduction of reparations seems a transparent device to undermine NATO, which is partly supported by such costs.

Such stratagems, intended to recoup the shaken Soviet prestige and to hurt Adenauer's popularity, are a long way from indicating a Soviet change of heart.

What the Germans want

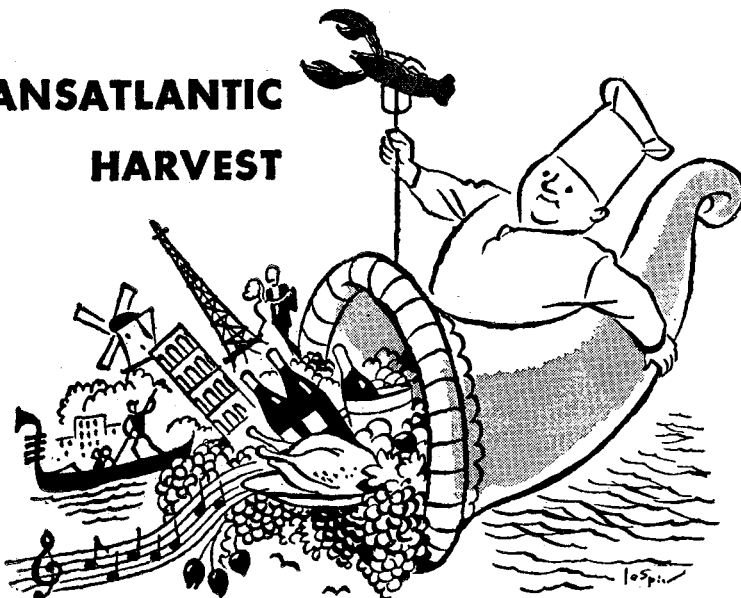
The Germans have nowhere precisely defined the exact shape of a united Germany, but they would presumably wish it to cover an area roughly that of Germany in 1937, before Nazi aggression. West German proponents of unity want, as a minimum, to fuse all the four present occupation zones. They certainly also expect to recover at least a good part of the German lands beyond the Oder and Neisse rivers, territory which was "provisionally" ceded to Poland at Potsdam but has in fact been annexed by Poland. The eventual fate of East Prussia, now a part of the Soviet Union itself, is less clear.

Whether the united Germany is to be armed is a moot point. Some German politicians might settle for a ban on German troops, but in the long run many of them would probably dislike being defenseless while surrounded by armed neighbors. Similarly, while some politicians might agree to neutrality, others would certainly insist that Germany be free to align herself with whom she chose.

Beyond its meaning for their own country, various German observers see unity as unfreezing the East-West deadlock in Europe. They argue that Western Germany is perhaps the most Communist-proof area in Western Europe, that Eastern Germany need scarcely offer further evidence of its anti-Communism, and that a united Germany would inevitably join the West. They go on to maintain that this shift in the continental balance of power would strike a major blow at the Soviets and that German unity would therefore be the first step in the liberation of all Eastern Europe.

This German view highlights the broadest problems stirred up by the East German rebellion. Once again, as it has intermittently these many years, the German question takes top priority in the chancelleries of the world.

TRANSATLANTIC HARVEST



You can reap a bumper crop of healthful relaxation and recreation—plus festive entertainment and a bounteous fare—in first class on the Nieuw Amsterdam Oct. 26*, Nov. 14 to Southampton, Le Havre and Rotterdam—arriving in Europe during its most delightfully uncrowded season. Other *thrift* season sailings: Ryndam Oct. 8, Nov. 17*, Dec. 12*; Veendam Oct. 15; Westerdam Oct. 17, Nov. 14, Dec. 19; Noordam Oct. 3, 29, Dec. 5; Maasdam Oct. 31, Nov. 23.

*Stops also at Cobh, Ireland

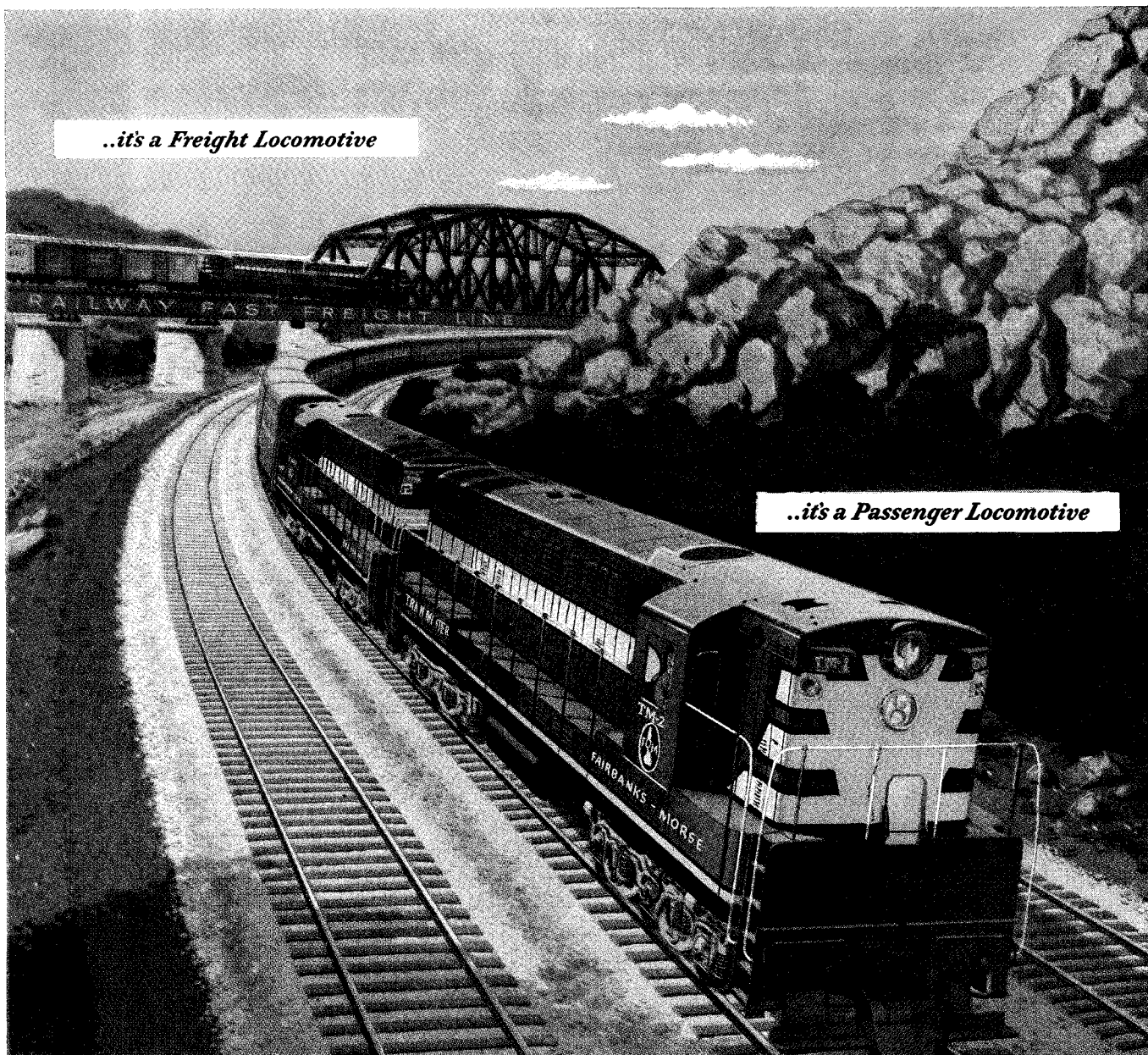
Book now with your Travel Agent



Holland-America Line

29 Broadway, New York 6, N. Y. Offices in Principal Cities

"It's good to be on a well-run ship"



...IT'S THE NEW FAIRBANKS-MORSE

TRAIN MASTER

...the most useful locomotive ever built

A single type of locomotive that can perform all the wide variety of motive power jobs found on every railroad—this is railroading's most important need today.

Fairbanks-Morse, long serving the particular motive power requirements of America's railroads, has filled that need with the most powerful single-engine diesel locomotive on the rails

today — the 2400-horsepower Train Master. Train Master is now demonstrating—on 10,000 miles of rail—what this new Fairbanks-Morse versatility means to efficiency on more

than twenty leading railroads.

Fairbanks-Morse Performance—so often the answer to Industry's problems. Fairbanks, Morse & Co., 600 S. Michigan Ave., Chicago 5, Ill.



FAIRBANKS-MORSE

a name worth remembering when you want the best

DIESEL LOCOMOTIVES AND ENGINES, RAIL CARS AND RAILROAD EQUIPMENT, ELECTRICAL MACHINERY, PUMPS, SCALES, WATER SERVICE EQUIPMENT, HAMMER MILLS, MAGNETOS

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



London

BRITAIN'S Tory cabinet has been a curious contraption from the start. Of his sixteen cabinet colleagues, the Prime Minister chose no fewer than seven from the archaic House of Lords. Of his ministers who are not of cabinet rank, seven more have been drawn from the peers. Sir Winston has frequently been charged with having, by these appointments, effected a transfer of power from Commons back to Lords, which is not merely anachronistic but verges on the unconstitutional.

A second curious distinction of the Conservative cabinet has been its "excessive maturity." As he himself has grown older, the Prime Minister has shown increasing distrust of youth — with the result that ten of the seventeen ministers who constitute his cabinet are over sixty years of age.

Accident, illness, and the strain of legislating for two years with a bare margin of power have strangely reinforced both those features of the cabinet. Somehow it has been mainly the younger ministers, like Anthony Eden and Harold MacMillan, who have been most out of action — which has automatically increased the average age of the effective cabinet. And oddly enough these younger men have tended to be the ministers chosen from the Commons, not those from the Lords, thereby increasing the ratio of power enjoyed by the upper house.

With Eden away because of long illness and two operations, and with Sir Winston himself completely out of action, on doctor's orders, from June to the middle of August, the three hardest jobs of government (presidency, foreign affairs, economic affairs) fell on the shoulders of Chancellor of the Exchequer R. A. Butler.

Since it is physically impossible for one man to do all three, no one is really looking after over-all government policy, and far too much departmental policy is being determined by unelected civil servants in the absence of their superiors. Thus an odd, unpremeditated devolution of power from the elected Commons to two bodies that have no right to it under the British constitution — the House of Lords and the civil service — has taken place.

How important this can be in the actual practice of policy-forming was shown by the fate of Sir Winston Churchill's celebrated "peace offensive." Impatient like most Europeans at the American Administration's failure to apply some positive test to Malenkov's avowals of a desire to ease tension, Churchill, in a speech to the Commons on May 11, assumed the initiative.

He proposed, it will be recalled, an immediate meeting of Eisenhower, Malenkov, and himself, to take place without too much preparation, without the great coterie of diplomatic experts who usually go to such conferences, and without the glaring publicity which usually invades them. Sir Winston attempted to obviate charges of planning a "Yalta" by making it clear that the purpose was not to reach hard and fast agreements but to find out what was on one another's minds and in a new and fresh atmosphere.

Whether a good idea or not, Sir Winston's plan seized the imagination of his people. The House of Commons and all the press, with the lone exception of the *Economist*, enthusiastically endorsed the plan.

Only two groups opposed it: the Foreign Office machine — always suspicious of unconventional approaches, or of any move which may make difficult relations with the State Department — and the right wing of Sir Winston's own Conservative Party. Together, these two groups represent an infinitesimal minority of the nation, but in the end it was they who prevailed.

The Foreign Office blocks Churchill

With Churchill and Eden indisposed and with their next-in-command, R. A. Butler, overoccupied with other duties, effective control of foreign policy fell to the Conservative peer Lord Salisbury, and to the Foreign Office permanent staff. These two were charged to put the Churchill proposal to the Washington conference of Western foreign ministers, which they apparently did but without conviction or vigor. *Time* magazine reported that Salisbury had shown himself cold to the plan he had been sent to advocate; when this report was



Every 3 days a new diesel joins the Santa Fe fleet !

A 10-year record of "building new" on the Santa Fe

Christened with California champagne, Santa Fe's first multiple-unit diesel locomotive rolled out of Chicago on Tuesday, May 12, 1936.

It powered the first *Super Chief*.

39½ hours later it rolled into Los Angeles—and the new age in railroading was born.

There were 3600 "horses" in that one.

Five years later, the first multiple-unit freight diesel rolled on Santa Fe rails.

There were 5400 "horses" in that one.

Today, there is more than 2,100,000 diesel horsepower on the Santa Fe—1524 mighty diesel units.

From 1943 through 1952, a total of 1261 diesel units were placed in service. *Better than one every 3 days for a 10-year record!*

And still they come! 222 in 1953!

Every diesel added, every mile of heavier rail, makes America's New Railroad a little more *completely new*. Why, enough new rail has been laid on the Santa Fe in the last seven years alone to reach from Chicago to Los Angeles!

All new—but always the old pride that all this building new costs you, the taxpayer, not one tax penny.

SANTA FE SYSTEM LINES



PROGRESS THAT PAYS ITS OWN WAY

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Dear Merrill Lynch:

Without obligation, please give me whatever information is available about the following securities which—

☐ I now own (please give number of shares), or which . . .

☐ I am now considering buying

I should like to have your recommendations for the investment of \$_____. My objective is

- ☐ Safety of capital, or
☐ Dividends of 5%-6%, or
☐ Increase in value

Name _____

Address _____

City & State _____

Just fill in and mail to—

WALTER A. SCHOLZ

Department SR-1

MERRILL LYNCH,

PIERCE, FENNER & BEANE

70 Pine Street, New York 5, N. Y.

Offices in 104 Cities

shown to a Foreign Office spokesman in London, he stated it to be "substantially correct."

Salisbury was able to return from the Washington conference and tell Churchill and the nation that he had, as ordered, put forth the Churchill proposal as the Western "line" towards Russia (which undoubtedly he had done by a tactic of damnation by faint praise), but that he had been unable to prevail against American objections.

Thus, he said, he had had to content himself with an agreement to approach the Russians by the old, tried, and—in Europe at least—unsuccessful method of exchanging diplomatic notes in the full glare of publicity, in an effort to bring about a second-level conference, with government advisers and reporters present in force.

There was a small storm of protest in Parliament and in the press. To quell the furor, Churchill sent Salisbury a message for publication pronouncing himself satisfied with the noble lord's efforts at the Washington talks.

Of this, the *Daily Express* commented: "It is the usual testimonial given by a prime minister to his colleague . . . it is a moment when politeness requires a word of thanks to be spoken. The people, who are under no such obligations to Lord Salisbury, will judge him not by the prime minister's words, but by his failure to realize the prime minister's purpose."

With performances of this nature possible—an act of British policy supported (according to the Gallup poll) by three quarters of the people, almost all the press, and an apparent majority of the elective Commons, was quietly shelved by civil servants and a peer—it was clearly not bad humor but a profound truth when the London *Daily Mirror* referred to the Churchill cabinet at this juncture as being "studded with duds. It is too old, too sick, and has too many ministers in the House of Lords."

Prosperity is popular

Churchill's battered and creaking cabinet has got there just the same, and with time and room to spare. Under its aegis, in the past twelve

months, something like abundance has come to Britain after hard and austere years. Almost all rationed goods have been liberated to free sale except meat, and even that commodity became so abundant for a while during the summer that it was a serious administrative embarrassment.

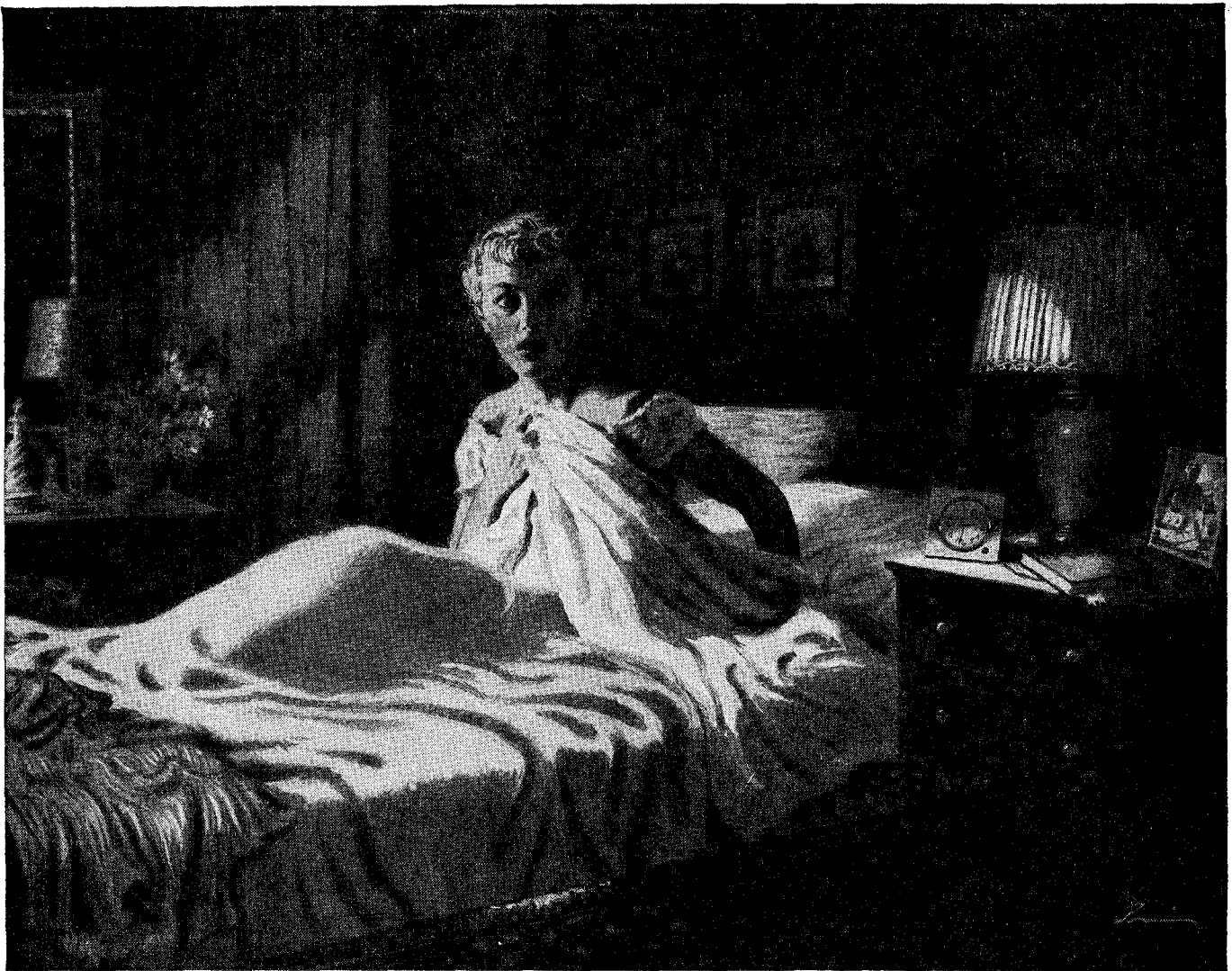
The Tories promised they would be building 300,000 houses a year by the end of their five-year term in office; this autumn sees them within an ace of achieving that rate of construction though their term in power is not half over. It becomes very hard to recall that it was but a year ago that austerity was deepening, production was falling, and the Tories' stock with the electorate had dropped so low that serious journals, like the *Times*, spoke of the party's possible extinction in the advancing age of universal suffrage.

For the combination of good luck and good government that has brought the happy change of the nation's fortunes, the Conservatives have been rewarded by a remarkable outburst of popular support.

The first rather breath-taking sign of it appeared in a by-election for the constituency of Sunderland, in north England. In the general election, Labor had won the seat by a substantial majority. In the by-election during the summer, Labor was expected to hold the seat because the party in power always tends to lose votes in by-elections, and because a Liberal candidate made the race three-cornered, which was expected to hurt the Tory more than the Laborite. In fact, however, the Conservative candidate beat both his opponents and captured the seat—the first time a party in power has achieved a feat like this in over two decades.

A later by-election at Abingdon reinforced the impression that the Tories, ten percentage points below Labor in popular support a year ago, now stand between two and three percentage points above Labor.

In a general election, this lead in popularity might give the Conservative Party a majority of between 80 and 200 seats in Parliament, depending on which experts' calculations you apply. Even the minimum



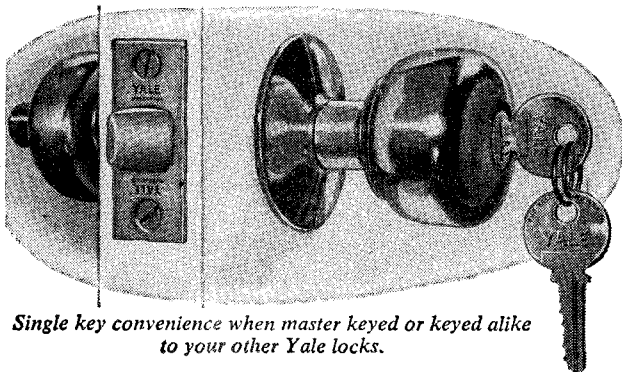
Do you ever awaken like this at night?

You heard something...you don't know what. You lay there listening. Was it a floor board creaking? A tree branch gently scratching against the window? You wonder; and worry

about the doors, about the locks—about the security of your home.

If you have any reason to doubt your present security arrangement... see your hardware or lumber dealer

—or locksmith. Ask for the extra protection a YALE lock can give. Remember, you protect your peace of mind as well as your home with YALE—the finest name in hardware.



Single key convenience when master keyed or keyed alike to your other Yale locks.

The new YALE "Preassembled" FAIRFIELD design tubular lockset is made especially for today's residential housing. Available in solid brass or in aluminum, this low cost, high quality key-in-the-knob lock features the famed protection of the YALE pin tumbler cylinder, provides a touch of beauty for both interior and exterior doors, as well as extra security for homes.

YALE & TOWNE

THE YALE & TOWNE MANUFACTURING COMPANY*

Executive Offices, Chrysler Building, New York 17, N. Y., U. S. A.

Materials Handling Manufacturing Divisions:

Philadelphia 15, Penn. . . . YALE Gas, Electric and Diesel Industrial Trucks, Hoists
Chicago 20, Illinois AUTOMATIC Electric Industrial Trucks

Locks & Hardware Manufacturing Divisions:

YALE Lock and Hardware Division—plants at Stamford, Conn.; Salem, Va.; Gallatin and Lenoir City, Tenn. . . . YALE Locks, Door Closers, Builders' Hardware, Automotive and other Industrial Locks; Tri-Rotor Pumps; Ordnance Products.
Berrien Springs, Mich. . . . NORTON Door Closers; SAGER and BARROWS Locks

Powdered Metal Products:

Manufacturing plants at Bethel, Conn. and Franklin Park, Ill.

International Manufacturing Divisions:

St. Catharines, Canada . . . YALE Locks, Door Closers; Industrial Trucks, Hoists
Willenhall, England . . . YALE Locks, Builders' Hardware; Industrial Trucks, Hoists
Velbert, Germany . . . YALE Locks, Builders' Hardware; Industrial Trucks, Hoists

*Trademarks include: YALE, AUTOMATIC, NORTON, SAGER, BARROWS, TRI-ROTOR

THE WORLD LOCKS, LIFTS AND MOVES WITH PRODUCTS OF YALE & TOWNE

Traditional American Friendliness

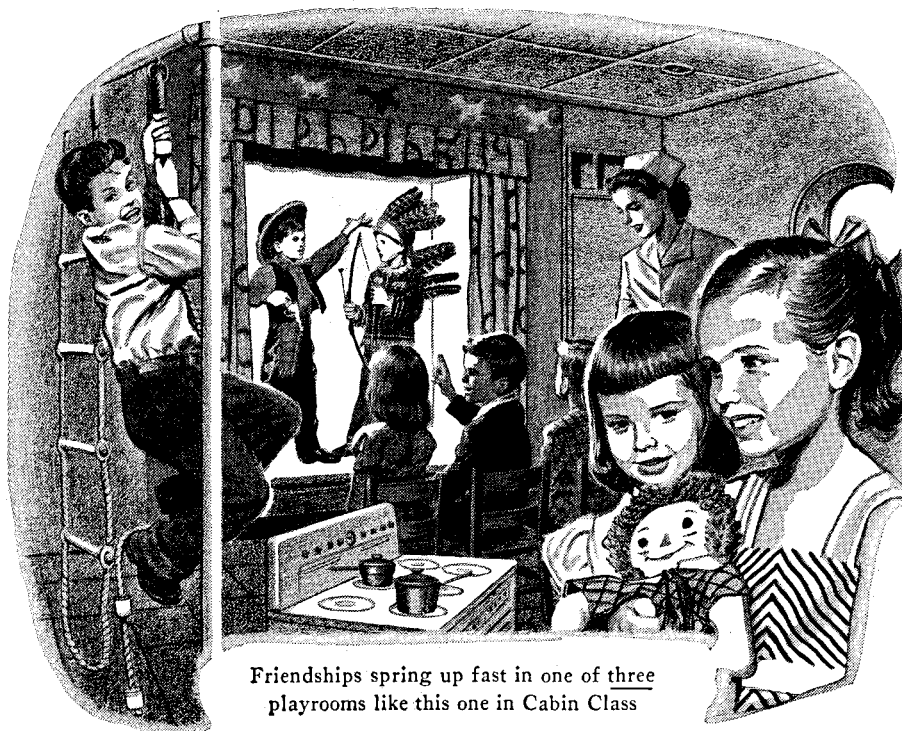
Goes to sea on the s. s. Independence and s. s. Constitution



*Easy-going informality
makes friendship easy*



*Food so good it's a topic
for friendly conversation*



Friendships spring up fast in one of three playrooms like this one in Cabin Class



*Dial any climate in your cabin
that's friendly to you*

*Even the weather
is friendly...
87% rain-free days*



See your friendly Travel Agent or

AMERICAN EXPORT LINES

39 Broadway, New York 6, N. Y.

GREAT CRUISE OF 1954—Mediterranean, Egypt, INDIA ... 65 days ...
19,000 miles ... s.s. INDEPENDENCE ... Feb. 4 to Apr. 10 ... from \$1,750.

INDEPENDENCE ★ **CONSTITUTION** To Gibraltar • Cannes • Genoa • Naples
EXETER • **EXCALIBUR** • **EXCAMBION** • **EXOCHORDA** To Barcelona • Marseilles
Naples • Alexandria • Beirut • Iskenderun • Latakia • Piraeus • Leghorn • Genoa

figure would be a vast improvement on Sir Winston's present majority of 15, which has been the cause of much of the strain that has crippled his cabinet.

New elections?

In the circumstances, Sir Winston is being urged widely to call new elections though his term has not run half its course. The main argument is that the nation has not had a cabinet with a sufficiently large majority in Parliament to legislate boldly for many years; though all is quiet at the moment, there are signs of stress ahead which will inevitably call for a strong government and bold legislation.

The predominant opinion in the Tory cabinet opposes early new elections. Many reasons are given—for example, that an election called abruptly after a coronation would offend the people's sense of what is "cricket" and cause a reaction against the Government—but none so convincing as the state of Churchill's opposition.

The Labor Party split is proving itself not a mere clash of personalities, but rather an irrepressible conflict of interests within the groups that make up the Labor "coalition." Left undisturbed by outside challenges, the party will—the Tories believe—suffer permanent fission. Nothing would prevent the fission and rally the mutually despising fractions together like an early new election, called by the Tories.

The conflict as seen by the Tory central office is between the "intellectual" branch of the party and the trade unions. The intellectuals clearly see that Labor must press ahead to radical socialism or lose its purpose and distinction. If it continues, as at present, to be a liberal reform party, it offers the public nothing the adaptable Tories cannot provide as well or better, and will wither away like the Liberal Party before it.

Union leaders like the Tories

The trade union leaders see equally clearly that there is no market for radicalism in England at present. Moreover, even if there were, the union leaders are less interested by nature in overthrowing capitalism than in making it work for the benefit of their members.

Though both these branches of the Labor Party seem earnestly to have striven to heal the breach between them, the summer months have shown the rift to be deeper and broader than ever. Nothing evinced this so plainly as a speech delivered by the leader of Britain's (and the world's) biggest union, the Transport and General Workers, Mr. Arthur Deakin.

This powerful manager of a million union members told his followers the dangerous truth that he and other union leaders were finding it in many ways easier to work with a Tory than with a Labor Government. Deakin proceeded to praise the Tory Minister of Labor, Sir Walter Monckton, in a speech in which he had earlier criticized former Prime Minister Attlee for failing to keep his left wing of Bevanites in check.

Mr. Deakin was not merely being eccentric. Feelings of this nature — the first questionings of the unions' long identification with one party, first wonderings whether the unions might not do better to remain aloof and be able to bargain with both parties — have been spreading among the union leadership. The fact that so many union leaders have been wooed into Tory-created government jobs to run the steel industry, which Churchill has denationalized, shows that the old links between organized labor and the Labor Party are in danger of thinning.

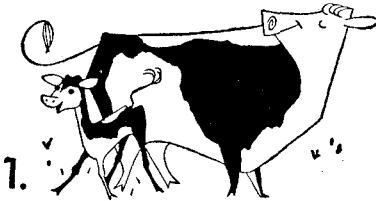
Any serious evidence that the intellectuals were winning control of the party, as they seemed to be for a while last year when the Bevanites were elected in force to the party's executive committee, might well strain the links beyond repair.

A deepening of the conflict, the Conservatives feel, is bound to occur within the next year or two. Until then, it would be a mistake to provide the challenge that might prevent or delay a permanent breach within the Labor Party. That is the theory governing Conservative feeling about calling elections at present.

Elections or no, however, it is said to have been made clear to the Prime Minister by his overtaxed colleagues that he must drastically reconstruct his cabinet before Parliament begins its third session in the late autumn.



Before you have a steak (whether it's porterhouse or chopped), a cow has to have a calf. This is the story of one particular calf.



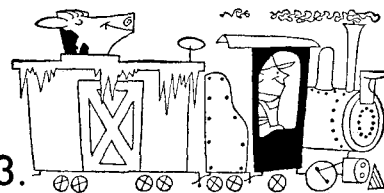
1.

This calf was born on a Texas ranch. Several acres of grazing land are required to support each cow and calf.



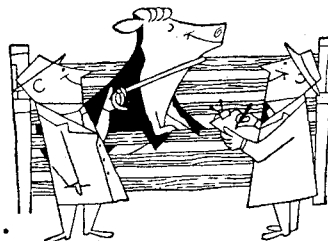
2.

As a yearling, the calf was sold to an Iowa farmer for "finishing" in feed lot. Proper feeding of corn and protein supplements adds many extra pounds and a lot of extra eating quality to our beef.



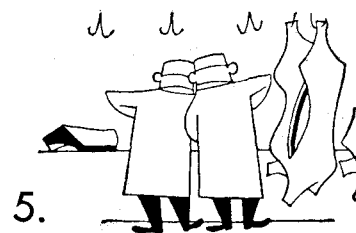
3.

After several months in the feed lot, our calf, now a full-grown steer, was sent by rail or truck to the stockyards and consigned to a marketing firm for sale.



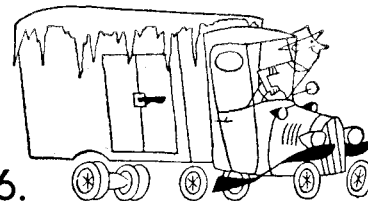
4.

Buyers for several local and out-of-town meat packing companies put in bids based on the going consumer price of beef. This steer was one of a carload bought by an Ohio meat packing company.



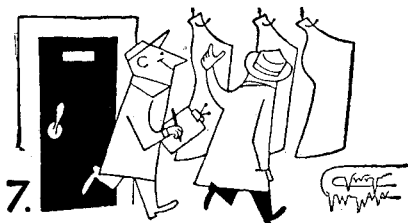
5.

At the packing plant, the "beef crew" turned beef on the hoof into meat for the store. Beef was inspected, chilled and graded, prepared for shipment.



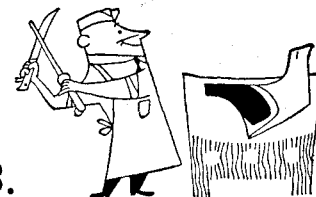
6.

Under refrigeration, the quarters of beef were shipped to New York's wholesale meat district—1500 miles from Texas, where the calf was born.



7.

Owner of a Brooklyn meat market, after comparing prices and quality, selected a quarter of our steer.



8.

In the store, the quarter of beef was turned into steaks, roasts, stew and hamburger; was displayed for customer's selection competing with other meats.



9.

Yesterday, a housewife looked over everything in the counter, compared values, decided on steak, porterhouse or chopped, depending on what she wanted to spend.

P.S.—A steak is the easiest thing in the world to cook—just a few minutes for each side under the broiler. But, as you can see, getting the steak ready for the broiler takes a lot more time and a lot more planning.

AMERICAN MEAT INSTITUTE
Headquarters, Chicago
Members throughout the U. S.



Washington

PREMIER MALENKOV's momentous speech to the Supreme Soviet is regarded as a blueprint of changing Russian policy. His reference to the hydrogen bomb tended to obscure the sweeping reversals of emphasis, particularly in domestic affairs. The speech showed a singular lack of obeisance to the departed Stalin. Instead the appeal was to the authority of Lenin.

What Malenkov seemed to say was that the Stalin policy of aggressive expansion would be replaced by concentration on internal strength. At the same time, the stress placed on agriculture and consumer goods was the most candid acknowledgment yet that all is not well in the Soviet economy. In so many words, Malenkov said that agricultural performance has not matched the great advances in Soviet basic industry.

While Stalin was alive he insisted on combining and enlarging the collectivized farms as the prelude to full-scale state farming. Pressure for collectivized agriculture was one of the causes of Tito's break with Stalin. But such was Stalin's grip that apparently no one in Russia dared argue.

Now Malenkov has said in effect that the Stalin policy was wrong; he admits that "things are bad" in the breeding of livestock and in the output of grain, vegetables, and a host of other farm products. Hence the unprecedented step has been taken of lowering taxes on collective farms as well as "considerably reducing the norms of obligatory deliveries from the private auxiliary farmsteads of collective farms."

The weakness of agriculture has had its effect on consumer goods. For example, the Soviet Union produces approximately one pair of shoes a person a year (as compared with three pairs in the United States). It would be relatively easy to build more factories; but to produce more shoes more hides are needed — which means more livestock production. Malenkov acknowledged that in the Soviet Union there are pressing needs for new schools and hospitals. He also acknowledged that there is a preference for foreign-made goods because of the better finish.

While reasserting that all outstanding East-West issues can be settled amicably in a program of peaceful coexistence, the speech was implacably anti-American: country by country it attempted to sow the seeds of discord in Europe. For example, while Europeans are worrying about the contradictory performance of the Eisenhower Administration on trade policy, Malenkov invited them to do business with the Soviet Union.

To Italy he held out the promise of help for industry and of improved living conditions for "the glorious Italian people." He was assiduous in whetting French fears of German militarism, and he offered the hope of German unity if the Germans will remain aloof from any military alliance. The inference is that while Malenkov is attending to internal Soviet problems he expects the economies of Western Europe and the United States to stew in their own juice with a little stirring.

It would be a mistake to regard the acknowledgment of internal strains as evidence of over-all Russian weakness. To take just one index, the Soviet Union produces 40 million tons of steel a year as compared with 115 million tons in this country; but an estimated 75 per cent of Russian production goes into military goods as compared with a mere 10 per cent in the United States. There is no indication that the Soviet arms budget has been cut; in fact, it may actually have been increased. The figures on this are undisclosed. But in view of the estimates of the Soviet atomic stockpile, the Soviet experiments with thermonuclear reactions announced by our Atomic Energy Commission, and the authenticated reports of new jet bombers, Malenkov's speech holds little comfort.

Conference on Korea

The Administration fears that the political conference on Korea will be turned into a free-for-all on Far Eastern problems. That feeling was behind the frantic efforts of the State Department to exclude Russia and India from participation in the political conference. If the other participants are determined to talk about larger issues, however, there is not very much the United States can do to prevent it, because of a simple "et cetera"

We have no way to make you richer. That's up to you.

We do have an unusual savings plan to help keep you from suddenly getting poorer. The plan does three things for you and your family.

- ▶ It pays you a weekly income if you get sick or hurt — without touching the money you save.
- ▶ It helps you save for the future any amount you choose.
- ▶ If you don't live, this plan will automatically complete itself and pay to your family the money you hoped to save.

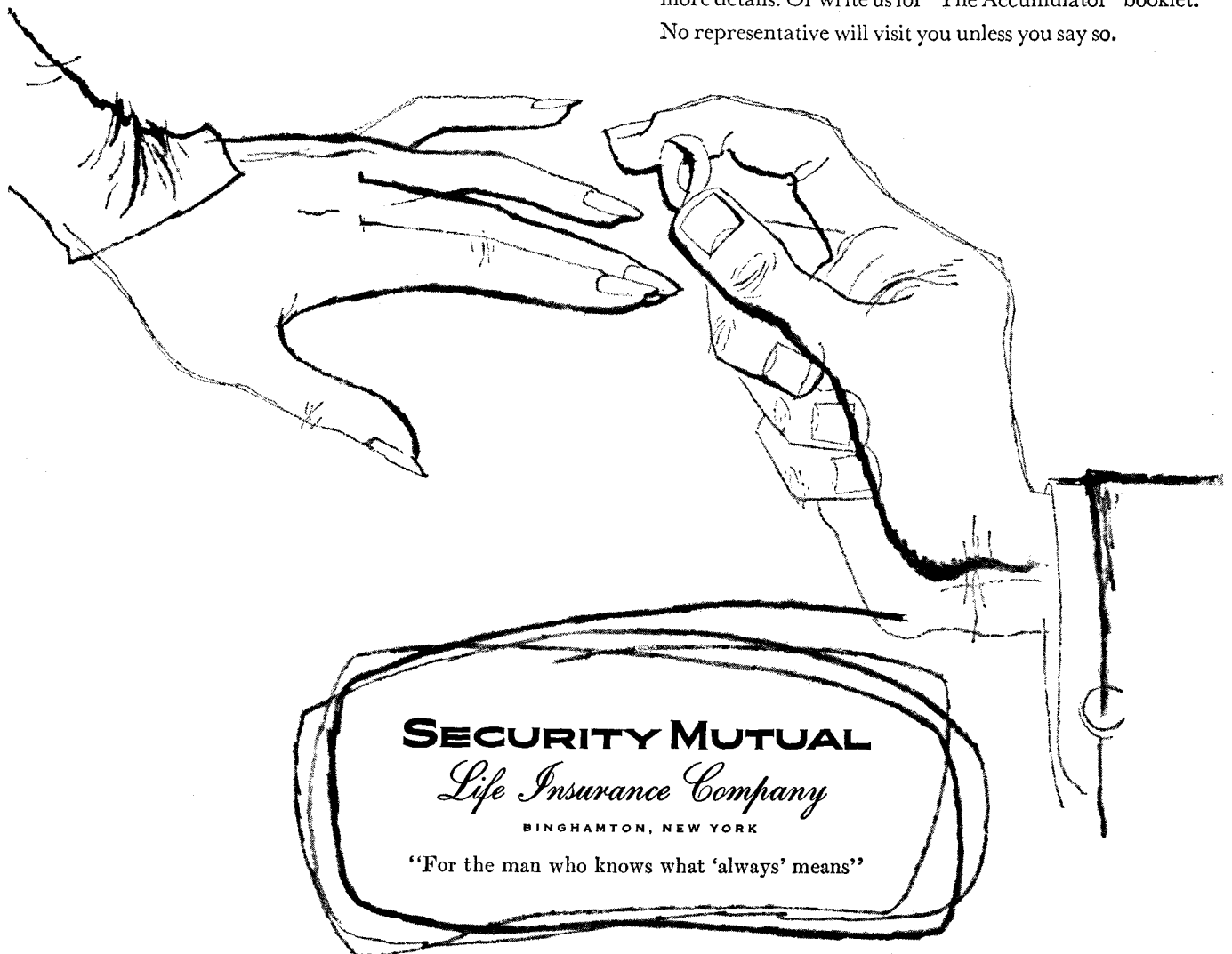
"FOR RICHER. . . FOR POORER"

We call this plan The Security Mutual Accumulator.

It works for you no matter how much you earn, how much you can save or how much insurance you now own.

It's a way to save for the future and make sure that you don't have to spend your savings if you get sick or hurt.

If there's a representative of Security Mutual Life listed in your phone book, call him. He will give you more details. Or write us for "The Accumulator" booklet. No representative will visit you unless you say so.



Rest and Relax on your way to MEXICO



Bar, in club car

Delightful scenic contrasts. Completely foreign environments marked by Colonial cities centuries old. Historical, colorful Mexico—so full of charm, romance, tradition and hospitality. So much to see and do... resorts, modern hotels, mountains, beaches, gay fiestas, sports, night life.



Interior of compartment.

TRAVEL COMFORTABLY IN MEXICO'S NEW LUXURY TRAIN

direct from Laredo to Mexico City

- Air conditioned
- Showers in coaches, sleeping cars
- Extra wide beds
- Extra large windows
- Reclining chaircar seats
- Beautifully-designed dining car
- Spacious observation car with bar, revolving chairs

Ask your Travel Agent

about Low-Cost Vacations in Mexico

**FERROCARRILES NACIONALES
DE MEXICO**

Documentary advertisement of

DIRECCION GENERAL DE TURISMO

Av. Juarez No. 89 Mexico City, Mexico.

Learn Spanish... the Mexican Way. All about Mexico. Study-at-home (with records). Service direct from Mexico. Approved by Dirección General de Turismo. Write for free booklet & demonstration record. Mexican Spanish Academy. Sierra Madre 440. Mexico, D. F. Zona 10, MEXICO.

in the armistice. The terms provide that the political conference shall consider "the peaceful settlement of the Korean question, etc."

There is genuine worry about what Communist China intends to do. The threat remains of direct Chinese intervention in Indo-China, for example. In the numerous reports of shocking brutalities inflicted by the Chinese on American prisoners of war, as well as the indications that some prisoners may have been withheld on trumped-up "criminal" charges, some observers see the hand of the Soviet Union. Here the thesis is that Russia, while publicly championing the admission of Communist China to the UN, privately is anxious to prevent any agreement between China and the United States. If that is true, nothing could be better calculated than mistreatment of prisoners to inflame American public opinion against any concessions to China.

The Administration contends that it brought about the armistice by deliberately creating an alternative less acceptable to the Communists. It places in this category the passage in the President's State of the Union message freeing the Chinese Nationalists for forays against the mainland, as well as Secretary Dulles's hints to Prime Minister Nehru that if the reopened truce talks did not succeed the United States was prepared to carry an offensive to China.

But there is no commitment by this country to renew the fighting if Rhee is not satisfied. Despite the apprehension in Western Europe, all the Administration actually has promised to do is to review its position if the political conference has not shown progress after ninety days.

Implicit in the whole approach to unification of Korea is unification on Dr. Rhee's terms. This would in effect give Rhee the military victory that the UN command found too costly by force of arms. It is inconceivable that the Communists would agree out of hand to any such proposition. Yet the Administration, in various public statements, has virtually ruled out any concessions to the Communists by way of a larger settlement.

Is the money too hard?

Protests have been rolling into Washington thick and fast about the

effects of the Administration's "hard money" policy. Such authorities as Marriner S. Eccles and Senator Paul Douglas, both of whom were highly critical of monetary inflation in the Truman Administration, have lambasted President Eisenhower and Treasury Secretary Humphrey for going too far in the opposite direction. The fear is that higher interest rates and the general tightening of credit can turn a moderate deflation into a depression. Both Douglas and Eccles criticize the Administration contention that inflation is still the main danger.

To this the Treasury's debt management expert, Randolph Burgess, replies that in upping the interest rate on thirty-year bonds to 3¾ per cent the Treasury was only reflecting the actual condition of the market. There is great competition for money for a host of state public works as well as for private expansion — and when there is competition the price goes up.

Whether or not the Treasury went too far, there can be no question that a lot of its problems in refunding the long-term debt stemmed from the failure of the Truman Administration to make adjustments earlier. It is only natural that after twenty years of easy money and controlled interest rates the transition to a free market is causing some inconvenience. Yet a continuation of the old easy money policy would not be possible without continued inflation that would further erode the value of the dollar.

Actually the Administration, though conscious of "soft spots," is still not worried about a recession. It is concerned over large inventories in a few fields. But retail sales, which are one index of public attitudes, have continued to rise. Some of the protests seem to derive merely from the fact that the increase in sales has been less rapid than heretofore.

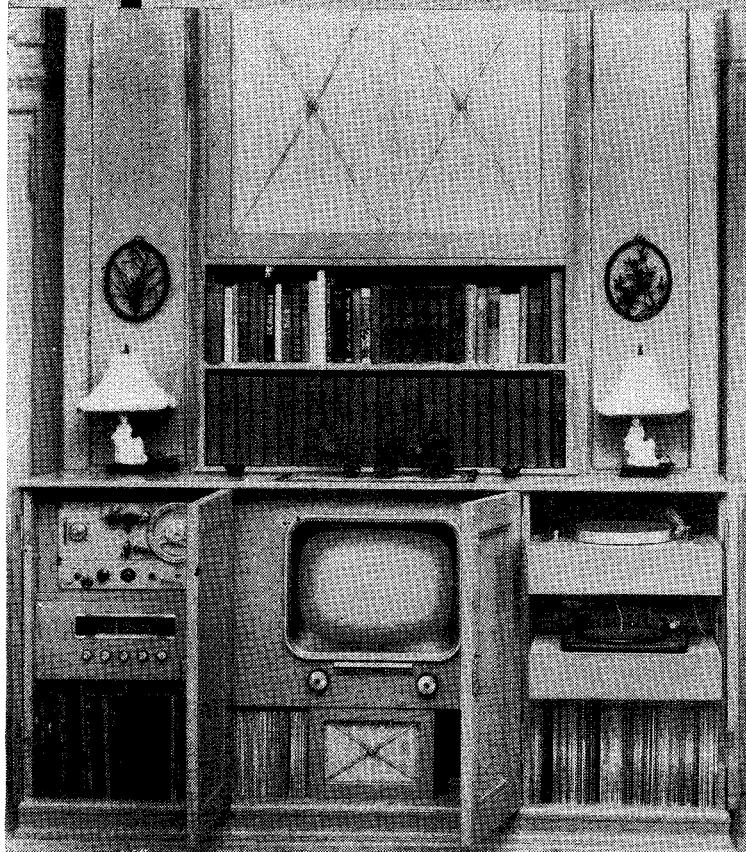
Yet if Eccles and Douglas are right, the hard money policy carried to excess could have devastating effects. For a deflation, once firmly established, might bring psychological consequences not easily overcome.

Revising taxes

Meanwhile promises of tax reduction are haunting the White House. The extension of the excess profits tax, as well as the President's pocket

Before you invest in a radio-phonograph . . .

get the facts on **high fidelity** from
the world's best listener—**Mr. Deems Taylor**



High Fidelity Music System in the home of Mr. Deems Taylor

Freedom of design is just one of many reasons why those who know music best have long been at home with High Fidelity home music systems by Craftsmen. For when you buy Craftsmen units you also buy the freedom to choose only those units your needs dictate. You buy the means of bringing into your home the thrilling realism of a live musical performance. And best of all—the cost is far less than you might imagine.* Visit your Radio Parts Supplier today for a demonstration of distinctly better listening.

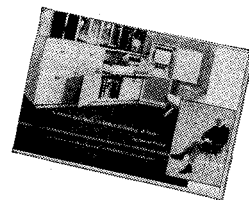
*Craftsmen "Assembly" High Fidelity Home Music System—\$275.

"Whether or not you are a serious student of music, I think you will discover that one of the great advantages of buying High Fidelity units is the amazing flexibility of installation it affords. You can spend as much or as little as you desire—and you can exercise your imagination and talents for design."

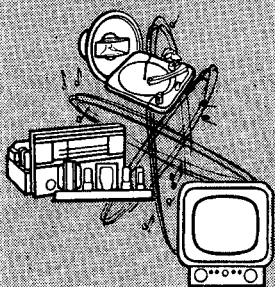
Deems Taylor



Send for this
"How To Do It" Booklet
By DEEMS TAYLOR



America's foremost music authority tells, in simple, non-technical language, what High Fidelity means to music lovers. Tells how to assemble units . . . how to buy and install them. Illustrations of many typical installations; 24 pages in color. Write to: The Radio Craftsmen, Inc., Dept. M10, 4401 N. Ravenswood Ave., Chicago 40, Ill. (Enclose 10¢ to cover mailing and handling.)



high fidelity by craftsmen® means distinctly better listening

The Radio Craftsmen, Inc. World's largest exclusive makers of high fidelity radio and television equipment

*Enjoy Yourself
on a Streamliner*

to and
from the

**PACIFIC
COAST**



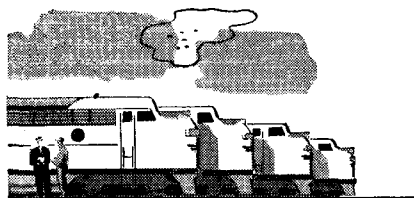
Club Lounge Cars offer relaxation for Streamliner passengers

*Modern Pullman Accommodations
Reserved Coach Seats Designed
for Restful Sleep • Dining and
Club Lounge Cars • Cafe-Lounge
Car for Coach Passengers •
Finest of Fresh Foods*

- **"CITY OF LOS ANGELES"**
(Between Chicago-Los Angeles)
- **"CITY OF SAN FRANCISCO"**
(Between Chicago-San Francisco)
- **"CITY OF PORTLAND"**
(Between Chicago-Portland-Tacoma-Seattle)
- **"CITY OF SAINT LOUIS"**
(Between St. Louis-Kansas City-Denver-Pacific Coast)

* * *

For fine trains . . . fine service and fine foods . . .
ask to be routed by Union Pacific through the West.



**UNION PACIFIC
RAILROAD**

UNION PACIFIC RAILROAD

Room 669, Omaha 2, Nebr.

I am interested in a train trip to
California ☐ Pacific Northwest ☐
Please send free booklet.

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ Zone _____ State _____

veto of the bill to relieve the movies of the Federal admissions tax, was predicated on the pledge of tax reform. In January the excess profits tax will end and a reduction in individual income taxes is scheduled. The Administration also has undertaken to submit proposals for modification in excise taxes.

But the only normal ground on which tax reductions can be justified is reduced expenditures, and here the prospect is dim. The Administration and Congress did cut some \$4 billion from President Truman's estimate of cash expenditures and \$13 billion from the Truman request for new appropriations. The only item from which additional large-scale cuts could come, however, is defense.

On this the Administration is faced with a real dilemma. For the possibility of a Soviet hydrogen bomb has posed starkly the problem of air defense. A really meaningful air defense for the United States in the H-bomb age would cost many billions of dollars beyond the present budget.

At the same time, some of the existing excise taxes are recognized as grossly unfair. The movies constituted a special case, because the industry was looking to the tax reduction (which would not have been passed on to the general public) to bolster revenues against the competition that has closed many theaters. The President rejected the idea of tax reduction to succor a single industry.

But in addition to the 20 per cent tax on movie admissions, there are heavy excises on such indispensables as baby powder and women's handbags. There are a 15 per cent tax on transportation tickets and a 15 and 25 per cent levy, respectively, on local and long-distance telephone service. The transportation and telephone taxes were imposed during World War II for the explicit purpose of discouraging use of crowded facilities — a purpose long since outdated.

One alternative to indiscriminate excise taxes is a general tax on manufactured goods exclusive of food. This would amount to a sort of national sales tax. But the National Association of Manufacturers has estimated that it would require a manufacturers' tax of between 4¼ and 5 per cent to equal the revenue now derived from

excises. In the present circumstances this probably is politically impossible.

Ruml's tax plan

Thus there is great interest in Washington in Beardsley Ruml's program for budgetary reform, which he says would make it possible to eliminate most excises without increasing other taxes. Ruml, former chairman of the board of Macy's and now a director of the Bulova Watch Company, contends that because of unrealistic budgeting the national tax requirements are overstated by \$12 billion. By a sort of masochistic accounting, he says, we are now treating as expenses items which more properly should be regarded as investments and amortized over a period of years.

Ruml figures that greater efficiency and economy could reduce tax needs by \$2 billion, and that another \$2 billion could be realized by properly classifying capital items now included as expenses, such as rural electrification loans and stockpile purchases. He would set up self-financing authorities to handle atomic energy and some public works, and realize another \$4 billion by amortizing their cost, as in private business, over the useful life of the facility. Finally, he holds that a consolidated Federal cash budget — that is, an accurate tally of what actually is paid out — would reduce apparent tax requirements by another \$4 billion.

Students of Federal fiscal policy have long recommended a consolidated cash budget as a better measure of what the government actually spends. For example, excess social security receipts held in trust funds are now treated as expenses even though the money is not disbursed. The most vulnerable of Ruml's propositions is that for self-financing authorities. A profligate Administration could hide a substantial disguised deficit in this category.

Ruml's reputation for ingenuity as the innovator of the pay-as-you-go income tax system has countered any tendency to regard his new plan as a something-for-nothing scheme. But any revised fiscal approach must come before Congress for scrutiny. It is here that the puristic adherence to traditional ideas of what constitutes a balanced budget is the strictest. Hence, even if the Administration takes up part of the Ruml plan as a

FREE!

ON THIS AMAZING OFFER

THIS EXTRAORDINARY

High-Fidelity Recording of

MOZART'S

Symphony No. 14 in A Major



33-1/3
RPM
Long Play

WE want to give you this extraordinary LP record — FREE — to acquaint you with our fine high-fidelity releases. You will receive it by ordering any of the records below at the unbelievably low price of \$1.50 each. A selection of the greatest music ever written, in internationally acclaimed performances. All records guaranteed equal in

musical and technical quality to records selling for more than three times their price. Pressed on the finest plastic. The last word in high-fidelity reproduction; beauty of tone with virtual absence of surface noise.

You Save 66 2/3%!

You save over \$3.00 per record on the usual price—because we sell direct, and because of advanced production techniques which cut overhead to the bone.

Order all the records of your choice now at this low price by checking the boxes in coupon below. If not delighted your money will be promptly refunded. You may keep the FREE Mozart record in any case!

Money-Back Guarantee

If not delighted you may return any record in 5 days for refund.

MAIL THIS NO-RISK COUPON TODAY!

Musical Masterworks Society, Inc.
Dept. 1510, 250 West 57th St., New York 19, N. Y.

Send me FREE the Long Playing, High Fidelity Musical Masterworks Recording of Mozart's Symphony No. 14 in A Major. Also send me the records I have checked below. I am enclosing \$1.50 for each record checked plus 25¢ per record for shipping expenses. (NOTE: If you order 5 or more records WE pay all shipping charges.)

If not delighted, I may return any record in 5 days and you will refund my money. (The Mozart record is mine to keep in any case.)

☐ **TCHAIKOVSKY:** Symphony No. 4 in F Minor, Netherlands Philharmonic Orchestra; Walter Goehr, conductor.

☐ **TCHAIKOVSKY:** Piano Concerto No. 1 in B-Flat Minor, Mewton-Wood, pianist; Musical Masterworks Symphony Orchestra; Walter Goehr, conductor.

☐ **BEETHOVEN:** Symphony No. 5 in C Minor, Utrecht Symphony Orchestra; Paul Hupperts, conductor.

☐ **BEETHOVEN:** Sonata No. 9 in A Major, "Kreutzer," Oliver Colbenson, violinist; David Garvey, pianist.

☐ **BEETHOVEN:** Symphony No. 8 in F Major, Winterthur Symphony Orchestra; Walter Goehr, conductor.

☐ **BEETHOVEN:** Two German Dances, Winterthur Symphony Orchestra; Walter Goehr, conductor.

☐ **BRAHMS:** Symphony No. 3 in F Major, Zurich Tonhalle Orchestra; Otto Ackermann, conductor.

☐ **BACH:** Brandenburg Concerto No. 4 in G, Winterthur Symphony Orchestra; Walter Goehr, conductor.

☐ **BACH:** Brandenburg Concerto No. 5 in D, Winterthur Symphony Orchestra; Walter Goehr, conductor.

☐ **BACH:** Organ Recital: Toccata, Adagio and Fugue in C Major; Toccata and Fugue in D Minor; Toccata in F Major, Alexander Schreiner, at the Organ of the Tabernacle, Salt Lake City.

☐ **LALO:** Symphonie Espagnole, Ricardo Odnoposoff, violinist; Utrecht Symphony Orchestra; Walter Goehr, conductor.

☐ **DUKAS:** The Sorcerer's Apprentice, Utrecht Symphony Orchestra; Paul Hupperts, conductor.

☐ **MOUSSORGSKY:** Night on Bald Mountain, Netherlands Philharmonic Orchestra; Walter Goehr, conductor.

☐ **MEYERBEER:** Violin Concerto in E Minor, Louis Kaufman, violinist; Netherlands Philharmonic Orchestra; Otto Ackermann, conductor.

☐ **MEYERBEER:** Symphony No. 4 in A Major, "Italian," Winterthur Symphony Orchestra; Clemens Dahindon, conductor.

☐ **MOZART:** Piano Concerto No. 20 in D Minor, Frank Pelleg, pianist; Musical Masterworks Symphony Orchestra; Walter Goehr, conductor.

☐ **WAGNER:** Die Meistersinger von Nuernberg. (Preludes to Acts I and III), Zurich Tonhalle Orchestra; Otto Ackermann, conductor.

☐ **WAGNER:** Tannhauser (Overture), Zurich Tonhalle Orchestra; Otto Ackermann, conductor.

☐ **CHOPIN:** Piano Concerto No. 2 in F Minor, Mewton-Wood, pianist, Radio Zurich Orchestra; Walter Goehr, conductor.

☐ **HAYDN:** Symphony No. 96 in D Major, "Miracle," Winterthur Symphony Orchestra; Walter Goehr, conductor.

☐ **HAYDN:** Isola Disabitata (Overture), Zurich Tonhalle Orchestra; Otto Ackermann, conductor.

☐ **SCHUBERT:** Symphony No. 5 in B Flat Major, Winterthur Symphony Orchestra; Fritz Busch, conductor.

☐ **MOZART:** Symphony No. 36 in C Major, "Linz," Winterthur Symphony Orchestra; Walter Goehr, conductor.

☐ **MOZART:** German Dances Numbers 1 and 5, Winterthur Symphony Orchestra; Walter Goehr, conductor.

☐ **BIZET:** Symphony in C Major, Utrecht Symphony Orchestra; Paul Hupperts, conductor.

Total No. of Records Checked.....at \$1.50 per Record \$

Mailing Charges 25¢ per Record \$

(If you order 5 or more records, WE absorb all mailing charges)

TOTAL ENCLOSED \$

Name (PLEASE PRINT)

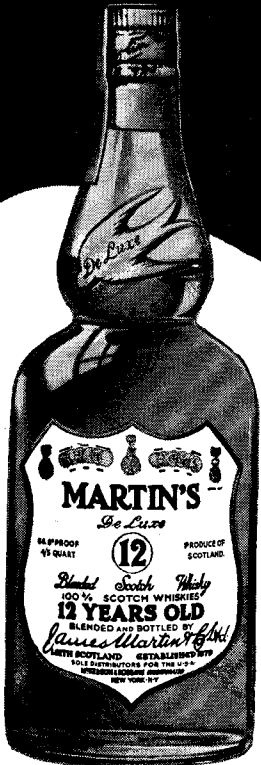
Address

City..... Zone..... State..... Dept. 1510

MUSICAL MASTERWORKS SOCIETY, Inc.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Arms of Edinburgh




Reflection of a rich heritage
steeped in noble Scottish tradition...
Martin's De Luxe 12-Year-Old Scotch.

12
Years old

Blended Scotch Whisky, 86.8 proof,
imported by McKESSON & ROBBINS, INC.,
NEW YORK, N. Y.

way out of its dilemma, it still will face the task of persuading the House Ways and Means Committee.

Mood of the Capital

Senator Taft's death has forced the burden of more aggressive leadership on President Eisenhower. Although Senator Knowland exhibited considerable skill in shepherding the Congressional session to a close, he has still to be accorded the close relationship that grew up between Eisenhower and Taft. Nor does the new majority leader by any means enjoy the respect among his colleagues accorded to Taft. Where Taft could usually hold the conservative wing of the Republican Party in line, now the prestige of the President will be required.

Moreover, the Administration is never quite sure on what side of an issue Knowland will land — as evidenced by his contradictory position on Korea. Perhaps the most serious flaw is that the sober-minded Knowland, despite his relative youth (he is forty-five), has no visible sense of humor in situations in which humor can often provide the essential leavening.

Meanwhile the respite from legislative business has given President Eisenhower more time to concentrate on solidifying Administration policy. Actually, by the time the Congressional session ended, the President was talking and acting with a great deal more confidence, as if he were on top of his job.

Some of the anomalies remain, as in his emphasis on freer trade on the one hand and his appointment of rigid protectionists to the Tariff Commission on the other. But one associate, noting that Eisenhower is traditionally a slow starter, predicts that most of the hesitations of the first few months will be resolved by the end of the year.

It may safely be said in any case that Eisenhower enjoys more personal good will among both political parties in Congress than any other Chief Executive in many years. The Democrats in particular have been careful not to attack the President personally. When they have differed on policy, they have tried to make it appear as if Eisenhower were being victimized by reactionary members of his own party.

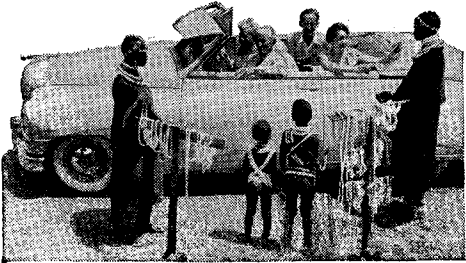


SOUTH AFRICA

..Land of Contrast!

TRY TO IMAGINE, a vacation unlike any other you've ever experienced. Listen to the roar of lions at nightfall, to the rhythmic beat of native drums. Feel spray on your face from gigantic waterfalls, catch the scent of strange, exotic flowers. Sense the thrill of visiting a diamond mine, of seeing the world's largest ostrich farm. Savor the bouquet of wines sipped in famous vineyards, photograph breathtaking views as you "cable car" up Table Mountain. Then put yourself on the busy streets of cosmopolitan cities, in night clubs, elegant restaurants and excellent hotels.

This is South Africa, Land of Contrast! Visit us soon, with lots of extra film for your camera!



Write to SATOUR for information and literature... then ask your Travel Agent to help you plan your trip.



South African Tourist

CORPORATION

475 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK 17, N. Y.

ATLANTIC *Repartee*

LETTERS TO AND FROM THE EDITOR

"The French in North Africa"
SIR:

In your issue of last July, General Guillaume, the French Resident General in Morocco, presented the colonialist point of view in "The French in North Africa." It goes without saying that most of his arguments cannot stand serious examination based on facts and figures. Since we cannot refute them, one by one, it would suffice to remind *Atlantic* readers of certain flagrant truths which can show that the General's arguments are nothing but elements of propaganda aiming at distorting the colonial reality for the American public opinion.

1. Most, if not all, the benefits of economic and social realizations have exclusively accrued to the French settlers, while the Moroccan population was absolutely neglected. For instance, 98 per cent of the French children residing in Morocco attend public schools, while 93 per cent of the Moroccan school-age children (totaling more than two millions) have no chance for any kind of schooling.

2. Martial law was declared in Morocco in 1914 and has never been lifted ever since. Consequently, Moroccans do not enjoy any kind of liberty in their own country. No freedom of assembly, public nor private; no freedom of association (even youth organizations are forbidden); no freedom of movement within Morocco or freedom of travel abroad (the French Zone is divided into civil, military and forbidden subzones); no freedom of press; no freedom of trade unions; etc.

3. The Sahara desert is used by the French as another Siberia. Moroc-

cans who dare complain of the regime are exiled there to face slow death. In the July 17 issue of the Paris Catholic weekly *Témoignage Chrétien*, François Mauriac, Nobel Prize winner, wrote: "One can believe that the French administration has confidence in the deadly climate of the area and in its own penal rule to decapitate in quietness the Moroccan party which it wants to eliminate. This is what, in other times, they used to call 'dry guillotine.'"

4. Because they are all French, Communists in Morocco enjoy all liberties and favors of the French authorities. They have their own organizations, publications, unions.

5. Morocco is certainly not a French creation. It was a country with people, civilization and independent state for over a thousand years. It was among the first nations to recognize the newly formed United States of America in 1778, and the first treaty between the two countries was signed in 1787.

6. The Charter of Brazzaville, which guides the French colonial policy, says: "The intent of France's civilizing mission in the colonies eliminates all ideas of autonomy, all possibilities of evolution outside the French bloc of the Empire; the eventual constitution for self-government, even in the remote future, is not to be considered."

ABDERRAHMAN BEN ABDELALI
Moroccan Office of Information
and Documentation
New York City

SIR:

Mr. Ben Abdelali's comments, which are along the line of propa-

ganda shared by the Istiqlal and the Communist parties of Morocco, display a great disregard for the best-known historical facts:—

1. It is common knowledge that the problems of North Africa were not discussed at Brazzaville. The advisory group which formulated the recommendations referred to as the Charter of Brazzaville did not even include one single "member" from North Africa. The policy of France with regard to Morocco was expressed in the following terms by M. Robert Schuman before the United Nations General Assembly: "... To strengthen the individuality of Morocco as a sovereign State and that of its dynasty; to foster the development of its political and social institutions upon democratic foundations, within the framework of a progressively increasing autonomy. . . ."

2. I doubt that those who have visited Morocco would dispute General Guillaume's assertion: "Modern Morocco is a Franco-Moroccan creation." The Sultan himself, on September 10, 1939, described the situation at the beginning of this century as follows:—

"Before the Convention which unites us to France, internal strife reigned supreme, one party was pitted against another, one tribe against another tribe, one region against another region. The slightest reason was cause enough for a fight, the roads were not safe, communications were badly protected. Security did not exist for you, for your loved ones, nor for your property; you were in no way assured against tomorrow and you were not free to go about your daily chores because of the absence



Study Through The UNIVERSITY of CHICAGO at home

Share the resources of the University no matter where you live. A unique program of more than 150 courses from which to choose.

THE ARTS PROGRAM

... an exceptional collection of short courses to help you develop and refine your own critical standards and enhance your pleasure in artistic works.

Enrol in courses like ...

- HOW TO LOOK AT A PICTURE
- GREAT AMERICAN NOVELS
- UNDERSTANDING ARCHITECTURE
- SHORT-STORY WRITING
- INTRODUCTION TO THE VISUAL ARTS

Plus other courses in Semantics, The Great Books, Psychology, Philosophy, International Relations, and many more.

INDIVIDUAL INSTRUCTION ... start at any time ... work in your own home ... progress as rapidly as you wish.

SEND for the UNIVERSITY of CHICAGO HOME-STUDY Announcements.

WRITE TO:

BOX 42

THE HOME-STUDY DEPARTMENT
THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO
Chicago 37, Illinois

it's
the
flavour
...always
right



TEACHER'S

HIGHLAND CREAM

86 PROOF • BLENDED SCOTCH WHISKY

Schleiffelin & Co., New York

of internal peace which is indispensable to all work and to all progress."

3. The events of mid-August seem to bear out General Guillaume's warning that "Moroccan unity is still a fragile reality" and his description of the task yet to be completed. In this respect, it is not surprising that Mr. Ben Abdelali avoids mentioning that the slow progress of education until the last war was primarily due to the reluctance of parents to send their children to schools. The newly developed and encouraging demand for modern education is now being met at the pace of 400 new classrooms a year. Last year nearly 200,000 Moroccan children were in the public schools as compared with 11,000 in 1921. During the present fiscal year, the appropriations for educational purposes amounted to 41 million U.S. dollars — which, by the way, is about twice as much as the United Nations total budget for the underdeveloped areas of the world in all fields of activity.

4. As to the alleged lack of any kind of liberty in Morocco since 1914, I wonder how Mr. Ben Abdelali can reconcile his statement in this respect with the fact that his party was able to freely publish its papers until last year. It is indeed only after they openly advocated public disorders and the Istiqlal joined its forces with the Communist party to stage the bloody Casablanca riots that they were suspended. The instigators of those riots were arrested, whether they were members of the Istiqlal or of the Communist party, and they are being tried according to the law.

GABRIEL VAN LAETHEM
First Secretary
French Embassy
Washington, D.C.

"The Other Foot"

SIR:

Your piece, "The Other Foot," in the August *Atlantic* has galvanized me — running about the house in my bare feet — into writing you a letter.

Although I agree that nothing enhances shapely feet, ankles, and legs — unshapely ones, too, for that matter — more than the classic closed-toe-and-heel high-heeled pump, I can only urge you to purchase such a pair of shoes for yourself (I am sure the size is available) and try wearing them for twelve hours straight. Be sure to stand in them an hour or two at a time, and take several brisk walks on hard pavements. After you have made this experiment I feel that you will have more of an understanding of why women wear open-toed shoes, regardless of how horrendous their big toes may look or how grimy their stockings may become. Also why they wear loafers, moccasins, ballet slippers, sandals, and even wedgies, hideous abortions that they are.

High heels for dress, yes, but heaven keep us from having to wear them all the time. Someday I hope that men will have the strength to cast off their hot ties and collars in the summer and do for their Adam's apples what women have done for their big toes.

CAROLINE SERVICE
Kew Gardens, N.Y.

SIR:

You have no doubt gotten a tremendous rise from your readers about women's shoes, and here is another.

You are quite right about wedgies and flip-flops, but how about the deformed feet resulting from those man-admired shoes? Some men find the feet in evidence at pools and beaches revolting.

IT'S BEST TO

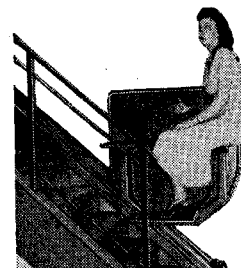
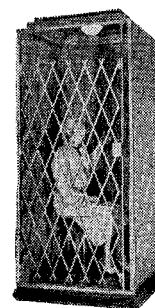
Climb Stairs Sitting Down

Whether or not you have a health handicap, you can add energy to your days and years to your normal life span by eliminating the strain of stair-climbing. A home elevator will give you the modern convenience of one-story living in any type house ... and the cost is only that of one of the lower priced cars.

Write for full information and name of nearest dealer

INCLINATOR COMPANY OF AMERICA

Pioneers of simplified passenger lifts for the home
2205 Paxton Blvd. Harrisburg, Pa.



INCLIN-ATOR is a low-cost installation for straight stairways. Operates on house-lighting circuit. Folds against wall when not in use.

"Elevette" can be installed in stairwell, closet or corner and operates on house-lighting circuit. Custom-built to fit space. Completely safe for all ages.

Since the New York World's Fair we have been able to buy, after some searching, shoes that are both comfortable and attractive. So — may the chiropodists die by slow starvation!

SARAH BRIGHT
Reading, Pa.

"Outside the Law"

SIR:

The *Atlantic* is true to its tradition as an American institution in joining in the battle against a present peril to the liberty of free men. In June you presented a splendid analysis of the important question of academic freedom. In the August issue we have the outstanding contribution of Mr. Abe Fortas.

"Outside the Law" is a judicious presentation of a pressing problem and in addition proposes constructive measures which, if adopted, would do much to safeguard our threatened liberties. It is not, I think, too much to say that unless, as Mr. Fortas suggests, we have a "clear recognition of this principle: that in the sensitive and fragile area of personal life and liberty, the fundamental law of our Constitution and our democratic tradition may not stop at the courthouse steps," we shall find that these steps will lead to a People's Court where passions and prejudice are substituted for reason and justice.

RUSSELL C. STROUP, D.D.
Georgetown Presbyterian Church
Washington, D.C.

SIR:

Are the investigations of our appointed Congressional Committees of the subversive activities of citizens "judicial proceedings" or simply the duties of our representatives in their sworn obligations to see that our country is defended?

What are we to do — remain passive when the threats to our people's lives and homes are shown to be as real as those carried out by Communists in all but a few sovereign nations bordering Russia?

I do not believe any *but a very, very few* innocent men or women have been injured by the investigations of our legally constituted Committees, however stupidly irresponsible some of their members have been.

In any war of defense throughout history, some innocent individuals have been regrettably injured. Many were injured so that they died in Korea.

"Yes, Christ Gave Us The CATHOLIC MASS"

Perhaps you don't think so, or perhaps you never gave it a thought. And possibly you regard this age-old Catholic worship as mere pomp and ceremony.

But if Our Lord *did* institute the Mass, is it not vitally important to you to find out? If He *did* intend it to be a continuing sacrifice... expressing Christian adoration, praise, contrition and petition... is it not too great a truth to be ignored?

"Bosh!" some will say. "Christ offered Himself on the cross once and for all. Nothing more is necessary." But wait! Jesus clearly indicated at the Last Supper that more *is* necessary. For after separately changing bread and wine into His Own body and blood... signifying the coming surrender of His life on the cross... Christ commanded the Apostles: "Do this in remembrance of me."

He was, obviously, instituting a continuing sacrifice in which Christians of every generation might join with Him in the most pleasing act of worship that can be offered to God. In this, as in other ways, the Apostles were to act as Christ's earthly ministers... as priests in the external offering of the sacrifice. And when they followed Christ's instructions, Our Lord would offer Himself in sacrifice — the victim would be present as He promised.

This is the heart and core of the Mass, which has been the central act of worship in every Catholic Church on the face of the earth since the time of the Apostles. As successors to the Apostles, the bishops and priests at the Mass



recite the very words Christ used at the Last Supper. And when this is done, Christ is present on the altar—offering Himself as He had promised, "for the remission of sins." If this were not true, "Do this in remembrance of me" would be empty and meaningless words, which is inconceivable.

If you would like to know more about the Mass... why it attracts thousands upon thousands of people into Catholic churches everywhere on earth, every day... write today for an interesting, easy-to-understand pamphlet. We will gladly send it free and without obligation... in a plain wrapper. And nobody will call on you. Write today... ask for Pamphlet No. B-6.

FREE
MAIL COUPON TODAY

SUPREME COUNCIL
KNIGHTS OF COLUMBUS
4422 Lindell Blvd.
St. Louis 8, Missouri

Please send me your Free Pamphlet entitled "The Holy Sacrifice—The Catholic Mass." B-6

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

CITY _____ STATE _____



SUPREME COUNCIL
KNIGHTS OF COLUMBUS
RELIGIOUS INFORMATION BUREAU

4422 LINDELL BLVD.

ST. LOUIS 8, MISSOURI



**Men who are
on their feet
all day wear**



Connolly

shoes of
**KID and
KANGAROO**

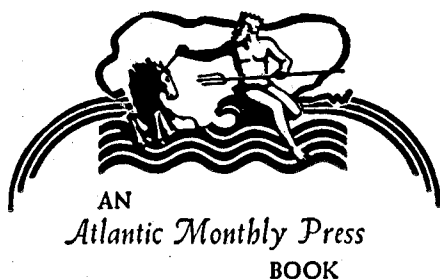


All day comfort
combined with
extra-long wear is as near
as your Connolly dealer. Write
for his address and FREE booklet.

#8600

Choice of Kid or Kangaroo, oxford
or high, black or brown. Cambridge
last. Sizes 3 1/4 - 15, AAA to EEEE.
\$9.95 to \$16.95

CONNOLLY SHOE CO.
STILLWATER 15, MINNESOTA



Han Suyin's

A MANY-SPLENDORED THING

The love story of an English
journalist and a young refugee
widow, half-French, half-
Chinese, swept together in
the whirl-pool of present-day
Hong Kong. "A true story of
piercing beauty." "A love
story on a majestic scale."

\$3.75 at all bookstores

LITTLE, BROWN & COMPANY
BOSTON

Abe Fortas, in his comments, has
given aid and comfort to the enemies
of our country.

H. A. SAWYER
Wahiawa, Oahu, T.H.

I Personally —

SIR:

Scott Corbett's appeal in "The Per-
fect Bait" for information on an ef-
fective method of applying Prattley's
Premier Mayonnaise to a fishhook, to
prevent 50-pound bass from licking
the stuff off, came to my attention
while looking through the August
Atlantic.

The thought came to me that a
possible solution to the problem is
the method of deep freeze. It is
merely a matter of coating each fish-
hook with several layers of Prattley's
Premier Mayonnaise and placing
them in a deep freeze for a period of
time sufficient to enable the mayon-
naise to enclose each hook firmly. By
utilizing a portable refrigeration unit,
such as one containing dry ice, these
mayonnaise-coated fishhooks can be
brought to the fishing area expedi-
tiously. Inasmuch as Mr. Corbett
indicated a preponderance of 50-
pound bass with an avid appetite for
the mayonnaise, the time of exposure
of a frozen mayonnaise-coated fish-
hook to the elements should be rela-
tively short.

Admittedly, all this is highly theo-
retical. However, noting that Mr.
Corbett and Judge Faggett are quite
pragmatic and have shown willing-
ness in testing theories which may
prove helpful to the acquisition of
bass weighing 50 pounds and over, I
assume they will be curious to try
out my suggestion. If there are any
other points that they would like
clarified regarding this matter, please
tell them to feel free to contact me.

OSCAR BAKER
White Lake, N.Y.

SIR:

In the August *Atlantic* you pub-
lished an installment from a forth-
coming book by Vice Admiral Leslie C.
Stevens, *Russian Assignment*. There
is one fact mentioned in this install-
ment that ought to be known to

every thinking American. This is
when Admiral Stevens meets in a
small tavern a Russian by the name
of Petrov, and the latter tells him
about the burning hatred of the Rus-
sian population for their Kremlin
tyrants.

This fact helps to repudiate a very
dangerous theory about the Rus-
sian people supporting wholeheartedly
their tyrannical regime and about
Soviet Communism being merely a
continuation of the traditional Rus-
sian imperialism. With such a theory
planted into minds of the Western
statesmen and influential public fig-
ures, any struggle of the free world
against Soviet Communism is bound
to become a struggle against the
natural interests of the Russian peo-
ple. There is no need to say that this
could be of more use to the Kremlin
gang than all of their fifth columns
put together.

DR. LEO DUDIN
Elmhurst, N.Y.

SIR:

I am so especially delighted to find
Jacques Barzun's essay on Byron in
the *Atlantic* for August that gratitude
demands this slight expression. It is
high time that the real Byron became
known, and I feel that Mr. Barzun
has accomplished a brilliant gem of
analytical reasoning here. In the bi-
ography of an artist Judgment is, in-
deed, as notable as Genius, and Mr.
Barzun deserves recognition as a gen-
ius in his own right. I doubt if a more
manly artist than Byron appears in
history.

VAUN ARNOLD
Kansas City, Mo.

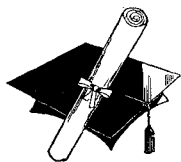
SIR:

I so enjoy my *Atlantic* — the Rus-
sian article in the August one. And
the rich, lovely ghost story. The way
Phoebe Lou Adams reviews books —
I hope lots of English people read it
here. It is American in the way the
majority don't know about. I suspect
the inventory of what most Euro-
peans know of American life is a
curious one.

MRS. THEODORE LULING
Surrey, England

CHANGES OF ADDRESS

Five weeks' notice is necessary to effect changes of address. Please give
old as well as new address, preferably supplying actual address label
from your copy. Send all changes to THE ATLANTIC, 8 Arlington Street,
Boston 16, Mass.



Summer Camps



Summer Lasts All Year

When summer ends, we adults take up our plans for the winter season with the forward look which our maturity makes fairly easy for us. And because our own seasonal adjustment is not too difficult, we are apt to forget what this time of year means to the child.

He is going back to school, into a world which to him is keenly competitive. He has needs at this time of year *for which he can be equipped through the previous summer.* He needs specific skills in certain fields that will make him outstanding among children his own age. He needs to compete in athletics. He needs to equal at least the majority of his class in most skills. He needs to know about nature lore. He needs the companionship and security of a new group of friends.

Did you help to develop *your* child this past summer so that his adjustments this fall would be easier? Did his creative powers continue to develop in ways that stimulated him with new ideas?

Stimulation of ideas is the core of the child's development, and parents who can provide it are lucky. Many don't have the necessary time to spend with their children, and sometimes a child reaches the stage when he "knows all his parents could teach him."

Perhaps last spring you tried to interest your child in a planned program without much success. If such was the case, or if you decided on a camp too late, then

BOYS

ADIRONDACK WOODCRAFT CAMPS

Fun and Adventure in the Woods. 29th year. Boys 7 to 17. Three age groups. Private lake. Program adapted to individual. Canoe and mountain trips. Horsemanship, riflery. Moderate inclusive fee. Resident nurses. Booklet. WILLIAM H. ABBOTT, Director, BOX 2383, FAYETTEVILLE, N. Y.

CAMP WRIGHT

Lake Dean, Oakham, Mass. Small, friendly, congenial. A real boy's set-up. Ages 6-16. Wholesome and educational. Land & water sports. Riding. Riflery. Farming. Forestry. Tutoring. Auto Mechanics. Driving. Dances. Careful Supervision. Fee \$375. Write A. L. BRIGGS, 509 W. 122 STREET, NEW YORK 27, N. Y.

CAMP ZAKALO

Harrison, Maine. 27th Year. Five separate divisions. Boys 6 through 16. Private and group instruction in all camp activities. Interesting trips. Nationwide Clientele. Write the Director. ZAK ZARAKOV, 393 CLINTON ROAD (Longwood 6-6200), BROOKLINE, MASS.

CO-EDUCATIONAL

ARNOLD WESTERN RANCH

Summer adventure and fun for boys and girls, 8-17. Four or eight weeks ranching and camping in heart of Rocky Mts. Separate living areas, carefully supervised. Pack trips. Ranch activities. National enrollment. For illus. booklet, address: Mr. and Mrs. CHARLES G. ARNOLD, 163 E. PEARSON ST., CHICAGO, ILL.

now is the time for you to investigate next summer's possibilities.

During the first few weeks of school, the children who did do something exciting last summer will be talking about their camp experiences. You will find your child more receptive to new ideas now than later when he has conjured up elaborate dreams for his coming vacation.

Camp directors will welcome your interest. They spend their fall making the preliminary plans for next year's program. The forward-thinking camp director makes his plans early. The forward-thinking parent will follow suit.

We shall be glad to help you if you will write telling us in detail about your child. Address: Educational Counselor, The Atlantic, 8 Arlington Street, Boston 16, Massachusetts.

Summer Camps

GIRLS

MEADOWBROOK RIDING CAMP

For fifty girls 7-16 on lake in Meredith, N. H. Daily riding and stable technique under expert instruction. Horse show, overnight pack trips, all outdoor sports program, crafts and art (watercolor and oil painting). LILAH M. PALMER, BOX 94, HASTINGS-ON-HUDSON, N. Y.

WAUKEELA CAMP

In the heart of the White Mountains, Eaton Center, N. H. Riding, tennis, swimming, and other land and water sports, camping trips, crafts, dramatics, dancing. Girls 6-16, grouped by age. Counselor Training Course for girls over 16. 33rd year. Catalog. HOPE A. ALLEN, Director, 52 NISBET STREET, PROVIDENCE 6, R. I.

KINIYA

On a Bay of Lake Champlain in Vermont. For girls 6-17. 36th Season. Riding for every girl every day — wonderful trails — own stable. Sailing, swimming, canoeing, water skiing, archery, riflery, dramatics. Separate division for girls under 10. Booklet. Mr. and Mrs. JOHN A. WILLIAMS, CAMP KINIYA, MILTON, VERMONT

FARWELL

Carefree summer for girls 6-17. On beautiful Vermont lake. Enr. 120. Schooled saddle horses. Snug log cabins. Tennis, Swimming, Canoeing, Dramatics, Crafts, Gypsy Trips. Fee includes riding. Mr. and Mrs. R. DULANY FURLONG, 1623 CANTERBURY RD., RALEIGH, NORTH CAROLINA

QUANSET SAILING CAMPS

Cape Cod camp for girls 5 to 18 featuring daily sailing on beautiful Pleasant Bay. Races, Tennis, Crafts, Archery, Riding included in fee. 4 age groups. Adult Sailing School June and September. 49th year. Catalog. F. M. HAMMATT, SOUTH ORLEANS, MASSACHUSETTS

DOMINICAN CAMP FOR GIRLS

On beautiful Lake Erie. Historic Kelleys Island, Ohio. Girls 7-17, five age groups, resident chaplain, all land and water sports. We stress household and other womanly activities useful for life. Exceptional rates for eight weeks, \$150.00, catalog. ADRIAN, MICHIGAN

Schools

ARIZONA

JUDSON SCHOOL IN ARIZONA

A ranch school for 100 boys 6 to 18, in healthful, warm, dry climate. Small classes. Accredited to all colleges. Riding & polo included in tuition. Tennis, swimming, pack trips, fishing, rodeos, riflery, music. 25th yr. Mention needs, Catalog. H. C. WICK & D. M. ASHLEY, Directors, BOX E-1431, PHOENIX, ARIZONA

ILLINOIS

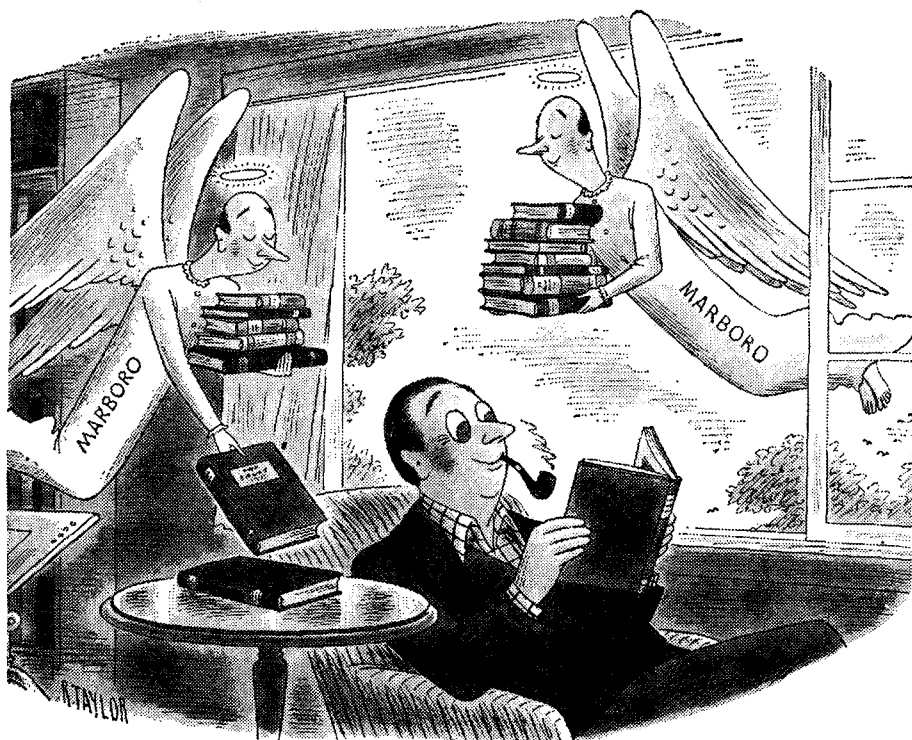
THE TODD SCHOOL

Todd's creative activity program is world famous. (Dramatics, Music, Farm, Shops, Sailing, Riding, Building, Editing.) Discovers your boy's aptitudes. Accredited college preparation and grades 1-12. Girls' Dept. — grades 1-8. Month in Florida. Hour from Chicago. WOODSTOCK, ILLINOIS

STUDENTS—PARENTS GUIDANCE DIRECTORS

Our 1953-54 School and Camp Guide has just been published. For information on many of the better schools and camps—also tips on Home Study—write for your free directory.

SCHOOL AND CAMP DEPARTMENT THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY



Heaven-sent for your reading pleasure!

MARBORO BARGAINS

SALE! Substantial savings on books of leading publishers
SALE! Substantial savings on prints for home and office

ORDER WITH THIS COUPON TODAY

marboro book shops Dept. A-5, 222 Fourth Avenue, New York 3, N. Y.

Please send me, postage prepaid, the items circled below:

☐ Enclosed find \$_____ ☐ Send C.O.D. ☐ Charge my account

3	4	5	6	20	21	30	40	81	82	83	84	85	93
94	97	98	101	102	103	104	107	111	116	119	120	121	122
123	126	214	219	238	251	259	262	326	378	388	392	489	492
509	530	537	541	545	630	636	648	649	650	658	747	757	759
760	772	775	776	777	778	779	792	795	797	798	800	809	812
818	819	822	823	824	826	827							

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ Zone _____ State _____

New York City residents add 3% city sales tax. A few cents extra for C. O. D.
Add 25c per title for deliveries outside U. S. A. and possessions.

GUARANTEE: If not satisfied, return item purchased within 10 days and money will be refunded.

WHEN IN NEW YORK CITY—VISIT THE CONVENIENTLY LOCATED MARBORO BOOK SHOPS

47 West 42nd Street
(near Stern's)

8 East 59th Street
(off Fifth Avenue)

144 West 57th Street
(near Carnegie Hall)

809. WORLD OF GREAT STORIES.

Ed. by Hiram Haydn and John Cournos. 115 stories from all countries, the best in modern literature. Almost every great writer is included and there are surveys of each of the literatures of the countries of the world, with biographical and other important data. Pub. at \$3.75. *Only 1.98*

800. STILL-LIFE PAINTING IN AMERICA.

By W. Born. Beautiful 9" x 12" volume illustrated with 130 vivid reproductions of still-lives by Peale, Harnett, Demuth, Dickinson, Sheeler and many others, with the fascinating history of such styles as "trompe l'oeil" and "precisionism." Pub. at \$7.50. *Special 2.98*

123. CHINESE WATERCOLORS.

Set of 6 charming color prints portraying brilliant Oriental birds perched on exotic fruits and flowers—against textured backgrounds of silk. Reproduced from the famous Tung Lai-Chen originals. 11" x 15" portfolio. Pub. at \$15.00. *All 6 prints, only 2.98*

795. FLAIR ANNUAL: 1953.

Exciting collection of stimulating articles, unusual pictures, special features in the style of the fabulous FLAIR. Crammed with full color, special pages, booklet inserts and surprise sections. Covers everything from travel, art and Americana to Winchell and Valentines. Giant 10" x 13½" book; only one of its kind ever published! Pub. at \$10.00. *Now only 2.95*

102. PICASSO: PIERROT.

This rare full-face clown portrait by the contemporary master enjoys an unparalleled reputation among connoisseurs. His rich palette of glowing reds, yellows, greens and browns gives this a brilliant gem-like quality. Extra-large 18¾" wide x 23¼" high reproduction. Pub. at \$10.00. *Only 1.98*

819. PHENOMENA, ATOMS, MOLECULES.

By Irving Langmuir, Nobel Prize winner. This collection of 20 papers attempts to interpret phenomena in terms of mechanisms of atomic and molecular interactions. 436 pages, indexed. Pub. at \$10.00. *2.49*

818. UNUSUAL WORDS.

By Edwin Radford. An alphabetically arranged collection of unusual expressions and words with the story of how they came about. Everything from "above board" to "zounds". Pub. at \$3.75. *Now only 1.98*

798. FEININGER ON PHOTOGRAPHY.

By Andreas Feininger, history-making *Life* photographer. This encyclopedic volume authoritatively and comprehensively covers the technique and art of making a photograph. Includes: equipment; materials; the darkroom; functions of the camera; processing of negatives and prints; creative control; contrasts; color; space; perspective; lighting; motion; composition; the picture story; and hundreds of other subjects. Handsomely bound, 8½" x 11". Originally \$15.00. *Only 6.88*

822. BENJAMIN DISRAELI.

By Cecil Roth. The distinguished British author and historian presents an exciting and significant biography of Benjamin Disraeli. Pub. at \$3.75. *Only 97c*

827. UNDER THE SEA-WIND.

Again Rachel Carson brings to the reader the special mystery and beauty of the sea which she caught and translated so memorably in "The Sea Around Us." Pub. at \$3.50. *Only 1.49*

116. DEGAS: DANCERS WITH FAN.

Only Edgar Degas could combine two ballet dancers, a fan and a bright orange background for such a charming effect. This 25" wd. x 17" high silk-screen print, reproduced in the authentic brilliant colors of the Degas original, is ideal for framing. Pub. at \$12.00. *Only 1.98*

824. MEMOIRS OF A VAGRANT SOUL.

By Mikhail Naimy. Comments on the deepest and most baffling problems of society—replete with fresh wisdom, beauty, and flashes of true inspiration. Pub. at \$2.75. *Only .97*

759. CITIES.

By Rupert Croft-Cooke. Thirty word-profiles of the world's most fabulous cities. Illus. with more than fifty photographs. Pub. at \$4.00. *Only 1.49*

797. THE KINSEY REPORT ON WOMEN:

Sexual Behavior in the Human Female.

By Kinsey, Pomeroy, Martin, and Gebhard. Because of the tremendous interest in this monumental work, we suggest that you place your order immediately. *8.00*

107. TAMAYO: SILK-SCREEN PRINT.

The dynamic intensity and extraordinary color-sense of Rufino Tamayo are well exemplified in this magnificent silk-screen reproduction of his famous WATERMELON EATER. 28" high x 22" wide. From the collection of Marvin Small. An exclusive Marboro reproduction. *Only 3.88*

775. CRIME AND PUNISHMENT.

By Dostoyevsky. Trans. by Constance Garnett. With 43 full-page illustrations by Phillip Reisman, 15 of them in color. A luxurious gift edition of the great Russian psychological novel. 532 pages. *Special 1.49*

649. SEXUAL LIFE IN ANCIENT ROME.

By Otto Kiefer. Sexual activities in early Rome clearly and analytically explained. Authentically discusses Roman sadism in sex, free love, savage spectacles, marriage, religion, philosophy, literature, etc. 379 page volume. Illustrated. *Only 4.88*

103. RAOUL DUFY: BOATING ON THE RIVER.

A fresh, gay, witty, characteristic interpretation by the late lyricist of French art. "Boating" portrays a lovely summer day with all the charm that has made Dufy one of the most popular of French moderns. Superb 18 3/4" high x 23 3/4" wide reproduction. Pub. at \$10.00. Only 1.98

MIRO MURALS.

The daring and brilliance of Miro's figures in red, black, white, green and chartreuse are skillfully imposed on a background of graded blues and whites. Each mural reproduction measures 3 1/2 feet long by 9 inches high. Used together, the three sections make a magnificent frieze 10 feet long. Ideal with or without framing for den, game room, foyer, or any modern decor.

81. MIRO MURAL #1. Only 2.98
82. MIRO MURAL #2. Only 2.98
83. MIRO MURAL #3. Only 2.98
84. ALL THREE MIRO MURALS. Pub. at \$45.00. Special only 7.88

545. DICTIONARY OF WORLD LITERATURE.

Edited by Joseph T. Shipley. A survey of the forms and techniques of the various literary arts, their principles and problems, arranged in dictionary form for ready reference. Prepared with the collaboration of 260 scholars, including G. A. Borgese, Andre Maurois, Lewis Mumford and Allen Tate. New and completely revised edition. 453 pages. Pub. at \$7.50. Only 2.98

648. EINSTEIN—THE WORLD AS I SEE IT.

No other book is so complete a key to the understanding of Albert Einstein's personality. Here are Professor Einstein's own views on the world around him, and on his scientific labors. New abridged edition. Pub. at \$2.75. Only .97

93. DECORATIVE OLD MAPS.

Six full-color prints of old maps. With or without frames, these 14" x 16" maps make a unique decorative accent for your home. Includes maps of: Canada—1720; The Holy Land—1570; Asia—1662; The Globe—17th Century; New England—before 1682. Pub. at \$12.50. Only 3.98

219. MY SISTER AND I.

By Friedrich Nietzsche. Not only a family tragedy of towering sadness, but a vastly important philosophical discourse as well. Written in an insane asylum . . . it took 60 years before it could be published. The publication of these strange, intimate revelations rocked the literary world. Pub. at \$4.00. Only 2.95

98. RAOUL DUFY: SILK-SCREEN PRINT.

Words alone cannot do justice to this truly remarkable reproduction of a gaily-dressed Harlequin in a Venetian Plaza. 18" wide by 24" high. Pub. at \$15.00. Only 2.98

214. MODERN ABNORMAL PSYCHOLOGY.

Ed. by William H. Mikesell. Twenty-five of the nation's most eminent psychologists discuss diagnosis and treatment of all abnormal psychiatric conditions. 880-page volume. Pub. at \$10.00. Now only 2.98

111. DUFY: BLUE MEDITERRANEAN.

The famous Casino at Nice with its palm trees and sandy beach is pictured against the azure Mediterranean Sea. Reproduced by the superbly colorful silk-screen process, this 22" wide x 18" high print is ideal for framing. Pub. at \$15.00. Only 3.88

541. GREAT NOVELISTS AND NOVELS.

By W. Somerset Maugham. Illustrated with pen & ink portraits of the authors. Maugham describes the greatest novels of the world and the men and women who wrote them. Pub. at \$3.00. Only .97

94. DEGAS BALLET DANCERS.

With startling authenticity, these 10 superb reproductions capture all the poetic imagination and delicate understanding of Degas' prized ballet sketches. Each plate measures a full 17"x13" . . . each is printed on a color-tinted paper individually chosen for the particular subject. Frame them for your home—you'll find no finer portrayal of the ballet's rare grace and beauty! Pub. at \$7.50. Only 2.98

823. MAN ANSWERS DEATH.

Edited by Corliss Lamont. This anthology of poetry is unique in that it is centered around the philosophy of Humanism, which looks upon death as the end of the individual conscious personality and sets up human happiness on this earth as the supreme goal. Pub. at \$4.50. Only 1.98

826. WALT WHITMAN—THINKER AND ARTIST.

By Arthur E. Briggs. Precise, scholarly analysis of Whitman's thought and art, reviewing the claims of free-lovers, mystics, materialists, and communists. Pub. at \$4.75. Only 1.98

392. NEW DICTIONARY OF PSYCHOLOGY.

By Philip Lawrence Harriman. For the first time, all the principal concepts and technical vocabulary of psychology are conveniently defined in one handy volume. Pub. at \$5.00. Now only 2.98

630. DICTIONARY OF SCIENCE AND TECHNOLOGY.

Separate indexes in French, German and Spanish permit two-way reference with English entries. Complete with conversion tables and technical abbreviations for engineering and scientific use. Pub. at \$6.00. Now only 1.98

812. SEX AND LIFE.

By Eugen Steinach & Joseph Loebel. With 67 illustrations, 8 in color. The discoverer of rejuvenation of human beings through sex-hormones presents the full story of his researches for the general reader. Pub. at \$5.00. Only 2.98

658. ENCYCLOPEDIA OF SUPERSTITIONS.

By E. and M. A. Radford. Superstitions in existence throughout the world presented in a single encyclopedia for the first time. Any superstitions related to any subject can be found easily. There are 2,300 superstitions listed—230,000 words. Pub. at \$6.00. Now only 1.98

760. DOGS SINCE 1900.

By A. Croxton Smith. This outstanding work by the Dean of dog experts contains the history of over 90 breeds of dogs during the past 50 years. Illustrated with 117 photographs of every breed. Imported from England. Pub. at \$6.00. Only 1.98

262. DICTIONARY OF WORD ORIGINS.

By Joseph T. Shipley. Stories of the words we use—how they grew across centuries and countries. Thousands of word histories, old and new. Pub. at \$5.00. Only 1.98

101. MODIGLIANI: BRIDE AND GROOM.

Every brush stroke is evident in this magnificent full-color 19" wide x 24" high reproduction of Modigliani's distinctive portrait of two lovers. The perfect conversation-piece for that important wall in your home! Pub. at \$10.00. Now only 1.98

757. SELECTED POEMS OF WILLIAM BLAKE.

Twenty-two representative literary works of the great English artist, poet and mystic. Introduction by Denis Saurat. Illustrated with Blake's own wood engravings. Imported. Special .97

PICASSO COLOR MASTERPIECES.

Giant 20"x26" prints prepared under the personal supervision of Pablo Picasso! Incredibly beautiful, extra-large, full-color reproductions—the most exceptional art buy in Marbora history. They cannot be distinguished from the originals. They are perfect . . . to the softest variation in the muted colors . . . to the most delicate turn of every line . . . to the very signature of the artist himself.

3. HEAD OF A YOUNG MAN.

Pub. at \$7.50. Now only 1.49

4. GIRL IN BLUE.

Pub. at \$7.50. Now only 1.49

5. HEAD OF A YOUNG GIRL.

Pub. at \$7.50. Now only 1.49

6. ALL THREE PICASSO PRINTS.

Pub. at \$22.50. Now only 3.88

97. TOULOUSE-LAUTREC: SEATED CLOWN.

Now you can have a superb true-to-the-original reproduction of La Clownesse (The Seated Clown) for your home. 17" wide x 22" high. The dramatic use of pinks and yellows with black has been handled in Lautrec's inimitable manner. Pub. at \$10.00. Very special, only 1.98

636. MY CAMERA ON POINT LOBOS.

Eighty of Edward Weston's incomparable photographs. Only Weston could do justice to the rugged grandeur of Point Lobos—"the greatest meeting of land and sea in the world." Each photo is finely printed on a coated 14 1/2" x 11 1/2" page suitable for framing. Pub. at \$10.00. Only 3.88

326. WISDOM OF THE TALMUD.

By Rabbi Ben Zion Bokser. A large annotated cross-section of one of the great cultural treasures of mankind—available in English for the first time. Includes the choicest material in Talmudic literature. Pub. at \$3.75. Now only 1.98

20. TEN JAPANESE PRINTS.

Reproduced from the originals in the Metropolitan Museum of Art. All the subtleties of shading and delicate pastel beauty of the full-color originals reproduced in the minutest detail on large 11" x 17" unbacked sheets. These 17th to 19th century prints include Hokusai's celebrated Great Wave off Kanigawa and other famous works of Shunsho, Hiroshige, Harunobu, etc. Pub. at \$7.50. . . . Now only 2.98

650. SEXUAL LIFE IN ANCIENT GREECE.

By Hans Licht. Thoroughly explains the sexual background of the philosophy and art of Ancient Greece. Deals with marriage customs; the human figure; festivals; Greek literature; sexual relationships; prostitution; homosexual love; etc. Beautifully bound, 556 page volume. Illustrated. Only 5.88

537. PORTFOLIO: Graphic Arts Annual.

Magnificent 10" x 13" volume with far more than 200 different reproductions, drawings, photographs, etc.—many in full color. Articles include: Calligraphy, Skira's Books, Stereoscopy, French Marble Papers, etc. Superb reproductions of works by Goya, Cartier-Bresson, Shahn, Calder and others. Pub. at \$7.50. Only 2.49

30. UTRILLO: MONTMARTRE.

A superb full-color reproduction of one of the most charming Parisian scenes ever painted by Utrillo. Actual picture size measures 20" high x 24" wide. Ideal for framing. Pub. at \$10.00. Now only 1.98

747. HISTORY OF RUSSIAN PHILOSOPHY.

By N. O. Lossky. A comprehensive and complete survey of the development of Russian philosophical thought—the only such history in the English language. 416 pages. Pub. in 1931 at \$10.00. Special 3.88

777. DON QUIXOTE.

By Cervantes. The famous Mattheux translation of the whimsical heart-breaking tale of chivalry. Salvador Dali has done 42 magnificent illustrations, 10 of which are full-colors, two-page spreads. Nearly 600 pages. Special 1.49

776. THE BROTHERS KARAMAZOV.

By Dostoyevsky. Trans. by Constance Garnett. For Every man's library—this beautiful gift edition of one of the world's greatest novels. With 60 full-page illustrations by William Sharp, 20 of them in color. Over 950 pages. Very special 1.49

LAUTREC SILK-SCREEN POSTERS

Huge 23 1/2" wide x 31 1/2" high full-color silk-screen reproductions of Toulouse-Lautrec's most famous posters. Now you can view his bold scenes and vivid colors in the size they were meant to be seen. Here are all the colorful Parisian Dance Hall posters most prized by decorators—incomparable reproductions ideal for framing.

21. MOULIN ROUGE

Pub. at \$20.00. Now only 2.98

119. DIVAN JAPONAIS.

Pub. at \$20.00. Now only 2.98

120. TROUPE DE MLE. EGLANTINE.

Pub. at \$20.00. Now only 2.98

121. MAY MILTON.

Pub. at \$20.00. Now only 2.98

122. MAY BELFORT.

Pub. at \$20.00. Now only 2.98

126. All five of these Toulouse-Lautrec silk-screen posters

Originally pub. at \$100.00. Very special 13.88

489. AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF A YOGI.

By Paramhansa Yogananda. Third edition revised and enlarged. Illus. with 50 photographs. The "subtle laws by which Yogis perform miracles and attain self-mastery explained with scientific clarity." "A fascinating and clearly annotated study."—Newsweek. Over 500 pages. Pub. at \$3.50. Special 1.98

388. INDEX OF AMERICAN DESIGN.

By Erwin O. Christensen. Fabulous 9" x 12" volume containing 378 beautiful pictures (117 in full color) of American design sources. Explanatory text. Pub. at \$15.00. Only 7.88

85. KLEE: SILK-SCREEN PRINT.

Fascinating reproduction of Klee's Harlequin. No matter how long you look at this 24" wide x 34" high painting, you will never tire of its bright colors and exciting design. Decorators recommend this print to add a note of brightness and life to any otherwise somber room. Pub. at \$7.50. Only 1.98

251. MATHEMATICAL BASIS OF THE ARTS.

By Joseph Schillinger. A work of revolutionary implications in aesthetics, this book formulates the basic laws of mathematical logic underlying all art structures. Illustrated. Pub. at \$15.00. Only 2.98

259. DICTIONARY OF MIND, MATTER AND MORALS.

The world's greatest living philosopher, Bertrand Russell, 1950 Nobel Prize Winner, compiles his opinions and views on over a thousand subjects. Arranged for quick reference in dictionary form. 304 pages. Pub. at \$5.00. Only 1.98

509. DICTIONARY OF PHILOSOPHY.

Edited by Dagobert D. Runes. Both teacher and layman will find this handy, all-embracing volume invaluable in his philosophical studies. Pub. at \$6.00. Now only 2.98

238. OSCAR WILDE.

A biography by Andre Gide, French Nobel Prize Winner. Translated from the French by Bernard Frechtman. Gide's personal memories of Wilde before his imprisonment make fascinating reading. Pub. at \$2.75. Now only .97

104. PICASSO: THE WHITE CLOWN.

You have never seen this famous Picasso painting in a more striking reproduction. It has been hand-screened in full color by the silk screen process on an elegant, textured cocoa, brown stock. The actual picture area measures 13" wide by 20" high—a size preferred by home decorators for framing. Limited quantity! Pub. at \$10.00. Now only 1.98

779. FROM CUBISM TO SURREALISM IN FRENCH LITERATURE.

By Georges Lemaitre. Illustrated with 10 plates by Gris, Picasso, Ernst, et al. "A clear, brilliant explanation of the whole modernistic movement."—New York Herald Tribune. Pub. at \$4.00. Only 1.49

778. THE WISDOM OF CONFUCIUS.

Ed. and trans. with notes by Lin Yutang. The wisdom of the East is in this book. A large (6 1/2" x 10 1/2") gift edition illustrated in color by Jean Yee Wong. Special 1.49

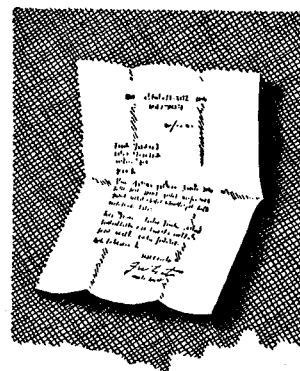
492. BUDDHISM AND ZEN.

By Ruth S. McCandless and Nyogen Senzaki. A comprehensive treatment for those who desire a knowledge not only of the theory but also the practice of Zen Buddhism. Pub. at \$3.75. Now only 1.49

530. EUROPEAN COOKBOOK.

By Bob and Cora Brown. Now you can make Zucchini, Risotto, Arroz con Pollo, Canard en Chemise and hundreds of other tasty dishes from France, Italy, Spain and Portugal. Clear, simple recipes for entrees, desserts, soups, sauces, etc. Pub. at \$3.95. Now only 1.98

“DEAR SIR: By 1960 please
send me these items . . .”



The facts in this letter are not imaginary. They merely sum up what economists predict for the United States by 1960.

To American Industries

Dear Sirs:

By 1960, please arrange to be making thirty per cent more goods than you made for me in 1950.

I expect a growth of about twenty million people in my family, the same as in the past decade. Part of my order is because of them. Part is to increase my standard of living.

If possible, arrange more leisure time for me. I do not wish to work longer hours to pay for increased purchases.

You will, of course, find me new products better than the old. You have done this in the past, but please increase your efforts.

Please tell the electrical manufacturers to be making 2 times as much by 1960. I am increasing particularly my purchases from them.

Very truly yours,
(signed) The American Public

What this letter calls for is clearly understood by any company or industry that has earned public good will and hopes to keep it.

Here are three moves that General Electric is accordingly making:

First, if production and leisure are to increase at the same time, the nation's skilled man power must be used with increased effectiveness.

To help create more goods to meet America's needs, General Electric is in the middle of a billion-dollar expansion program.

Second, products now on sale must *do* more if people are to get more for their money. Examples may help here. Engineers at General Electric have multiplied the efficiency of turbines, the light from lamps, the power of x-rays, and so on. Such engineering is and must be an always expanding program.

Third, new products must be found to make known products obsolete by comparison. To find new truths, research in America must increase. At General Electric, new research facilities and people are being added.

Here are some fields where scientists say new discoveries could make a big difference to all of us . . . ways to convert atomic energy into useful power . . . ways to store heat for later use . . . ways to create light from now invisible infrared rays . . . “fuel cells” to convert energy of gaseous combustion directly into electricity . . . new metals to stand higher heat (for jet engines and turbines).

October 15th marks General Electric's 75th anniversary. We start the next 75 years with greater experience, more capacity and, we hope, more efficient planning. We hesitate to look back over our shoulders at what has been developed—modern x-ray, electrically driven trains and ships, the tungsten lamp, the fluorescent lamp and such—for we are convinced that the findings of the future will be more significant.



You can put your confidence in—

GENERAL  ELECTRIC



An appointment of national significance is that of the Negro, Dr. Howard Thurman, who has become Dean of the Chapel at Boston University. For this Atlantic Portrait we have turned to a member-at-large of Fellowship Church in San Francisco, of which Dr. Thurman is still a leader and moving spirit. JEAN BURDEN, a native of Illinois and a graduate of the University of Chicago, is now living in Altadena, California, devoting herself to her writing and, with all her heart, to The Church for the Fellowship of All Peoples.

HOWARD THURMAN

by JEAN BURDEN

THIS month a Negro will mount the pulpit of Boston University's Chapel to begin his tenure as Dean of the Chapel, head of a six-member board of preachers, and Professor of Spiritual Disciplines and Resources in the School of Theology. He is Dr. Howard Thurman, grandson of a slave, who organized The Church for the Fellowship of All Peoples in San Francisco. He will be the first of his race to occupy such a position.

Dr. Thurman has been recognized for years as one of the country's outstanding preachers, yet this was not the primary reason for his appointment by President Harold C. Case. Boston University announced a new program of religion last spring: to create an interracial, interdenominational religious center not only for the campus but for the community as well. The man responsible for the development of Fellowship Church — a unique achievement in human relations, being half white and half non-white — was the natural choice for such an undertaking.

At Boston University with its 26,795 students and 16 schools and colleges Dr. Thurman can put into wider practice the principles that have been proved in Fellowship Church for the past nine years. Granted an indefinite leave of absence by his congregation, he will return to San Francisco each summer to participate in the work of the church. And young theologians from Boston University will

interne at Fellowship Church to learn at first hand how to develop churches without intercultural and interracial barriers.

Howard Thurman is pioneer, mystic, scholar, poet — all the titles are his. Many people, thinking of his ideal — the erasing of all barriers between God and man, and between man and man — have added another: prophet. The prophets of history have always been champions of the disinherited; they have always stood for justice in an unjust society. Whether as angels with the flaming sword, or quietly like Howard Thurman, they have been the advance guard for the rest of us. His friends describe him in opposites. One is conscious of his "bigness"; another says he gives off warmth like a wood stove. One thinks he is "plain ugly"; another calls him "handsome." In repose his face is sad. His eyes are large and expressive, his nose finely sculptured; but it is his long, thin hands, pale-palmed, that most people remember. They are never still, gesticulating constantly.

His humor is as famous as his eloquence — the unself-conscious grin, the rollicking laughter, particularly at himself, the mischief that always seems to lurk behind his eyes. His favorite distraction from a grueling schedule is the detective story, and he travels with a suitcase crammed with the latest paper-backed editions mingled with leading tomes on religion and philosophy. Once he arrived so late at an evensong service where he was to give the

Copyright 1953, by The Atlantic Monthly Company, Boston 16, Mass. All rights reserved.

sermon that he tossed his coat and luggage on a chair in the vestibule and went directly into the church with the presiding minister. In the middle of the service he realized that his main quotation was in a book he had left in his brief case. The minister volunteered to step out and fetch it. He returned holding in front of him, with the distaste he would have shown toward a rattlesnake, a lurid pocket-sized volume illustrated with a gory corpse. "Dr. Thurman," he whispered, "hasn't there been some mistake?" Thurman took one peek and dead-pan he replied, "Not at all, Doctor, you've just got the wrong book."

2

THURMAN has come a long way from that small two-room house in Daytona Beach, Florida, where he was born in 1900. His grandmother, who came to take care of Howard and his sisters after his father died and his mother went to work, had been born a slave; she could neither read nor write. But it was Grandmother who insisted on the importance of an education above all else. By the time Howard reached the eighth grade he was working in a dry-cleaning shop to help out the family income, and reciting his lessons to an understanding principal on his lunch hour. As a result he was the first Negro child in the town to receive an eighth grade certificate from the public schools.

Grandmother allowed no time for self-satisfaction. The nearest Negro high school was in Jacksonville, and if Howard was going to be there by September he'd better figure out a way. He figured. A cousin offered to take him in and give him one meal a day. A friend gave him a trunk with no tray, handles, or lock. One fall day Howard packed all his possessions in the trunk, roped it together, and started for the railroad station with \$5 in his pocket. Grandmother called him back to the steps. "I want to tell you something, and you remember it all your life: Look up always; down never. Look forward always; backwards never. And remember, everything you get you have to work for."

It looked as though the advice would have to be put into action almost immediately, for the station-master could see no way to ship the trunk when there was nothing to attach the tag to but rope, and that was against the law. To send it by express — his only alternative — was a financial impossibility. Howard burst into tears. An old man in blue denims and bandana was sitting on the steps, watching with interest. He ambled over. "If you are trying to get out of this Godforsaken place to get an education, and the only thing that stands in your way is money for that trunk, I'll pay the express." He took out a rawhide money bag, counted out \$3, and Howard was on his way.

School was always wonderful. He worked hard and his grades were the best. "It was the only asset

I had — I *looked* terrible!" He learned Latin with the enthusiasm most boys apply to marbles or baseball. He studied Shakespeare and the librettos of all the operas, and memorized reams of poetry. On summer vacations he worked in a bookstore or shined shoes or janitored.

By the time he went to Morehouse College in Georgia he knew he wanted to go into religion. "When I was born, God must have put a live coal in my heart, for I was His man and there was no escape." At the beginning of his junior year he decided he needed to know some philosophy. The college offered nothing but logic and ethics. The only way he could manage it was to win all the cash prizes at Commencement and thereby earn enough money to go to Columbia in the summer. This he did. He lived with a friend in a small rented room in Harlem on 55 cents a day, reading Plato, Spinoza, Kant, Hegel. And for the first time in his life he studied with white boys. "It was here," Thurman recalls, "that I made the precious discovery that a brain is a brain, and the package doesn't matter."

At his graduation from Morehouse he applied for admission to Andover Theological Seminary, but religion was only for Caucasians, and they turned him down. He then made application at Colgate-Rochester. They were a little better — they had a Negro quota. (Both restrictions have since been removed.) They also had a scholarship for him. He had to read fast that first year to catch up with the boys from large Eastern colleges. There were books that he read in the ten minutes between classes; others that he saved for riding across town on the streetcar; books that he read in the bathroom. He kept half a dozen going all the time. He kept notes of every reference that the professors made and went back to the library to look them up. He was the only Negro in his class, and he graduated at the top of it.

There were at least two men at Colgate-Rochester who had tremendous influence on Howard Thurman's thinking. One was Dr. Henry Robins who taught the Philosophy and History of Religion. "It was he who first defined for me the scent that had been in my nostrils a long time: that the spiritual experience of the human race was essentially one single experience."

The other was Dr. George Cross, Professor of Systematic Theology. "He had a greater influence on my mind than any other person who ever lived. Everything about me was alive when I came into his presence. He was all stimulus and I was all response." He called Howard into his office as he was about to graduate, and asked him about his plans for the future. Howard told him he had a small parish in Oberlin, Ohio, and was going to take graduate work on the side.

Dr. Cross approved. "Howard Thurman, you have the capacity to become one of the great original creative thinkers; to influence the religious

thought of our nation, perhaps of the whole world — if you aren't tampered with! Because you are a Negro you may be tricked into using all your valuable creativity in fighting the race question. The race question is a social question and all social questions are temporary. Suppose Jesus had used all his energies in fighting the Roman Empire? Address your mind to the timeless questions of the human spirit! You have that kind of mind."

One more man was to shape Howard Thurman's development. At a religious conference he saw a small book on a secondhand table. He bought it for 10 cents and sat down on the steps outside to read it. When he got up he knew he had found the person to lead him further — Dr. Rufus Jones, the great Quaker, then teaching at Haverford College. Thurman wrote, asking if he could come and study privately with him. Jones accepted him immediately, and for the next year Thurman sat at his feet, experiencing his first formal introduction to the history and study of mysticism. When he left he was under appointment to Morehouse and Spelman Colleges in Atlanta, where he taught Philosophy of Religion until 1932; then he was called to Howard University in Washington, D.C., to be Dean of the Chapel and Professor of Systematic Theology.

3

THE idea of an interracial church first came to Howard Thurman in 1935 on the other side of the world — Khyber Pass. On leave of absence from Howard University, he had been sent with his wife, the former Sue Bailey, as chairman of the Pilgrimage of Friendship to students of India, Burma, and Ceylon under the auspices of the World Student Christian Federation. He had spoken in 45 centers and covered 18,000 miles. "The trip caught up with us at Khyber Pass," he remembers, "and it was here that we weighed and sorted it out."

Outstanding in their reflection was their audience with Gandhi in Bardoli, arranged at the latter's invitation. "The representatives of these two great peoples must get together," said Gandhi. "If you cannot come to me, I will take the train with my doctor and come to you."

After breakfasting in a mango grove at dawn with Gandhi's secretary, they drove in a Model T Ford to his headquarters a few miles away. The National Party flag was fluttering from the ridge-pole as the car pulled up to the dusty clearing in front of the tent, and, breaking all precedent, Gandhi himself came out and walked over to them in greeting. Following him into the tent, they sat on the floor, while Gandhi took out his silver watch and laid it in front of him. "We have three hours to talk; let us not waste a moment."

Before the end Sue Thurman asked him, "Will you come to America and be the guest of the American Negro?"

"That is the only way I could come, but not unless I have some creative and healing thing to say to the people. Until I have found an answer to our own problem in India, I have no right to come to America and say anything."

Then Howard Thurman asked, "What is the greatest enemy that Jesus Christ has in India?"

"Christianity," Gandhi replied.

So, as they rested on the mountaintop, they asked themselves if they could remain in a tradition that not only permitted but *fostered* rules of separateness. There was no glossing over the question. They knew the picture only too well. They knew that of the 8 million Protestant Negroes in the United States less than one tenth of one per cent could worship in "white" churches. And these were usually churches in such small communities that it was unsound to establish a separate church for the few Negro members. The result was that in the one place where the teachings of Jesus could be immediately put into action in the normal fellowship of neighbor loving neighbor, and where the relationship of a human being with God should take precedence over his condition of race, status, and class — here these lines of distinction were guaranteed.

At Khyber Pass, Howard Thurman decided to stay in the Christian tradition and to make it live for the weak as well as the strong — for all peoples, whatever their color, whatever their caste. He would try to atone for the slave traffickers who called themselves Christians, for the man who wrote "How Sweet the Name of Jesus Sounds" and made his money selling black serfs to the "Christians" of the New World, for the nameless Englishman who called his slave vessel *Jesus* — and for all the ones who came after.

During the post-India years the idea of a church that would cross all lines, the genius of which would be a *religious* fellowship, not another settlement house, nagged at Howard Thurman's mind. He knew the interracial idea could be successful for a limited period in a highly controlled situation, such as YMCA conferences, but could it be done in an uncontrolled situation over an unlimited period of time? To find out the answer, he knew he would have to set down roots somewhere in a community and work at the generating of fellowship seven days a week within the context of a religious institution. Should it be tried in New York City? In Washington, D.C.? In either case it meant taking time out from his assignment at the university to become established in the community, and he didn't have that sort of opportunity. He would have to watch and pray for a place where there was a nucleus from which he could move forward.

The nucleus was already forming — not in New York, not in Washington, but 3000 miles away in a congested street in San Francisco. It was 1943. The Japanese had been forcibly moved out; the Negroes had moved in. Faced with a highly volatile

social situation, Dr. Alfred Fisk, Professor of Philosophy at San Francisco State College, and a Presbyterian clergyman deeply concerned with the problem of reconciliation in this city of forty-eight different ethnic groups, decided something should be done about it. Backed by funds from his church, he gathered around him a handful of people who believed as he did, and together they formed a "Neighborhood Church." From the beginning it cut across all racial lines. Also, interestingly enough, it immediately attracted people from a variety of denominations, principally Quakers and Episcopalians. About thirty men and women met weekly in the living room of an old house on Post Street, recently converted to a chapel. The church had no formal membership but a surprising amount of enthusiasm.

In the fall of 1943 an important letter was sent by Dr. Fisk to A. J. Muste, Secretary of the Fellowship of Reconciliation in New York. It asked if Mr. Muste knew of some young Negro Divinity School graduate who would like to come out to San Francisco to share in the development of this idea. Muste knew of none, but forwarded the letter to his friend, Dr. Thurman, who, in his key position at Howard University, might very likely know of just the right man. In such casual ways does Fate pull problem and answer together.

In a postscript to a letter to Fisk, expressing regret that a young friend whom he had recommended had not found it possible to accept the job, Thurman wrote, "If I could wangle a leave of absence, I'd like to come myself."

Fisk's immediate reply was excited and incredulous. Would he really consider the job? It paid only \$200 a month and Howard Thurman had a family to support.

There were four men at Howard University that President Mordecai Johnson must have known he could not keep. One was in Political Science; one was in Law; a third was in Music; and the fourth in Religion: Ralph Bunche, William Hastie, Todd Duncan, and Howard Thurman. "This isn't your year for a sabbatical, Thurman," President Johnson warned when apprised of the plan. "You may have a leave of absence but you'll have to take it on the cuff."

Thurman replied in "pious" words, but with an impious twinkle in his eye, "God will take care of me."

4

It was a small group he found waiting but their mission was huge. What they lacked in numbers and in money, they had to make up for in zeal. One of the first things they must decide was what, precisely, they were. It was much easier to see what they were *not*. Not Baptist, Methodist, nor Congregational. Not anything, in fact, that had ever been conceived before. "It was my idea," explains

Thurman, "to project a church that would have a growing and creative basis of membership, rather than beginning from within the presupposition of a particular denomination."

Another major problem was the church building itself. From the very beginning Thurman urged the small congregation to move from the Fillmore-Post area. "If we don't move, we will become a Negro church, segregated in spite of ourselves." Many of the members were loath to leave, feeling that such a move would only be interpreted as an abandonment of the people. Thurman stuck to his guns, and finally won, as much on the obvious need for larger quarters as on his original argument. The new building was only slightly better than the first, being the Filipino Methodist Church on Pine. The Thurmans stayed on in their living quarters on Post Street, sharing them now with the Japanese minister, his wife, and many of their friends who had returned. "It was an old house, where there were not only dirt and congestion but rats," recall the Thurmans.

Howard and Sue Thurman could stand anything for a limited length of time, but when they saw the growing bewilderment on the faces of their daughters, Olive and Anne, they knew they would have to move or risk having them turn against the whole conception. Thurman's leave had been extended another year. He could send his family back to Washington or buy a house in San Francisco and cut his ties with Howard University. It was a big decision, but about the time Fellowship Church moved for the second time, to the Theatre Arts Colony, the Thurmans found a house big enough not only for themselves but for all the group meetings of the church as well. They decided to stay. Olive saw it before she entered Vassar that fall on a three-year scholarship, and young Anne at last had a place to bring her friends to.

The financial support they received from the Presbyterian Church was another problem, welcome as it was in many ways. If they continued to accept it, they were in great danger of becoming a Presbyterian Mission Church. On the other hand, to throw away the \$3600 a year looked like an easy way to commit suicide. How would they manage, adrift? Characteristically, the little group stuck out its collective chin and voted to become independent. The great faith this displayed was matched by Thurman's own. When, in the next few years, the budget was stretched to the danger point — and it was, much more often than it was not — he would accept an itinerary of speaking engagements throughout the East, making one-night stands at churches and colleges, and bringing back enough money to carry them over the next hump. His working schedule began at dawn and continued into the night, seven days a week. "It was not only driving uphill," he remembers, "it was cutting the road out as we went without benefit

of map." Preaching, counseling, juggling, meeting with civic leaders, mothering and fathering his flock. Raising money was only part of it.

In 1949 the church again decided to do the impossible. They would buy their own building on Larkin at Vallejo. It would cost \$40,000. A glance at the operating budget showed a deficit of exactly \$1060, but by this time the 200 members of Fellowship Church were confident they had a guardian angel. Furthermore, to enumerate the resident membership (close to 400 today) is to tell only part of the story. There was another much larger group, slightly amorphous in structure, called members-at-large. These were persons living all over the United States and as far away as Formosa, India, Japan, South Africa, Iran, and England, who retained their own denominational ties but who contributed to the financial support of the church because they believed so strongly in its cause. These crusaders (about 1200 to date, and numbering among them many persons of prominence) continue to shoulder a portion of the operating budget and a major part of the building debt.

The \$40,000 was borrowed from a private endowment fund without interest, the principal to be paid back in the unbelievably short span of three years. Howard Thurman and Gene Walker, then chairman of the board of Fellowship Church, and a producer of industrial motion pictures, initiated the amazing solicitation that followed. Across the country in Philadelphia an insurance executive, Arthur U. Crosby, headed a group called "Friends of Fellowship Church," formed for the sole purpose of raising funds. Dr. Channing Tobias and friends of Fellowship Church gave a dinner for Dr. Thurman in New York and succeeded in adding several thousand dollars to the coffers. These men, aided and abetted by nameless hundreds, performed the incredible. They raised the \$40,000 in the allotted time, and all but \$2500 of it came from friends and members-at-large, local and national.

Promptly on payment of this indebtedness the board took on another, the purchase of the building next door, to be used for the myriad activities that are so important a part of the church's life. The new Fellowship Hall is a busy place. Here the choir, as polyglot as the church itself, practices weekly. Launched with a generous gift from Todd Duncan, its fusion of voices brings to each Sunday service music of high distinction. In other corners are the Liturgical Dance Choir; the Intercultural Workshop; Sunday Fellowship with lunch following the morning service; the English Hand Bell Ringers; and the Drama group. Mental Health Institutes are held twice a year, the Religious Arts Festival every June, and the Social Service Committee functions all the time. One woman remarked, "I used to be a golf widow; now I'm a church widow!"

The forum and lectures are organized by Mrs. Thurman. Sometimes there is a talk by a Negro

scholar from Liberia; at other times an exhibit of wood-forms by an American artist, a concert by an Armenian on the Egyptian harp, or a program of Jewish folklore.

The Children's Workshop in International Living is held every summer as another dimension of the Church School. Here the work goes on at a different level. One year it was a study of the American Indian, with two young Navajo girls coming all the way from New Mexico and living with Fellowship families during their stay. Other years the Workshop studied Africa, India, and Japan.

5

IN HIS capacity as pastor, Dr. Thurman experienced countless personal indignities; the times he was refused service in restaurants, the parish calls in apartment buildings when he was asked to use the freight elevator — these were part of the early history. Curiously enough, the church itself has never been criticized for its interracial platform. Most Christians pay lip service to such an ideal, even if they don't care to put it into practice. But the logical conclusions thereof, the points at which such a commitment meets the environment outside of the church — these have been under attack.

The unique criticism has been that the church is too highbrow! Although Dr. Thurman claims he is no scholar, it is a safe bet that anyone else would claim it for him. His sermons puzzle some people. One of the oldest members of his San Francisco congregation took him aside one day and pleaded, "Doctor, I don't want to change anything, but don't you know any *little* words?"

Listeners are always surprised that from this man comes no social protest in the ordinary sense. He preaches no sermons on the racial problem, on politics, or on bigotry. He attacks the mainspring of social ills, not the results as such. Being a mystic in the most practical down-to-earth sense, who lives *in* the world, not apart from it, Thurman has always preached on man's encounter with spiritual reality. Sometimes his preaching takes the form of a series of sermons, like his famous ones on Prayer. His sermons are always basic; they deal with the eternal verities. That such lessons lived would result in world order and peace at all levels is obvious. But first things come first. There have been a few people who see things differently, who have tried to pressure him into endorsing their own political beliefs. One woman walked out on one of his sermons because she felt he wasn't meeting the social issue squarely. But Howard Thurman knows what he is doing. He will never be a whip for any cause. His voice is powerful, compelling. He will not exhort, cajole, or pound the lectern. He will turn men to the inner Light if they will let him.

It is a radical thing to preach the kind of truth that is found acceptable to the Jew (there have

been several in his congregations), to the Roman Catholic (one boy in the Fellowship choir attended Mass every Sunday morning before coming to the eleven o'clock service), to the Japanese Buddhist, the Hindu, the Quaker, and to the fugitives from all organized religion. There are two reactions to Fellowship Church that members wait to hear from newcomers. One is: "This is the church I have been looking for all my life!" And the other is: "And I'm not really religious!" Thurman defines a creed as "a bronze plaque erected at the site of a battle, signifying who won," and dogma as "the rationalization of somebody *else's* personal religious experience." And in so teaching his basic theme is reiterated: *We are one at any level.*

Everyone asks, of course, how the commitment of Fellowship Church has been expressed in the daily lives of those who profess it. It is one thing to practice brotherhood on Sunday morning, but what about Monday and Tuesday? What about the areas of human relations commonly unilluminated by religious attitudes? The answer can be supplied by many members of the San Francisco congregation. It is commonplace in this fellowship that members of one race mingle socially with members of another. They meet in each other's homes, picnic with each other, go to concerts together, dine in public places. In the beginning this was often done awkwardly if with the best of intentions, and it was there that Dr. Thurman's patience was seen at its most tactful. "He met us where we were, and treated us as though we were where we ought to have been. How we blush now when we remember that we played him Marion Anderson records on his first evening in our home, and talked racial problems until he must have squirmed!"

By now they have reached a point where action is implemented not only by Fellowship Church as an institution, but by their faith that this brotherhood is a part of the future.

A man and his wife, members of Fellowship Church, against neighborhood threats of violence, rented their spare room to a Negro. In a remarkably short time the excitement subsided and the newcomer was accepted without fuss. The same story was repeated when another member rented her guest cottage to a Negro social worker who became the most popular resident of an all-white neighborhood.

In Tucson the Superintendent of Public Schools, Robert D. Morrow, a member-at-large, spearheaded the desegregation of schools in that town. The Dean of Women of a large Southern university allowed Negroes to mix with whites at one of Dr. Thurman's lectures — an unheard-of gesture. In India a member-at-large studied famine relief among the very poor of another colored race, and enlisted the help of Fellowship Church. Members

gave up one meal a week, contributing its cost to the fund.

A prominent Negro in industrial relations confessed that before he became a member of Fellowship Church he suspected everybody that had a white face. Sensitized by Howard Thurman's message, he decided to see if he could make a friend of the white man who had opposed him on every committee. He did so, and relations, human as well as industrial, took a step in a new direction.

"Dr. T.'s" decision to go to Boston was a crisis that took months to meet. Now, under the interim leadership of Dr. Dryden Phelps, nephew of William Lyon Phelps and for thirty years professor and Dean of the Chapel at China Union University, a resurgence of vitality is proving that the cause of fellowship is bigger even than devotion to Dr. Thurman. Dr. Phelps puts it another way: —

"Actually, the enduring quality of Dr. Thurman's ministry is about to be tested: whether the Idea which he and this church have shared these years can now take on a kind of independent life of its own among us: send roots even deeper, expand wider, grow upwards. But we also are about to be tested as to the measure of our own continuing loyalty to the Idea, and our creative on-going capacity to make it live in our lives, and in other lives, and in this religious community. I believe God is watching, and not a few other churches."

Howard Thurman knows he is only a small part of a single creative movement. Racial unity is only part of it. Never does he forget the total issue. What he said at the mortgage-burning ceremony is as pertinent in his new position: "Man builds his little shelter, he raises his little wall, builds his little altar, worships his little God, organizes the resources of his little life to defend his little barrier, and he can't do it! What we are committed to here, and what many other people in other places are committed to, is very simple — that it is possible to develop a religious fellowship that is so creative in character, so convincing in quality that it inspires the mind to multiply experiences of unity — which experiences of unity become over and over and over again more compelling than the concepts, the ways of life, the sects and the creeds that separate men. We believe that in the presence of God with His dream of order there is neither male nor female, white nor black, Gentile nor Jew, Protestant nor Catholic, Hindu, Buddhist, nor Moslem, but a human spirit stripped to the literal substance of itself. Wherever man has the scent of the eternal unity in his spirit, he hunts for it in his home, in his work, among his friends, in his pleasures and in all the levels of his function. It is my simple faith that this is the kind of universe that sustains that kind of adventure. And what we are fumbling towards now . . . tomorrow will be the way of life for everybody!"



Born in Brooklyn, educated at Princeton University and at Columbia Law School, JUDGE HAROLD R. MEDINA is the author of numerous books on law and jurisprudence. For more than thirty years he taught at Columbia Law School, and in 1947 he gave up his \$100,000-a-year practice as a trial lawyer for a post as a Federal Judge paying \$15,000 a year. This article shows why.

THE SPIRITUAL QUALITY OF JUSTICE

by JUDGE HAROLD R. MEDINA

1

AMERICANS are regarded as a materialistic people. To an extent the charge is true. We are brought up in an atmosphere of intense competition; we strive to get ahead and to give our families automobiles, radios, television sets, and pleasant places to live, and to provide the best education we can for our children. However, I have a conviction that spiritual forces play a much greater part in our lives than many of us realize. Certainly this should be true, unless we are false to the traditions of the founders who came here to seek freedom and to worship God after their own fashion, and who had the strength of character and the foresight to establish in the Constitution their belief in and adherence to those things of the spirit which are our great heritage. I think that our future welfare and destiny as a nation depend upon our spiritual strength rather than upon bombs, production, and material wealth.

One thing close to the hearts of Americans is justice, the great spiritual force in the preservation of American democracy. Justice must be kept pure and unalloyed lest we tamper with our heritage and impair or lose it in the end.

As so often, when dealing with fundamental concepts, we are led back to the Latin tongue — so many of whose phrases are incorporated in our law. Thus, the word *animus* may mean mind or spirit or soul or essence or even a ghost as the representative of the personality of someone who has passed on. Each of these phases of the same idea is reflected in the law. *Animus*, as the mind of justice, represents its rational or philosophical content, which may be good or bad according to the ends to which logic is directed, but which lacks emotional or dynamic force. *Animus*, as the ghost of justice, haunts the courts with no longer applicable precedents and a mass of outworn apparatus. But *animus*, as the soul or spirit of justice, lies behind all law. It comes from above and represents the

conscience of humanity. And so there is, there must be, something way down deep underneath the things with which we lawyers and judges concern ourselves from day to day, some fundamental concept, which can truly be described as the spiritual quality of justice.

I recognized this quality in Harlan Fiske Stone, later to become Chief Justice of the United States, when I sat as a student in his classes and when I saw much of him as one of his colleagues on the faculty of Columbia Law School. He was not a self-righteous person; I don't think I ever heard him talk about ethics, and yet in my imagination he looms up as a Rock of Gibraltar, lofty and immovable. He once said: —

I have no thought that men are made moral by the mere formulation of rules of conduct, no matter how solemnly bar associations may pronounce them, or that they may be made good by mere exhortation. But men serve causes because of their devotion to them.

Those societies which have endured in world history and have managed to survive crises have been founded upon and motivated by high ideals. But great ideals are not enough. They must be expressed; they must become woven into the social fabric. Thus all the philosophizing in the world about personal liberty is of little avail without that concrete embodiment in the Bill of Rights which is the law of the land. Yet it is not enough for society to have ideals, even when these ideals are formulated into a binding law. It is necessary in addition that law be applied to the myriad situations of daily human life. It is here that we lawyers come in.

To most of us the law is a more or less settled regime. We keep plugging away handling our cases, advising our clients, bringing in the fees and doing on the whole a pretty good job. But in the midst of all this there come times when we find the chance

to be especially helpful to someone in distress. Perhaps it is someone in humble circumstances who expected to become a citizen and became entangled in a mess of red tape. There wasn't much of a fee in it, but after a lot of work the difficulties were surmounted. Perhaps someone with the lease of a store was about to lose the lease and the lawyer straightened things out. Do the trial lawyers always get fat fees? We know how often they do not. But the cases are all tried and many an unjust claim or defense is defeated.

We lawyers get a thrill out of this sort of thing if we are worth our salt. I rather suspect that most of us will find that we have deep down within us a better understanding than we thought we had of the spiritual quality of justice. At times, perhaps, we feel sorry for ourselves when we are doing these things for little or no compensation. Then all of a sudden we wake up to the fact that we should be ashamed to be lawyers if we didn't do them.

During the late war I was called upon to act as assigned counsel for a man charged with treason against the United States. He had had some dealings with the men who came over from Germany on the two submarines in a design to destroy our aluminum industry. At first I felt very sorry for myself. It was a thankless task. The attitude of the people generally was hostile; I noticed that my friends began to look the other way as I came along, and some indulged in a few remarks, the general purport of which was that maybe I was a traitor too. Even my mother could not understand how I could bring myself to defend the man.

But as I studied the case and became convinced that the man was innocent of the charge of treason, I gradually began to realize the importance to the administration of justice, the importance to our whole democratic process, of what I was doing. And I tell you that I never fought so hard for a client as I did for that man. His name was Anthony Cramer; and the treason charge was finally quashed by a 5 to 4 vote, after two arguments in the Supreme Court. It was a close squeak. But the point is that after working on cases year after year in which there was always some personal benefit that could come to me, here I was at last working for justice and for justice alone. There was no possible advantage to me — quite the contrary. And yet I found satisfaction such as I have seldom found in the doing of any other professional task. If a lawyer really feels this spiritual quality of justice, must it not be reflected in his everyday relations with his clients as he acts as adviser or draftsman, in his conduct in court, in his dealings with people as he settles misunderstandings and disagreements?

2

Now we turn from the lawyers to the judges. What happens to a man when he dons the black robe and

takes his place upon the bench? I can tell you. There is some subtle force which takes possession of his soul and whispers continually in his ear the command that he make very sure that his every judgment and his every ruling be just and right. To all appearances he is the same man, but some new and sacred sense of responsibility makes itself felt. The thirst for victory, the love of combat — gradually these fade away, and in their place comes a profound concern lest some emotional bias or hidden prejudice sway him from the righteous and just conclusion.

Have you ever considered the effect on a man of sitting there day after day with his country's flag just over his shoulder?

In the Canons of Judicial Ethics propounded by the New York State Bar Association there is, before the Preamble, about half a page of what are called "Ancient Precedents." One of them is a quotation from the 16th and 17th verses of Chapter 1 of the Book of Deuteronomy. It reads: —

Ye shall not respect persons in judgment; but ye shall hear the small as well as the great; ye shall not be afraid of the face of man; for the judgment is God's; and the cause that is too hard for you, bring it unto me, and I will hear it.

No judge should be ashamed to seek guidance and strength from Almighty God. According to my way of looking at things, that is precisely what a judge should do.

This way of thinking was brought to a climax by what happened to me after the trial of the Communist leaders was over. I simply could not believe it. Bales of letters poured in. I struggled to read them and answer the ones that I thought should be answered, until I almost dropped in my tracks.

It was just as though the word America were written across the face of every one of these letters. In some way which will always remain a mystery to me, the spark had been fired and a great spiritual force had been released. I learned for the first time that the people of America, rich and poor and in between, and of every race and creed, have a passionate love of justice that is a force to be reckoned with. What they were excited about was the fact that the system of American justice as they understood it had been vindicated. If there is anything in this world that our citizens detest more than anything else, it is the gavel-banging, shouting judge who kicks everyone around and administers justice with a meat ax. What these people wished to stress was the fact that in the midst of turmoil and disorder justice could be administered in a calm and temperate manner and in strict accordance with the rules. Some have thought that I was leaning over backwards. But I was not. I was not leaning in any direction whatever, but sitting up as straight as I could, calling the strikes and balls just as I saw them coming over the plate.

Over a thousand of these letters were signed by the wife and the husband together. Hundreds of them came from little shops, beauty parlors, filling stations, and the like, and they were signed by every one of the employees, generally with a description of the job each one was doing, and with the boss's name down at the bottom. Why did they do this? That is the interesting question. It doesn't matter so much what happened or did not happen at the trial. The important thing is that this vast mass of ordinary people should think such thoughts and express them in such a curiously intimate way. They were not reasoning or philosophizing; they were responding to an emotional impulse. Can there be any doubt that the spiritual quality of justice was the incentive for all this?

This brings us naturally to an appreciation of the common sense and extraordinary judgment of the bulk of our population. These qualities have saved our country again and again. There may be some who have lost faith in American democracy, but I am not one of their number. I am an optimist and I have good reason to be such.

Just the same, it seems to me that much can be done, and done by us lawyers and judges, to help the members of the community in general to perform their part in the functioning of the administration of justice. Doubtless jurors, when they sit to weigh the facts, feel something of the sense of responsibility which judges feel. It seems to me that we can do a good deal to help them to have a fuller understanding of their function as jurors and to feel this responsibility more keenly. Surely, this is also true in relation to those members of the community who come to court as witnesses.

There is, however, one ugly spot on the canvas. I refer to the congestion of calendars and the general bedevilment of the judicial process caused in large measure by the fact that thousands upon thousands of lawsuits are brought by people who know they have no just claim but who hope to frighten or badger those whom they sue into a settlement. This is morally wrong and we lawyers and judges must do what we can to put a stop to it.

Let me give you two illustrations. And remember, I am discussing spiritual values.

The other day a secretary to one of the judges in our courthouse had a friend who knocked down a pedestrian at a crosswalk with her automobile. The policeman who was directing traffic, as well as some of the bystanders, confirmed the fact that the pedestrian was hurrying across against the lights. Despite assurances that he was unhurt, the pedestrian was taken to the hospital for a checkup and the fact was verified. The driver of the car felt a great sense of relief as she had carelessly allowed her insurance to lapse the day before the accident. The next day, however, she was served with a summons and complaint demanding judgment in

the sum of one hundred thousand dollars. A wage earner, with her little house finally all free and clear, was thus compelled to hire a lawyer, and I suppose the final outcome will be the payment of three or four hundred dollars tribute for what we so often hear called "nuisance value."

My other story has to do with an incident which happened on Thanksgiving Day of 1950. I was sitting with Mrs. Medina in the living room of our apartment in New York just before leaving to have dinner with one of our boys and his wife and the grandchildren. The doorbell rang, and there stood a young man and his wife. The wife turned out to be the daughter of a maid who had worked for my family when I was a boy. They were in trouble and chose this inconvenient hour to come to me for advice because it was the only time available to them.

This is what had happened. They had an old, dilapidated car, and a month or two earlier the wife had been riding in the car with her little ten-month-old baby alongside of her on the front seat. There was an accident. The car was demolished and the baby was killed, but the mother was unhurt. What was worrying her was that everyone in her neighborhood wanted her to sue the person who was driving the other car. The neighbors said that she should sue and the chief of police in the town where she lived gave the same advice. For some reason she hesitated, and she thought of coming to me. A few questions developed that the accident was chiefly due to her own negligence in proceeding in the wrong direction on a one-way street. In fact, it was hard to see how the driver of the other car was in any way at fault. So I gave her the only advice that any sensible lawyer could give under the circumstances, and that was not to sue at all.

You will observe that no lawyer had anything to do with this. It was the chief of police and the neighbors who advised her to sue.

The last thing I would think of advocating is that people should forgo suing unless sure of success. Wherever there is a fair and reasonable controversy on the facts or the law, it is the business of the courts to decide it. That is what courts are for. Probably, too, there is as much (if not more) bearing of false witness by defendants as by plaintiffs. But we must keep in mind the fact that there is something sacred about justice, something truly spiritual, and that it is good that every single member of our community should share in this wonderful process in the best ways that opportunity may afford. Every time any one of us, judge or juror, witness or plain citizen, fails to make the fullest possible contribution to what I have called pure and unalloyed justice, he harms himself spiritually and helps to impair or even disintegrate the most significant and fundamental institution of American democracy.



An Atlantic Story



WILLIAM SANSOM "can make you see, hear, taste, touch, and smell to his order," wrote Eudora Welty when she read *South* with its lustrous descriptions of the Mediterranean. From Mr. Sansom's new volume, *The Passionate North*, a collection of stories drawn from the harsh panorama of Scandinavia and the Western Isles of Scotland, the Atlantic has selected two narratives. The book will be published by Harcourt, Brace next month.

A WORLD OF GLASS

by WILLIAM SANSOM

CELLS become writers. Writers are solitaires and cells are solitary: here I can sit in imposed solitude, free from my pity of solitude self-imposed, absolved from all decision and responsibility and all question of selecting diversions of the outside world. Physically I can choose practically nothing: mentally I am freer than before. I must simply sit here and serve my sentence. It was, of course, for assault.

Assault, and I think justified. This is why I refused any concession that might have been offered, and decided to let them all do with me just what they wished. I did not think it would turn out as well as this. And so, in moderate and pleasantly austere comfort, with no — or at least very little — material seduction, I can sit within these six walls — for here the ceiling and the floor are as much walls as the walls themselves — and let my mind and my pen run free. Not surprisingly, they run upon the course of events that led to my arrest: not upon the arrest itself, which was a small matter, but upon the emotions — and they were as strong as I will try to tell — that preceded the affair.

I shall never forget the terrible beauty of the journey to Trondheim; and the beauty of Trondheim itself. To travel to a place in circumstances of mounting beauty, mounting with no moment of regression, and then to find that after those long elating hours the destination is no dross of achievement but is even more beautiful than all the rest, that it expands about one like a great flower whose petals unfold the final, endless, sleepening glory — that is an experience seldom to be enjoyed. We began at Oslo. Early morning. A great black monster of a steam train. An empty carriage with cush-

ions of carmine velvet. And throughout the day mounted through long Norway, from slush to snow, from snow to deeper snow, proceeding both up the map and onto higher ground. Which together makes for a most pleasing sensation.

From the warm, almost the hot carriage it was invigorating and fresh to watch the snow. No fierce peaks and sharp summits to disturb a gentle skyline, but instead a good rolling of high distant hills that swam around the wide perspective with a rise and fall of waves: often these were fir-capped, when the snow-back stood fringed against the sky with short rich bristles. For this was no barren country. And all the way up the line one passed small stations, dark brown wooden stations eaved with dragons' heads in the viking manner. The station officials wore high black fur caps, and in their black uniforms they looked like a fierce contingent of Turkestan police. The ticket collector on the train also — but his red round face and bucolic Norwegian address belied the Turk: he was always up and down the carpeted corridor outside announcing the imminence of unpronounceable stations, and when on this journey I say "we," it is of him and the engine and myself that I speak, for I was alone at the time.

By midday we had passed through the skiing country, where, apart from the beauty of the snow, there was at certain stations a spirit of festivity as red-capped skiers left the train and sought sleighs to take them out to their snowy places of holiday. But some time after that the real country began, the skies changed, a frozen magnificence charged the air with a peculiar magic. Great lakes appeared, ice-bound, their miles to the horizon furred with

wide-fanning flat snow. Near the shore frozen waves lay ridged like skin under a microscope: logged on the banks piles of fresh stripped wood shone like pigskin. Icicles as thick as tree trunks hung their green glow from rock ledges, and where waterfalls had been struck solid they hung in rows like monstrous teeth; but cruelly as these were shaped, their glass made music of them; over everything the far-gleaming sun and its greening sky played strange tricks of transparency. Such a sun! It hung and traveled all day on the horizon so low that losing heat it grew in complement larger — it gleamed more than shone. It gleamed like a force of great candlepower over the wide land, turning the snow to lavender and pink, greening the icicles and greening the sky; and the sky itself receded infinitely, it became more transparent than itself, it provoked in its pale green a visible sense of infinity. Yet this was no true Arctic sun — although we were traveling near to the polar circle: it shone not on a barren land, but on a snow-laden gentle place rich with cream-colored birch and black fir. On such country its low long beam cast everything into a strange clearness — in the same way, though a thousand times clarified, that a lowering sun on a summer's day clears and stills the air just before evening. Everything seemed set in glass, translucent, motionlessly clear.

So the day passed as we steamed on through the snows, higher ever north. The sun set early. The last thing I can remember was the passing of a river, swift-flowing water of bottle-green that pooled and snaked down between the rocks and ice and moussed snow, disappearing one knew not whither, and in the cold air smoking. Then the light was gone, the snows were gray — and soon after we ran into a blizzard.

Three-quarters way up, three-quarters way penetrated north, and with the ominous fall of night — some ancient listening God pressed the loud pedal and sent the great pianoforte of his mountain scorn into action. Now from the warm and easy carriage nothing was to be seen: only the drive of snow hailing by, and the white steam and smoke of the forward engine driven down past the windows by the weight of the wind. Up and up, winding along the white track into a blank curtain of white: only at stations could anything be seen, and these — with their snow-swirling lamps, their dark-stamping figures, with the high-funneled great engine steaming its monstrous black iron against the snow — these could only remind me of scenes dreamed over from novels of the Russian nineteenth century.

From the warm red-covered lighted carriage one saw passing along the curtained corridor travelers in fur caps and astrakhan, ladies with white fur collars and once a curious ermine bonnet. The feeling was of Russia — for all our first impressions are allied quickly with previous knowledge, with things nearly similar — but it was not exact: for there were

the names of stations passed — Hjerkind, Kongsvoll, Driva; and there were the viking dragons up-tilting like pagoda eaves from the roof-beams of each wooden station; and there was the recent memory of standing in wonder at the fine dark beauty of the retrieved viking ships themselves, abstractions of dark curved planking as beautifully draped as a classic robe, objects indeed that must take their place with the other few abstract, complete, Parthenon beauties of the world. This was Norway of Haakon and no tsarist Russia.

We steamed out of the blizzard into clear cloud-high height. A hidden moon shone a starshine light over the snow, giving to things mysterious visibility but no exact shape. Then the train passed through the last station, and curled round towards Trondheim. There was a stirring in the corridors. People who had sat still for twelve hours rose to get their luggage out first — to save a minute. This movement I find irritating, and always swear to remain seated until the train is cleared. But as usual I became infected, started pulling at my bags, and as usual missed the sight of the entrance into my town of destination. A grinding of iron brakes, a jolt of luggage, and the train came expiring its last steam to a halt. Outside, a babel of fresh faces to receive us the stiff and weary.

2

THERE was not much to do that night but get to the hotel and go to bed. I had a mixed impression of crossing a river from the station, entering streets wide and squarely laid, and many of the muddled sensations with which a new town receives one. I remember a busy sense though the streets were empty, a solid feeling after the fluid day on wheels, and a sense of unconfessed astonishment that lives were really lived here all the time without one's presence and not even in the knowledge of one's existence. Yet perhaps because of this and because of the alerted nerves of journey a new city is always a place of great promise and possibility: a feeling so often punctured absolutely after a day's acquaintance.

Next morning I parted the old lace curtains — it was a barish room, Ibsen in remnant, with a horse-hair sofa and a brass lamp that might have once burned oil — parted those curtains and looked out onto the wide snow-covered street. Instantly the amazing impact came — no dragons, no dark wood! Instead a white-painted classic town! Suddenly this — at three degrees below the polar circle!

It was of course a reversal of everything expected. But it was only a beginning to the confusion that followed. I went downstairs to take a walk quickly, wearing no overcoat — and naturally after a few steps along the pavement felt it too cold and returned. Perhaps, after all, breakfast first. I asked for the restaurant. I was shown it. And again the

confusion arose, for that unbelievable restaurant was a palm garden and no potted place from warmer latitudes but a real palm garden growing in real earth real big palms. I remember flipping the snow from my glove on one large tropical frond that stretched with the stealth of a bird-eating spider near my table. So. One could only sit coffeeless and muddled in such a place. Moreover, lighted Christmas trees had been placed at regular intervals among these palms and exotic plantains and the whole was turfed in an earthy basin circled with granite pillars of an oldish Nordic style. A fountain made water music in the center.

As I sat there muddled the porter came through. A gentleman to see me. A gentleman? A gentleman from the newspapers.

I was traveling unannounced. My real name was not the one by which I was generally known. All the way up through Copenhagen and Gothenburg and Oslo I had been received and interviewed. It was a necessary, and not at all times unpleasant, duty. There is a flattery about it that never entirely fails, however often the process has occurred: nevertheless it is also a duty, and as a duty it must sometimes call for the pleasure of being avoided.

It was such a pleasure that I had promised myself on this last lap of the journey before taking ship for the British Isles. But I had forgotten that the Oslo papers are read in Trondheim and, anyhow, that there is a telegraph between journalists. Perhaps it was this very stupidity that made me suddenly say "No!": and knowing this refusal to be of little use, made me get up from the table breakfastless (it was, to give the reporter his due, eleven o'clock) and demand the backstairs exit to reach my room. There, rummaging quickly for sunglasses, a drab old scarf, and putting on my overcoat and soft hat twisted ridiculously down over my eyes, I felt myself disguised (to no one, of course, but myself) and left the room angrily just as the telephone was beginning to ring.

So here I was, some time after eleven, slipping into the side streets, all guilt on my tail, simply for the sake of avoiding a ten-minute conversation. It was absurd: yet how often one clings to such first decisions with bone-brained vigor — and it may be that obstinacy in such small matters trains one for resolution on more important principles; but I hardly think so, it is more a strength to be able to change one's mind.

For some time walking the streets I felt myself followed, I thought everyone looked too curiously into my face, I imagined the whole town conspiring against me. Once I tried to telephone the hotel to forbid them to admit any more reporters, but the instrument, the little øre pieces, and the thought of the Norwegian voice answering defeated me. And soon after a small boy in the street asked me the time. I knew it was that because he pointed to a

clock. I could not answer in Norwegian. The boy looked astounded, then hurt. It was a foolish moment, standing there falsely dressed and apparently unable to read a clock. Perhaps the boy lost forever what faith he had left in adults.

However, with all these confusions, the particular quality of that town surprised and exalted me. It is a small town, but the streets are wide. The streets seem wider than the houses which range them, houses of not more than two stories. These are of planked wood. Planked wood painted white, but a white grayed or creamed so by the purer white of snow, white colored as softly as some gentle shade of hand-made paper. And at the doors there are pillars of carved wood, with carved wood capitals and pediments, and the windows are set with classic regularity. There are some small palaces and there is also a royal residence, the largest wooden building in Europe, a fine white-painted low-lying mansion windowed with lavender blinds, pedimented with a red regalia like a scarlet royal seal, gilded occasionally and touched with wrought iron. Then there are the great apothecaries' houses, designated by emblems such as The Swan, throughout Scandinavia the largest of the old shops, and in themselves like small hospitals.

Trondheim has much the look of an American colonial town, with its wide perspective and wooden classic buildings — yet it is finer, and there is the snow to throw everything into greater relief; and here and there a yellow toylike tram gives an air of business. Wherever you walk, too, you come to water, for the town is nearly encircled by its lazy oil-green river Nid, bestower of the town's old viking name Nidaros. That name in itself added a confusing charm — a false Greek word among derived Greek architectures in the snowbound north. And one must never forget the sun, lying so low, beaming everywhere its curious inexact light.

3

It was after I had been walking for almost an hour that I met the girl. I remember leaving the streets — which I had already traversed more than once, for the town is pleasantly limited — and deciding to have a good look at the river-mouth harbor. So once more down the broad Munkegaten to the waterside wharves. And I remember then being glad of those ridiculous sunglasses, because at every gap between houses, when one was walking laterally to the sun, the great candle-mass hidden below roof-level shone out with tremendous power; at eye-level it struck just as though one had chosen to look the sun in the eye, it nearly knocked one down.

Resting on something — a barrel, a smoked-fish crate, a wood railing? — I looked out over the packed fleet. I remember coughing — and then feeling both self-conscious of the noise and of the mist of my breath on the air, for exactly then I

noticed her standing quite near. I felt she might have mistaken this for the beginning of an intrusion. But it was she who intruded. She moved along nearer me — for she also had been simply standing and looking, and said pleasantly something in Norwegian.

I stuttered back: "*Kan ikke Norsk* — I cannot speak Norwegian, I am English."

"Oh, you speak English? I too. We all speak English. You are English?"

"Yes, I am on my way to England."

"From Trondheim? There is another Englishman here in Trondheim now, he came yesterday, a famous actor. You know him?"

It is easy to adopt the disguised lie, difficult to speak the lie direct. But after a suspended moment, I did. I said I had not seen myself. And what a beautiful morning it was.

She answered immediately, with a strange enthusiasm: "It is, it is. That's what I said first. The sun isn't warm but the light is lovely. The ships so still. . . ."

For a while she went on like this. She seemed too enthusiastic about the weather, strangely so for a modern-looking girl — but then I remembered how all Scandinavians were devout lovers of nature, they love with an elemental love not far removed from their ancient sun and forest worship.

"I do like how open it is, and how gentle the hills round — no steep mountains . . ."

"Then you are on a visit too?"

"Oh no, I live here. I've always lived here." She too was wearing sunglasses, but I could see from the high lift of her cheekbones that her eyes would have that curious Mongolian tilt so fascinating among the Norwegians with their china-blue eyes. "And have you seen our statue to King Olav?"

"One could hardly miss it. Yes, it's most striking."

"And our cathedral?"

"I am against the cathedral. Too much fuss is made of it — few people speak of what is much more beautiful, the town itself and its elegant houses."

". . . that's the first time I've heard — but I think you are right. And the warehouses, did you see? . . ."

Her hair was blonde. She wore one of the youth-caps, a red woolen thing with a becoming tassel. Round her neck was a soft wool scarf of Norwegian pattern, a black spiky design on a plaster-gray. Her skin against the wool looked fresh and soft. I went on talking. "The warehouses, yes. Perhaps that view from the little bridge down the Nid to the sea is one of the most beautiful things I've ever seen, ever."

". . . the warehouses lining up on either side on their stilts, we used to call them giants . . ."

"But such extraordinary colors — olive, ma-

roon, dark ocher, they're the colors of oil paint, of a painting of Breughel's . . ."

"You like paintings? I have not seen many."

Her coat was pale blue, smartly shapeless. She wore fur-trimmed boots, and I could just see above them the beginning of woolen stockings on legs slim above the fur.

"So you haven't traveled much?"

"I have never been away from Trondheim. Never."

"Don't you want to?"

"No. Once. Not now."

"But aren't you curious, don't you wonder what the rest of the world's like? Your own country? Oslo? The North Cape?"

"I couldn't do without Trondheim. You see . . ."

She paused; I thought she was thinking how to explain herself. But then I saw her lips quietly smiling; she seemed to be listening and then turned to look at the road behind. A horse and sledge were passing. The horse was white, a short long-maned horse sturdy as a pony: it jingled its harness bells at an easy walking-pace, the sledge carried two oil-drums painted bright brown.

"There you are," she said. "The horse! In Oslo it's all cars? Besides, I have to stay here because of my husband."

I remembered feeling then a sudden disappointment. It was not as if I had thought definitely towards that girl: it was more simply a sudden lowering of the pleasant tension that exists always, with no conscious endeavor, at a fresh meeting of the sexes. But there. She had a husband. One felt a sensation of having been robbed. Yet slight it passed, and of course I said something like: "Well of course that's a different matter. Your home's your home, you're right, no wanderlust can compare with building a home with the right person, the person you love —"

"When do you leave?"

"What? Leave — oh leave here? Tomorrow, the boat."

"He's not the right person."

"Oh."

My face felt that if I looked at her it would show too dramatic a concern, something too intimate and curious. She went instantly on: "I don't love him. As you go tomorrow — I can say that. It's good to speak sometimes, you rarely can. No, I don't love him."

4

As she went on, speaking in so even a voice, as if inquiring into herself, I could again look at her. Her soft and beautiful face — young, in her early twenties — had the amused look of reminiscence, whether the thought is amusing or not, a softening play of the mouth to accompany the play of thought. And then suddenly she broke off,

and looked over at the ships, at the pale low railway station islanded out in the harbor, at the sky beyond: "I used to think the station looked like a palace out there with the sun gold along its roof. It's golden now, isn't it? And the sky green between the masts?"

I laughed.

"Isn't it? Why, you can see it is."

I found myself taking off my glasses to see more clearly the colors. And then realized and corrected myself: "But of course, your glasses. No one can see properly in the damn things. Half the beauty of life goes, and half the world seems to wear them. Things look like a thunderstorm or a rose-tinted hell. Why do we wear them!"

"Why? Why indeed."

Then she took off her spectacles. She turned her face full to me, and I saw for the first time her china-blue eyes. They stared full blue into mine. I had been talking more quickly about the dark spectacles — when she had said she had no love for this husband my spirits had briefly, absurdly risen. A male cunning had asserted itself, a predatory wile that leaped on the question — was she then in some way offering herself to me? Wishful thinking made it so. I had talked faster, dressing the moment to cover my true feelings. And when she took the glasses off I was so disturbed, for it cut against careful grains of reserve, that I must have seemed to have asked her to take them off: and she had assented, that made it no less embarrassing. In fact she had spoken to me first, she was assenting too quickly. Though a man might dream of such affairs proceeding without the delays of propriety, when it happens he does not quite know how to adjust himself.

But delighted beyond all that I looked down into her face, into her eyes with expectation.

She was smiling up at me. But it was no smile of invitation: it was instead a wise smile — and though her freshness of appearance made this seem unbelievable — almost a sneer. I felt immediately: Here we go. The old game. Lead him on. Get him going. Then laugh — for *you* knew all the time.

But as I thought this — I was looking still into her eyes and saw then that they were suffering, there was a mist of pain in them. So that smile of wisdom was one of knowledge of some pain, of perhaps how tired she looked, and of a rejection of sympathy. Suddenly I saw that she was not looking into my eyes at all — she was looking at my forehead, glazed, asleep, set dreaming. And even then there crossed my mind other possibilities — the nymphomaniac glaze, powerless and overpowering; the endreamed set stare of someone weak in the head. But then she nodded, a solemn conspiring slow nod. And I saw exactly what these eyes were. They were glass. She was blind.

"You see?"

"I never dreamed —"

"There it is. And he did it."

The eyes, infinite in their dream, turned a little away, she stared straight into the sun. I could see now that the flexing sensibility of her lips moved from a reflection of other senses working — senses of sound, of the touch of air, of other proximities ordinarily unperceived. Her eyes fixed, her face was the more alive. Then — as though the act of play were over — she resumed those dark spectacles. And became visibly as other women.

I could not stop myself — there was hardly a need, since she had first wished to talk of it — from asking: "He did it? But how, an accident? Some dreadful accident?"

"On purpose."

"But —"

"If you like, accidentally. He was drunk."

"But how could he . . ."

"With a broken bottle."

5

SHE must have felt then that so shocking a statement would have made me angry: an anger to which she may have been well used. For without pausing she drifted on, easily, with the same strange smile of reminiscence. She might have been talking of a well-loved garden. "You mustn't mind if I talk so. It's a little forbidden at home, with my friends. It is awkward, you see."

"Yes. But — why —"

"Oh really it is simple. It was I suppose my fault also: I must not forget that. You see, he was away on his ship: it was midsummer, you know that is a gay time with us. To cut the long story short — I was a bad girl. It was sudden, a foolish thing: it never occurred again. But there — he found out."

She paused now, it seemed as if she were frowning to remember. But there was no exact frown: "He got drunk. He was proud, he was upset and mad. He came home and held my arms, tight. I was frightened, I got away and I threw something at him. It was heavy and it hurt him: I think that must have jolted his mind — perhaps he thought he was in a real fight, somewhere else, with men, I don't know. Anyway — then the bottle, it was done in a second. He broke it in the same movement as he cut me with it, I remember his arm coming, it came across, I don't think he ever meant to stab, it was just perhaps unlucky. However — as you see . . ."

She paused. Her lips suddenly lost all movement, her face grew blank. In remembering she had come across a moment too strong for her. There was nothing to say. At such times one can be quick to feel pity, sorrow, but unable to make the move of sympathy. The deeper the feeling, the more impossible this.

But she continued: "Of course he came to his senses. I was sent to hospital. There was no chance."

"But then why do you stay?"

"How can I go . . . he is so sorry."

"But —"

"He feels he must make this up to me. It's all he lives for now."

"Then you've forgiven him?"

"No. I don't believe in forgiveness. Forgiveness, forgetting. I have heard it so much, an old . . . distinction? 'I forgive but I never forget.' Or 'I forget, but I don't forgive.' None of such things is true. You simply grow used to a changed way of things. Time takes the sharpness away. But you are not proof against your own moods. So sometimes — not often — but sometimes — I become angry and for a time I do not forgive. Then again, in a happy mood, when things are sweet, I not only forgive but say to myself this forgiveness. But for the most I do nothing, neither remember nor blame, neither forgive nor quite forget. I simply do not care. It was four years ago."

I thought "four years" — a short time. But then four years at twenty are long.

"Still, you don't love him. You could stay away."

"He feels he must make it up to me."

"But if you say you don't want it?"

"How *could* I?"

She turned those dark glasses on to me, glasses of the sportswoman and the beach. Her voice had altered. With three words it lost its evenness, its reasonability: then broke suddenly deep, as words felt deeply do, as if searching deep down in the breast for the heart which bore them. "How could I? He'd think I had gone away to leave him free. He'd think I was unburdening him. He'd have no more way of making up for what he did. He'd be left alone with his conscience . . . I could never do that to him."

There was nothing to say to this. I searched hard for an answer, one must answer when looking at a blind face. I made some noise of affirmation, only that, while my own eyes searched the harbor before me. The small steam fishing boats lying still, never rocking, smooth on the river water: their sides varnished over natural wood, cleaner thus than other vessels; and themselves set in glass with their bright brass and varnish shining in that transparent northern air. The sky above so distant, glassy blue as the flesh of a sea-bird's egg. From one side hammering came, the curious painted pale brown and apple green of a liner rose above the houses from a hidden dock. A bird, black and white, strutted among the fish crates, pretending to be a penguin. I could only think of the usual dread of mutilation, the story as often told — the dread of the mutilated that their affliction should imprison the loved one. And this girl . . .

Her voice was again calm, she was smiling: "In any case, I cannot leave Trondheim. It's the only place I've seen, it's the only place I can still see. . . ."

6

LATER I asked whether there was some small restaurant where we could lunch. I watched her fingers select with more precision than a sighted person the numbers on the automatic dial when she telephoned that she would be out for lunch: her black, white-rimmed spectacles bent looking at the dial. It was embarrassing to be so near a woman who could not see; I found I could look closely at, say, the very fine hair at her temples without worrying about the expression on my own face. I could look at whatever I chose; and for this reason I particularly did not — I had been already punished enough for my presumption of the morning.

Then throughout the afternoon we explored and examined that strange city. It can only be remembered as a dream — no ecstatic dream, but a time suspended from reality, caught in a mirror, never properly experienced. We did not walk far. We stayed down by the quay, walked a little against the cold in the very narrow streets running back between the great wood-gabled warehouses, but always returned through the snow to the ships.

So what I saw of Trondheim was through her eyes. She behind the blind glasses evoked again for me the picture, a picture more familiar and more sensitive, of the streets I had walked that morning. I saw them in fact more freshly — as if I had worn no tinted glasses — the pale beauty of white houses against the whiter snow, the lavender blinds of the great planked palace, the extraordinary gabled warehouses lining the river on stilts and painted the deep oily reds and greens and browns of a Breughel painting picked out with snow. I heard of the people, residents of this royal and merchant city — and matched their rich dull appearance with her more intimate knowledge of them as individuals and friends; so that they began to live, they ceased to be types and national puppets formed in a foreigner's eyes. Both portly and merry, their figures seemed cut from the previous century: yet they rode up the surrounding hills on electric rails, their lights at night were neon.

In midafternoon the sun began to set. The short day of long summer-evening light was over, and we walked back towards her home. Paused in the small square where the brilliant tall Christmas tree threw out its frosted light. I wondered whether she had ever seen it. She knew it was there, she raised her face to it and seemed to be looking. Its light flashed on her glasses black in the night. She talked of its candles. Candles! Had she ever seen that the candles were electric? I dared not ask.

We parted at the corner of her street. We simply

shook hands, she turned and went along between the houses. She walked more slowly, her back a little bent. She looked like a young girl walking moody in thought.

Two men, drunk, swaying together like stage drunks as many Scandinavians seem to do, raised their hats and said something as she passed. She answered pleasantly. They watched her walking away, making gurgling noises of drunken approbation.

All that evening I could not keep myself from thinking of her — of the beauty of her very humble demand from life. The reward often of people resigned to illness, to amputation. And the next day again I woke with the thought of her. I went early to the boat, found my cabin, hung about. To the top of each mast was lashed a small Christmas tree ready to be lit at night as we would plow through the dark rough North Sea.

So it was later, when the boat sailed and I went into the bar, that I ran into my trouble. I was still exalted, still clouded by both the beauty of Nidaros and of that young girl's undemanding humility.

Two men were in the bar, speaking English. They were, I think, both pleasant-looking ordinary men of middle age. Businessmen enjoying their trip. But one was already looking at his watch, comparing this with the clock on the wall: —

"Well — good-by to the North! Back to good old British Time!"

The other looked up, and nodded. Nodded in sudden complacent pleasure. He nodded brightly: —

"Yes! *We gain an hour!*"

It was then, as if something outside myself had gripped me, that I smashed my fist with all the force I had into his smiling, nodding teeth.



BEFORE NIGHT

by EDWARD WEISMILLER

THE colors of the day
Are gray, and blue, and gray,
Gray turning black.
What candors of the sky —
What colors of delight
Hold back
(Yellow, and red, and green)
From gathering night?

The scene
Is this: a house; a tree. —
Now from my chair I see
Those unsuspected thieves
The accomplished leaves
Ingather all:
Take yellow, red, and green — take fire and light,
And fall.



Television in the home has already caused many film theaters to close down and something akin to panic in Hollywood. Now come new three-dimensional and wide-screen techniques which it is believed will revive the public's interest in the movies. But what will follow if television itself appropriates these new developments? An authority on three-dimensional photography, JOHN T. RULE is head of the Department of General Science and General Engineering at Massachusetts Institute of Technology.

MOVIES AND TV

Murder or Merger?

by JOHN T. RULE

1

THE world of visual entertainment is in a turmoil. The background of stable technical procedures that has enabled the motion picture industry to concentrate on the dramatic elements of its films is being shattered by two new processes with tempting possibilities of financial success. These are the three-dimensional and the wide-screen motion picture. They come at a time when theaters have been closing and attendance rapidly decreasing.

What do the three-dimensional movie and the wide screen add to a motion picture? Do they really improve the artistic and aesthetic qualities of the medium to the degree necessary to recapture lost audiences permanently? In what ways are motion pictures inherently superior or inferior to television? Are there any factors unique to motion pictures that make movies indispensable to the entertainment field? Above all, what of subscription television? In view of the answers to these basic questions, are motion pictures and television friends or enemies, and what will their ultimate relationship be?

The complete reproduction of the seen world by artificial means is the ideal end of the visual entertainment field. Television and motion pictures are dynamic representations of this world. Their possibilities and limitations are inherently linked to the capacity of vision to induce in us a willing belief.

A skillful control of the mechanisms of vision is, therefore, of the utmost importance in the new developments in the motion picture field. The three-dimensional film in particular is a very sensitive medium, capable of high realism and powerful emotional effects when properly handled but susceptible to annoying distortions and great visual discomfort if ignorantly or carelessly controlled. Since the process of seeing depth has been explained

ad nauseam in recent months, we need spend only a moment on it.

Each pair of human eyes receives a pair of images. The two are slightly different. This difference is the dominant factor in depth perception. Together with the focus of the eyes and the directions of sight, these images are all the evidence the brain has from which to interpret the world of space. A wrong interpretation can be more dangerous than blindness, for it encourages you to move with confidence rather than with caution. Nevertheless, you must make an interpretation, and you do so, effortlessly and immediately.

In three-dimensional movies the fundamental problem is to create within the eyes two images which correspond as nearly as possible with those seen in the real world and thus to obtain the same interpretation from the brain. If the images in the two eyes are identical, as when viewing a normal movie, the mind has learned to know it is looking at a flat picture, even though it successfully reconstructs the solid original from such depth-indicating features as perspective and known size of objects. If the images are different the mind automatically interprets the difference in terms of depth. This is the reason that two pictures are required in 3-D and that a means of properly assigning them to the eyes — polarizing spectacles — is required.

Within limits we can reasonably reproduce the necessary pair of images. Certain difficulties of great importance in the development of the three-dimensional movie are, however, encountered. All involve visual discomfort, which detracts from the effectiveness of the entertainment and may ultimately drive away business.

Fortunately only one such difficulty is inherent in the medium — the breakdown of the accommo-

dation-convergence ratio. This is simply a way of saying that in normal vision your eyes keep focused on the point where the lines of sight of your two eyes cross. This point moves back and forth in space depending on the distance of the object you want to see. In 3-D, however, although the point of sight still moves, your focus must remain fixed for the distance of the screen.

The evidence seems to be that if objects are allowed to approach no closer to the observer than halfway to him from the screen, most individuals will experience no visual discomfort — in fact, some authorities insist that the eyes are benefited by it. The momentary violation which is involved in throwing daggers or baseballs or flying saucers at the audience proves acceptable to most people. If a movie is comfortable to 95 per cent of all observers but uncomfortable to older people with no visual adaptability, is it satisfactory? If it is comfortable for one hour, will it be for three? These are the kinds of questions the technicians must answer.

Certain other unnatural factors spring from mechanical difficulties. The two pictures may not line up vertically on the screen; they may be separated horizontally by too great a distance; they may be out of synchronization. All of these produce visual discomfort of varying intensity in different people.

Unfortunately some motion picture companies, in their haste to be the first on the market, have permitted inexcusably gross examples of such defects. Actually all of these defects can be mechanically eliminated, and the picture freed from the human errors of the operator. They unquestionably will be held well within safe limits or entirely eliminated as better equipment is built and controls established. For instance, in the Vectograph of the Polaroid Corporation the relation of the two pictures to each other can be built into the film since they are printed superimposed on the same film frame.

One of the great dangers in the 3-D movement is that the overemphasis of the novel will obscure any artistic values that exist, and will place the medium in the fad category. The effect of throwing things at the audience is so sensational that no producer has yet been able to resist the temptation. In fact, the first few such pictures have depended largely on this one device to carry thoroughly mediocre stories. This sort of thing can serve only for a short time the useful purpose of introducing audiences to the medium. Furthermore, the factor of visual discomfort has distinctly not been reduced to a minimum. The complete effort seems to have been to "wow 'em." But sensational effects rapidly become "old hat."

The three-dimensional world is a plastic world. It is a world of sculpture rather than of painting. It adds a dimension to form and design. It is thus a different artistic medium from the two-dimensional world of the classical movie. There has been a tend-

ency among technicians to treat it as a means of reproducing the true shape of things, whereas it should be treated as an opportunity to mold them subtly and artistically into the most pleasing configurations. This is doubly important in view of the fact that 3-D adds nothing to the capacity to tell a story, as sound does, but adds richness to reality, as color does. This capacity should be capitalized.

Its plasticity is a danger as well as an advantage. Human beings with misshapen heads and yard-long necks are not pleasant, yet they have appeared in close-ups in all the 3-D movies I have seen, although new camera designs at least permit this to be eliminated. At any rate, it is inexcusable to turn an asset into a defect because of a lack of technical equipment, to say nothing of sheer carelessness. Furthermore, sensitivity to shape distortions increases as familiarity with the medium increases.

When the technical aspects of 3-D are subordinated to the story, its power to heighten reality, and therefore dramatic effect, is truly enormous. Its capacity to separate objects increases the awareness of detail, the consciousness of texture and arrangement. Above all, the perception of depth is in itself a satisfying experience; the sense of a reach into distance is aesthetically powerful. It need not be exaggerated. A quiet dependence on quality to add intensity and visual pleasure to an absorbing story should yield a genuine sense of satisfaction from a 3-D movie. This satisfaction should be such that a subsequent viewing of a flat movie would seem dull indeed. When Hollywood produces pictures of artistic merit in which the gripping space realism and the aesthetic qualities of depth are capitalized, the sensational effects minimized, and visual discomfort eliminated, the real possibilities of 3-D can be assessed.

2

THE addition of depth to motion pictures on standard screens heightens reality. However, it does not surround you as a real scene does, but only exists in the pyramidal space established by your eyes and the four edges of the screen even though the pyramid continues through the screen to infinity. Since substantially all the image is behind the screen, you are in effect looking through a rather confined window into a narrow segment of space. Around the window you are still conscious of the theater. In the 3-D movie this window seems smaller than in the flat movie.

Complete reality could be achieved only by filling the entire field of vision with the image. Normal eyes see a field of 180° or more. You do not feel enmeshed in the world that you see unless peripheral vision is present as well as central vision. The sense of removal can be eliminated and reality heightened by extending the two dimensions as well as by adding the third. This is the basis of the wide-

screen movie. Cinerama and Cinemascope are efforts in this direction. They are not three-dimensional at all, but flat, wide-vision movies which make the window so large that the eyes are considerably less conscious of its existence. Cinerama employs a wide, curved screen piecing together three pictures to fill it. Cinemascope and others condense a wide scene into a narrow one in a single picture and expand it again into a wide one on projection, all by means of special lenses. This process is called *anamorphosis*, which is simply a mathematical word meaning controlled transformation of shape.

Since consciousness of being in the scene is their dominant element of realism, and a very powerful one, these processes are most effective when the observer seems to be moving through the scene — automobile rides, roller coasters, and the like — or when panorama elements are involved where the action is fast-moving — chases on horseback, battle scenes, and distance shots. In such scenes the observer is engulfed in a dynamic world of vision nearly to the point of accepting it as reality. The wide screen is least effective when the central focus of attention is on a small area of action against a motionless background — scenes in a room, the intimate close-up. Under these conditions any action in the wide surrounding area is a distraction.

Both Cinerama and Cinemascope avoid the technical problems of 3-D. The question of visual discomfort does not arise. The distortions of shape are those of the ordinary movie. But they do create some problems of their own. Cinerama has borderline trouble and differences in color between the pictures, synchronization problems, and, of course, triple expenses and triple breakdown dangers. Furthermore, for the full effect of immersion in the scene the size of the audience is necessarily limited. For observers on the side, distortions in the form of narrow people and scenes can be very great. It would seem that at best Cinerama is a special spectacle for a few theaters in large cities. Its expenses are too great for the small-town circuits. Cinemascope is in a sense a compromise. It sacrifices some screen width over Cinerama and thus lowers the peripheral effect, but in return gains in simplicity and in lower cost by requiring only one camera and projector. Of all these processes its use will cause the least disturbance to the industry.

The end product of these new processes is, of course, a combination of 3-D and the wide screen. 3-D movies are already being shown on larger screens, which greatly enhances effect over the old standard size. Certainly it is difficult to believe that some permanent combination of the two will not be the ultimate result.

3

THE relationship of the movies to television is still in its formative stage. Unquestionably the growth

of home entertainment has severely curtailed movie attendance. Theaters have closed everywhere (20,000 were open in 1948, 16,000 in 1952). Attendance has been disastrous, from 90 million per week in 1948 to 45 million in 1952 — a 50 per cent cut in four years! This has been largely ascribed to television.

There are about 20 million television sets in use in the country now. Furthermore, this figure has been reached while television is still a thoroughly inferior visual medium. Its capacity for clarity of detail is poor, it lacks color and tonal quality, its distortions are great, and it is beset with continuous momentary difficulties such as “ghosts,” “halo,” and “streaking.” All of these can and undoubtedly will be improved.

Furthermore, color can already be televised and the addition of the third dimension is not technically difficult. Screens can be made quite large though it is hardly practical in the home to invade the peripheral vision area. Of course, the definition of the image must remain inferior to that of the movies, and reception disturbances are bound to occur, particularly in cities.

Are the movies then doomed to an inferior, secondary position? Even assuming the permanence of 3-D movies on large screens, their superiority in quality over television must gradually decrease as television itself adds color and 3-D and reduces its technical imperfections. The difference in quality certainly cannot for any period of time be any more in favor of the movies than it has been during the period in which movie attendance has been halved. Thus on a straight competitive basis it is no wonder that a thoughtful segment of the entertainment world is very pessimistic about the future of the motion picture theater.

However, there are factors in favor of the movies. In spite of some of its crudities, its lack of caution in the present 3-D development, and its persistent reproduction of stereotypes, the motion picture industry is still a very vital and imaginative industry. In spite of constant complaint about the general caliber of motion pictures, superior pictures are produced. The industry does not and probably never will lack artistic ability. Quality pictures for the quality audience are increasing in number and having unexpected success. The motion picture theater could undoubtedly continue to exist at the present level. People do like to go out in the evening; young couples in particular find staying at home an unsatisfactory event.

This whole discussion, however, is wide of the mark, for it presupposes only direct competition between movies and TV. The problem is much broader than this.

To understand the relationship fully, we must first distinguish between the motion picture theater and the motion picture producer. The theater is no longer the producer's only important customer.

About \$20 million a year is currently spent on films made for television. As an example, last year Columbia's subsidiary, Screen Gems, made a contract with Ford for thirty-nine half-hour screen dramas, Ford to pay about three fourths of the cost for the right to two television showings.

Furthermore, the producers have a large backlog of old films. Only about 20 per cent of the potential audience has ever seen any one of these films. Thus there is a large source of revenue immediately available. Television is an omnivorous consumer. Its programming problem staggers the imagination. The producers of pictures are limited only by the capacity of television to pay — but this is the rub. So long as television is supported by advertising, it can pay no more than advertisers can afford, and it can pass on to picture producers only a portion of this. Thus there is a restrictive ceiling to television income, and to motion picture income from television. It costs Hollywood one million dollars for ninety minutes of first-rate entertainment.

The way out of the strait jacket obviously is to collect from the user for television. If one tenth of the country's set owners paid one dollar for any single evening, the revenue would be \$2 million.

Subscription television is not just a dream. It has been tried out, notably over a three-month period in Chicago under the control of the National Operations Research Center of the University of Chicago. The results indicated clearly that the public will pay. Three hundred families from all financial levels averaged nearly two performances per week to see telecasts of movies two or more years old at one dollar per performance. The national average movie attendance per family is about once every two weeks.

The problem involved is that of finding an adequate and substantially foolproof method of collection. There are three current solutions, each backed by a different group. All involve the broadcasting of a scrambled image which can only be unscrambled by the proper device on the receiving set. Phonevision, backed by the Zenith Radio Corporation, requires a telephone call to operate the unscrambler. You are billed by mail. The Chicago experiment was on this system. The International Telemeter Corporation, controlled by Paramount, employs a coin-in-the-slot device. Skiatron involves the purchase of an IBM code card with desired programs punched on it. Insertion of the card in the set does the unscrambling.

Under any of these systems you can enjoy a two- or three-hour show free of commercials and not chopped up into the present quarter- or half-hour segments. Ultimately there is no reason why you should not have the best of performances with a reasonably large screen, in three dimensions and full color, with substantially no effort on your part and only one admission fee for the number of people you may choose to pack into your living room.

I believe that nearly all subscription shows would be on film except for major sports events — and incidentally this pay-as-you-see process is the answer to the football, baseball, boxing television problem. The space mobility, the capacity to control time, and the ability to be stored are far too valuable assets of movies to be overlooked by television. Nor is the ability to improve the performance after it has been given to be dismissed lightly.

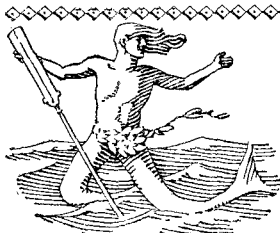
The premiere of a feature movie is logically and properly an event for television, the truly superior send-off. This is an idea that seems to horrify the motion picture industry because of its supposed effect on the motion picture theater. The argument is that if people can see the best pictures at home they will not go out, and therefore such pictures should only appear on television after they have exhausted the theater audience.

Consider the 20 million television sets in the country and assume that a new movie adequately advertised its premiere over television at 8 P.M. some Tuesday evening. Assume again that 10 per cent of the owners pay a dollar, totaling \$2 million. Top-grade feature pictures now receive at least 50 per cent of the box-office receipts from the theaters. At this same rate the movie premiere on television will gross \$1 million for the producer. He has recaptured his investment even before the film is shown in the theater!

On Wednesday morning there are still 140 million people who have not seen the picture. Furthermore, it has received the best conceivable advertising by the mere fact of the successful television performance. It is now ready for distribution to the movie theaters with 20 million word-of-mouth critics, many of whom will want to see it again with the greater clarity the movies will always have. With this kind of high-powered send-off a successful normal feature picture should outdraw the present 13 million average; the class A picture, the present 23 million.

The phonograph and the radio, because they enabled music to be heard in the home, have not decreased attendance at concerts over the long run. On the contrary, because music can be heard in the home, the attendance at concerts has increased enormously, and music lovers in the country have multiplied.

The motion picture industry has within itself the capacity to survive. Its new forms are imposing on it some very difficult technical growing pains. The three-dimensional form needs new camera and projector designs, much more careful optical control. The industry's prime consideration, however, should be to foster all those aspects of television which will promote the future of motion pictures. It should view television as the most powerful advertising medium for motion picture theaters. If it needs a savior, that savior is much more likely to be television than either 3-D or wide screen or both.



The Atlantic Serial



A graduate of Annapolis, VICE ADMIRAL LESLIE C. STEVENS, USN (Ret.), served in the Navy for thirty-six years as a specialist in naval aviation and foreign intelligence. In 1917, while still in the Academy, he began his study of Russian history. He learned to read and write the language and when, in 1947, he was sent to Moscow as our naval attaché, he was able as few of our representatives are to meet the Russians on their own terms. During his years of duty in the country, he talked to the people in all walks of life, often under observation, but finding numerous opportunities for unsupervised conversations. From his continuous encounters with the Russian people, he has written a book, Russian Assignment, which will be published under our imprint soon, and from which the Atlantic is drawing four installments.

RUSSIAN ASSIGNMENT

by VICE ADMIRAL LESLIE C. STEVENS, USN (Ret.)

16

IT WAS probably General Guillaume, the French military attaché, who was responsible for a surprising Soviet venture in large-scale farm and forestry management. He loved to hunt, and all the years he was in Moscow he made needling, insulting remarks on every possible occasion to all the Soviet officials whom he met, pointing out that in all civilized and uncivilized countries, except Russia, foreign diplomats had opportunity to engage in that healthful and ancient pastime.

It may be that the Soviets could not think of any convincing arguments to rebut Guillaume's sharp tongue, and realized that they were vulnerable. At any rate, a large area of swampland along the Dubna River, a short tributary of the Volga, was turned over to Burobin, the office which deals with the housekeeping of foreign missions in Russia, and the announcement was made that foreigners could now shoot and fish in this region. The seasonal fees seemed exorbitant, but few knew that Burobin had been cannily required to make these lands at least break even financially. The twenty-five thousand hectares — over sixty thousand acres — of swamp and peat were dotted with occasional small villages for whose management Burobin became suddenly responsible, and fees from foreigners would be only a drop in the bucket in keeping out of trouble.

The foreigners reacted disappointingly. Very

few of them knew enough about fishing and hunting to be willing to pay the stiff fees, and many of them were unable to do so. Two or three drove to take a look at the place, but were unable to get near it because there were no roads over which an ordinary automobile could possibly travel. The only ones who succeeded in penetrating the area were a couple of my enlisted men in a jeep, and they had had to abandon their jeep in the mud and walk for the last four or five kilometers. There was much cynical comment in the embassies to the effect that the Soviets had probably built a luxurious lodge with which to impress foreigners, and that any sucker who bit would be sure to be followed and kept as isolated from the real country as if he were in Moscow. The report of my enlisted men did not bear this out, so I borrowed some shotgun shells from Ambassador Smith, all of mine being still tied up in customs, and prepared to give it a try. The olive-drab, powerful weapons-carrier, because of its big balloon tires and its high road clearance, should be able to get through where even a jeep couldn't travel.

After many delays, we started about noon, carrying two extra twenty-liter tanks of fuel. Especially for the departure, I put on an old but striking white-and-black Irish tweed jacket over a dark blue woolen Chief's shirt, and my gay yellow tie, embroidered with trout flies. As Kidder, my red-

haired, smooth, sharp-looking chief yeoman, said, I certainly looked sharp.

We stopped at Burobin to pick up the manager of its new estate, Aleksei Mikhailovich Ivlyev. He was a tall, rather dignified man in his late forties, with gray hair, a big nose, and deep but not unkindly lines around his mouth, with boots, knapsack, and double-barreled shotgun. On the way it developed that he was a Siberian and had shot and fished all through the taiga and Central Asia. He had done a hitch as a petty officer in the Baltic Fleet, and then, when the war broke out, he had gone in the Red Army as an artillery officer.

On the way through Moscow we saw, for a change, a woman holding a chisel while a man swung the sledge. It's almost always the other way around. There was a strong, cold wind blowing out of the north, so I concealed my bright raiment beneath a heavy, fleece-lined khaki jacket and wrapped the rest of me in a windbreaker. On the edge of Moscow we were stopped by the police, but after the single word "diplomatic" from Valodya, my chauffeur, they waved us on.

"And why did they stop us?" I asked.

"They asked for our pass, but of course a diplomatic car doesn't need a pass."

"Why a pass?" Apparently the American touring cars in which we usually rode had been easily recognizable as diplomatic.

"Oh, everyone has to have a pass to get out of Moscow. That's to keep anyone from going out into the country on private business of his own. It's no trouble getting a pass, if you have legitimate reason, from the factory or office where you work. But if you don't have a pass, the militiaman says, 'Aha, I thought so!'"

"And then what happens?"

"A fine!"

"Yes," added Aleksei, "a militiaman fined me five rubles just the other day for walking across the street after he had blown the whistle to change the traffic."

"The militiaman fined you? Didn't you have to go to court?"

"Oh, no. They fine you right on the spot. They are obliged to give you a receipt for your fine. I wouldn't wait for my receipt, and started to walk off, but he called me back and was ready to fine me again for not taking my receipt."

17

WHEN we were out in the country I took over the driving, having noticed that the driver was not only sheltered from the wind by a big spare wheel and tire, but was also on the sunny side of the road.

Once, along a long stretch of uninhabited country, we saw a crowd of people, plodding thick together along the road far ahead of us. I guessed

what it was before the others, and sure enough, it was a funeral. We took off our hats as we passed. The coffin was wrapped in white, carried on an open horse-drawn cart and covered with a few bright paper flowers. A bearded priest, with his robes and staff, brought up the rear, with a sly, jolly face straight out of the Middle Ages.

"Russian people do not drink much at funerals," said Valodya. "Only at weddings and on holidays, and other special occasions. Of course, there is always a special occasion, but funerals are not included. Maybe just a tumblerful or two of vodka, for when a Russian gets drunk he always wants to sing and dance, and of course that is not becoming at a funeral."

When we got into the swamp country around the Volga, we turned off the highway along a road cobbled with round wooden blocks, in a disreputable state of repair. There were holes in it as big as our car, and it was high-crowned, with deep ditches full of moss and watercress on each side. There was a long village strung out on this street for three or four kilometers, with a glass factory at one side, and the street was liberally strewn with broken glass. There were piles of glass from time to time beside the road as big as industrial coal dumps. Not only was it hard to hold the bumping, jolting, clattering weapons-carrier on the road, but every time I threw out the clutch for a big chuckhole the engine died. "The next time that happens," I said to Valodya, "I'll let you drive." And soon he was driving, with the choke half out to keep the engine going.

Long since, we had noticed that Aleksei was blue with the cold in the back seat, so we had brought him up in front with us, but by now we had another Russian bumping and shivering in the back. Fyodr Petrovich, a *yegor*, or huntsman, had been waiting all day long for us where the side road turned off from the highway. He was a little, wizened, shrewd-looking fellow, snaggle-toothed and sunburned to the color of leather, born and raised in the village of Glini on the Dubna River where we were heading. As he told me later, he had been a soldier of the Tsar and had been badly shot up at Tannenberg, too badly ever to serve in the army again. But during the Great Fatherland War, they had sent him to work in the Ural mines, and that was much worse than any war. He didn't complain, only the war in the mines was all hard work and no fun.

Finally we turned off our road, which had lost its wooden blocks and become a deeply rutted sea of black mud, reputed to be even worse ahead, into the open fields, and came out on a vast, grassy, abandoned airfield. How it was ever used, except in frozen or very dry weather, was a mystery. Wagon tracks and truck tracks laced across it, with frequent black wallows, filled with branches from trees, where cars or wagons had been bogged

down earlier. We came up to two light trucks, half out of sight in the soft earth.

"How long have you been standing here?" asked Valodya.

"Four days."

Valodya shook his head deprecatingly, but smiled. That couldn't happen to our American reconnaissance car. And straightway we, too, were bogged. All four wheels just spun in the thick, sticky mud, and we couldn't move forward or back. We scattered to gather brush out of the scars of similar past catastrophes. It began to be clear why shovels and axes were necessary car equipment, and why all the Russian drivers had urged me not to try to drive alone through the countryside. We dug out the mud ahead and astern, and literally built us a road with brushwood. At every step, the whole earth quaked and shook for several feet around. We pulled out of that hole, and then stopped on firmer ground. Ahead was a bright green ribbon of mossy stream bed which we must cross.

"It would be better if the rest of you walked, and left me to drive the car alone," said Valodya. "Then I could gallop across some of these places without any fear of you flying out."

We tramped on across the mossy, peaty field and, with considerable admiration, watched Valodya roaring, sliding, and jumping along, turning like a polo pony. Several times all four wheels were clear of the ground, and only once more on that field did we have to dig him out and build us a road.

"What a machine!" said one of the truck drivers who had been there for four days. Russian drivers don't mind bogging down. Time means nothing to their half-Asiatic minds. They always have with them bread and a bit of sausage, and it is pleasant enough to curl up and sleep until things dry up.

18

ALL the rest of the way to the village of Glini we walked, scouting ahead, picking the most possible places, laying brush, and wondering if Valodya wasn't getting too filled with pride when he would grin at our head-shakings in front of some broad ditch, say "*Ni-i-ichevol*", back off, and leap across it with the horizon showing beneath all four wheels at once. The sun had set when we tramped and clattered into Glini — eight o'clock, and we had left Moscow around noon — a drive of only some hundred and twenty-five kilometers.

Glini was a village of about twenty or twenty-five *izbas*, indistinguishable from all the other villages but for the wide, swift river that cut through it. Our *izba* was right on the riverbank. I took one look through the door, sat down, took off my muddy Marine shoes, and, against protests, went on in my socks. Never have I seen such a clean, scrubbed house. The bare floors and the heavy logs that made the walls were worn and weathered with

scrubbing. They were not only spotless, they fairly glowed and shone with a soft, white splendor. Pavel Dmitrovich, whose house it was, was far more untidy, with his scrubby beard, scrubby hair, and wide smile. Ephrosinya Vladimirovna, our hostess, was kerchiefed and booted with *valyenki*, and she had a smooth, unlined pink face, with shoe-button eyes. It was surprising to learn that she was fifty-eight years old. She attributed her young appearance to the fact that she was childless.

There were three cots in the main room of the house, which was turned over to Aleksei Mikhailovich, Valodya, and me. Burobin had sent down a half dozen thick, long-haired woolen Russian blankets, woven with two shades of green into a leafy pattern, two or three Bokhara rugs for the floor, and some straight-backed chairs. It was plain that they came from Burobin, for the price tags were still on the blankets — nine hundred rubles each, or \$112.50 at even the diplomatic rate of exchange — and there were tags on the rugs. Otherwise, the house was like every Russian *izba* in the vicinity — bare and poor of furnishings. There was a throaty radio, probably also Burobin's. The house was deliciously warm, for the inner partitions were formed by the famous Russian stoves, which are fired with charcoal. This gives a tremendous radiating surface, which is kept so that it is hot to the touch.

Ephrosinya busied herself with eggs for me, and soon we were sitting around the samovar in our room. Everyone broke out his own food, for food in Russia, beyond potatoes and *shchi*, or cabbage soup, is such a problem that everyone carries his own. Eggs, milk, meat, the sort of thing that one thinks of peasants as constantly enjoying, are mostly taken by the state. What is left beyond coarse vegetables is too expensive to eat, and is sold to the markets. Perhaps the *kolkhozes*, or collective farms, are different, but I doubt it. At least that is the way the people of this Volga swamp country live, where there is not sufficient agriculture to form a regular *kolkhoz*. I always paid for my eggs and my milk, except once, in another house and at another time, when they had some milk which they relished as though it were a great luxury. There was some gin in my bag, and one by one the host and hostess and Fyodr were invited in to join us. No Russian ever drinks anything but a large glass full of vodka, and that all in one draught. I warned them that this was *dzhin* and not vodka, but one round finished the bottle.

"It's a good life in the country here," I said. "I think that if I were a Russian, I would much rather live in the villages than in the city."

"Not I," said Ephrosinya. "My husband has been promising me every year for many years now that we would move to the city. It's much more exciting and interesting in Moscow than here. I know, for I have been there."

"Maybe so," said Pavel, noncommittally. "And it isn't always a good life in the villages. Suppose your cow or your goat falls ill and dies? Then you and your family may die too."

The margin between life and death is always close in Russia. Pavel Dmitrovich was a cabinet-maker, who walked ten kilometers each way to his work in some small factory. Perhaps Ephrosinya Vladimirovna will yet get to Moscow.

A choice was offered me between getting up at half past three in the morning for ducks, or setting some lines yet that night for *nalim*, the big fish that live on the bottom of the river. Since it was already late, we obviously couldn't do both. I chose the fishing, and for an hour the two hunters, Aleksei and Fyodr, were busy rigging lines. They twist them along short rods and wind them around forked sticks like slingshots. I was too sleepy to try to become familiar with the elaborate rig, but rigged my own casting rod and went out on the riverbank with them while they set their lines.

The moon was veiled with clouds, but it was a full moon, and it was light enough for me to cast without too much difficulty. It was peaceful and lovely, with the slender birch trees ghostly in the soft light. From the bridge down the river came the sound of an accordion, and laughter, and the rhythmic stamp of the sort of dancing that the Russian people love. Some of the lads saw me casting, and drifted down to the river's edge to watch me and to ask questions. They could not be seen distinctly in the moonlight, even when they were close, but their big furry caps and their long kaftan-like coats made them seem very outlandish. And their Russian speech was very soft.

19

THEY didn't waken me in the morning to watch them bring in the lines, and when I finally rolled out of my green blankets the reason was plain. They shamefacedly showed me two tiny three-inch fish — the total catch.

I've wondered long how the people of the *izbas* manage, for there are never any privies to be seen in the villages, and now I learned. The barn or shed for the chickens, cow, or goat is always built integral with the house. It is floored with straw or hay, and is very convenient.

The day was raw and cold, with low clouds driven by the strong, bitter wind, which whipped the wide, swift river into foam. The water was brown, but a clear brown; so, accompanied by Aleksei, I fished downstream all morning. There were clumps of willows and copses of birch and pine along the banks, but everywhere bits of fat, greening meadow, close cropped by goats, came down to the water's edge, and it was very easy to fish, although too wide to cast even to the middle. The river was deep, and there were many ideal places

for fish, but never a strike. After four or five kilometers, followed by a stretch of real forest, we came to our objective, where once there had been some sort of mill and a dam, now washed out. The water thundered wide and tumultuous. It was too heavy to fish, but there were great, deep, brush-lined backwaters and pools where one could fish all day, and in the middle was a great *omut* — a deep pit, where the river made a big whirlpool, and which was said to be full of fish. It was probably full of devils as well, for the Russians have a proverb, "Devils lurk in *omuts*," which means that still waters run deep.

During the war, the Red Army had thrown a pontoon bridge across the old dam, but the bridge had carried away, loaded with troops and equipment. A great many of them had drowned, and to this day skeletons and machine guns are occasionally washed out of the *omut* by the whirlpool. In many of the pools and backwaters were *lyulki* — cradles — which are big flat dip nets suspended on one end of a long pole. The pole is pivoted in the middle, and on the other end is a counterweight. No bait is used, but the nets are kept in the water, and occasionally someone — whoever may be passing — bears down on the counterweight and raises the net to entangle whatever may be passing at the moment.

Sabin, my chief electrician's mate — "Gospodin Elektrik" — who was here with the enlisted men of last week, said that he saw some enormous fish brought out by the *lyulki*, but now the weather and wind were too bad for fish. Yet I saw them raise one nice *shchuka*, about thirty inches long. The translation of *shchuka* in the dictionaries is "pike," but, except for their teeth, they were quite unlike our pike, being spoon-billed and covered with big white spots. Nearly all Russian beasties are definitely different. The swine are big and coarse, with different ears and heads from ours, and the cats have enormous eyes, large heads, and much thicker, longer fur.

Before I had begun to cover the water, the base of my reel carried away. Perhaps it was just as well, for it was already lunch time. We cut through the mossy woods towards home, and on the way met a fine, clean-looking, clear-eyed lad in a black astrakhan cap and a black short overcoat lined and trimmed with white sheepskin. With him were two wild-looking Siberian dogs, which they use for hunting elk. From their description of their *losi*, which the dictionaries call elk, the *losi* must be very like moose, for they are about the size of a big horse, with palm-shaped antlers, great hooked noses, and beards. The lad was Vassily Fedorovich, the son of my *yegor* Fyodr Petrovich. Aleksei told me that he was indeed a fine boy — very respectful towards his father.

Vassily said that we would get no game or fish in this sort of weather, and that there was worse

weather to come. The hares in the forest were still snow-white, showing that winter was not yet over, and the ducks, which too knew the seasons, were drifting in only in very small number. It is so far north here that it is the end of the journey for ducks. One would have thought that they would be plentiful in the breeding grounds, but by the time they get here the flocks have broken up and there are only singles and doubles to be had.

After lunch I lay on the bed and read while Valodya, who loves to tinker, did a neat job of lashing up my broken reel. When he had finished, Aleksei and I went through the woods again to the dam, leaving Valodya to his favorite pastime of sleeping. We were beaten by a fine, powdery hail, which lay white on the green moss. In a few minutes of casting, Valodya's lash-up on the reel had carried away. This is the second reel that has gone bad on me in Russia with very little use. If they had been Russian reels, I would probably have had a harsh opinion of Russian ineptness in making such things, but these were American reels. Because of the war, no doubt. Instead of fishing, we warmed our hands at a fire that two or three bearded fishermen had built.

We went back home, and sat around and talked. Aleksei had had such a bad case of bronchial asthma when he was mustered out of the Baltic Fleet that the doctors had told him he must go somewhere to the mountains, where the climate was very dry. "But how was that possible for me? And then came the war, and where should I fall for service but the Caucasus! My asthma soon went away, and has never come back." He told me much about the Caucasus, its wild scenery and its wilder tribesmen. More than Central Asia, the Caucasus is the land of romance to the Russian.

Fyodr joined us in the late afternoon, and the three of us tramped for miles across the fields and through the woods until we came to a suitable place for *tyaga*, which is the shooting of *waldshnaip* against the evening sky during their brief nightly flight from the sort of woods which they like during the day to their nests in the more open, brushy glades. We cut some pine boughs and sat on them until it should start to darken.

The sun had gone down, and we were in an open space surrounded by the forest. There was a silver splendor from the rising moon behind the barriers of dark cloud in the east. It was very peaceful and very cold, with the wind moaning through the trees. Things began to grow dim and formless, and the slim white birches shone like thin ghosts among the dark firs. Suddenly Aleksei jumped up. "There they come!" he whispered, and we all scattered. I stood alone in the dusk, shaking and shivering with cold, looking in all directions, but there was nothing to be seen. Suddenly, right over my head, so low I could almost touch it, was a big *waldshnaip*, skimming and skittering through the

air like a black, silent ghost. By the time I could bring up my gun, it was gone.

I stopped shivering and kept my gun ready, my head turning round and round like an owl's. Another one, and the roar of my gun echoed through the woods. Missed. Something had gone wrong with the magazine of my automatic. In the cold and half-darkness I could not see to remedy it and so could have only single shots. A long wait, and another chance. But it was at a very long range, so another miss. Afterward they told me that it would have been well to have thrown my cap up in the air to lure the bird closer, for the *waldshnaip* hens rocket up from their nests to show the way home.

Then there was a shot in the distance, from Fyodr's direction. Another wait, and two quick shots from the other direction. Against the pale sky, I saw Aleksei's bird fall. Suddenly two more birds, braiding their ghostly flight together, but so low that I could not get them against the sky. I shot, and then saw only one. I was still groping in the blackness for the possible bird when Fyodr came up. He had missed his one shot, and Aleksei was unable to find his in the dark.

On the way home, we debated the desirability of next time bringing leashed dogs to find the birds. Dogs in springtime are against the law, for they are apt to destroy the nests. As we tramped in the dim moonlight, we again and again passed square pits of water, shining pale in the blackness.

"Fyodr Petrovich, what are those pits?" I asked.

"During the war," he answered, "the Germans came as far as the Moscow-Volga Canal. Those pits are where our guns were placed."

When we got home, we drank the vodka that I had had Valodya buy at the village *chainaya*, and I fixed the magazine of my gun. Although Aleksei had once been the champion trapshooter of all the USSR, he was completely unfamiliar with automatics. Everyone remarked pleasantly when I remembered the full names of our host and hostess to drink to their health.

As I dropped off to sleep towards midnight, warm and tired, I heard young people singing softly as they passed the house on their way home.

On the trip back to Moscow the sun came out between snow squalls, and although the surface of the mud was slippery it was frozen underneath. We were only stuck twice, and then not badly. We knew that we were very short of gas, but it lasted us until we were well back on the highroad, and there the car rolled to a stop. The first car that came along was a big truck, and the driver, induced by a package of cigarettes and fifty rubles, doubtfully consented to let us have twenty liters of benzine, which would get us at least as far as Dmitrov. There we found the post office down a side street, from which Valodya telephoned to Spirodonovka

House for the duty driver to come to meet us on the road with fifty liters more, for nowhere in Russia are there stations along the road where one can buy gas.

Since we had too much time on our hands, we hunted up a *chainaya* where we could leave our car underneath a window so that we could keep an eye on it. I was not hungry, but still managed a big bowl of *shchi*, made from pickled cabbage. Valodya and Aleksei ate heartily, and the latter insisted that the only thing that would warm us up was the Russian equivalent of a boilermaker — vodka followed by a mug of beer. It being Sunday and a market day, the *chainaya* was crowded with people, all laughing and talking vivaciously. Many brought their own little packages of food and only ordered something to drink. Aleksei and Valodya disapproved of women who came to a *chainaya* unaccompanied, although the only such who were in evidence were wrinkled old peasant women. We amused ourselves by guessing at the origins and jobs of various people.

"See that old man with the little goat's beard and long mustaches, with his fur cap pulled down over his eyes," said Aleksei. "He must be a Tatar. He's probably up to no good."

"You have to see his eyes to be sure he's a Tatar," answered Valodya. He got up and walked around the bearded man's table a couple of times, trying to peer under his cap, but when the old man suddenly looked sharply at him Valodya turned up his coat collar and hurried back to us. At last the old man pushed back his fur cap.

"Russian!" they both said at once.

"But still not up to any good," added Aleksei.

20

THIS morning Ambassador Smith left in his plane, brought in for the occasion, for some leave. He is going fishing in Normandy. I would envy him if it were not that the Russians on my own fishing expeditions seem more interesting even than fish. The alarm was set, Natasha came early to get us some breakfast, and Nell and I drove in the chilly morning air to the airport. But this time it was not Vnukovo, but the Central Airport, well within the limits of Moscow, a great green field surrounded with houses and apartments. It was necessary the evening before to notify the Foreign Office of the license number of my car and the names of the driver and all the occupants, and we were well checked at the gates. Nobody knows why Vnukovo, which is far out of the city and most inconvenient, is normally used when there is such an ideal airport right in the city. Of course, the Central Airport is a military field, but there is an abundance of military fields around Moscow.

Two Russians, one a radio operator and the other a navigator, must accompany the Ambassa-

dor's plane in and out of the country. When the American pilot brought the plane in a day or so ago, he did not know until he was near Moscow that he was to go to Central, so the people who were waiting for him at Vnukovo with transportation did not know it until after he had landed at Central. Perhaps the Soviets are really beginning to be nice to us, for a change. There were half a dozen propellered Yak fighters on the field, but the area was so vast that little could be seen beyond the fact that there were many buildings fading off in the distance, including a proper airport terminal building.

All of the senior people in the Embassy were there to see the Ambassador off, in spite of his frequent past protestations that that sort of thing was unnecessary. Exactly at the scheduled hour of seven thirty, a car with some Russian officers pulled up. They asked why the plane hadn't left, and were told that General Smith hadn't yet arrived. Just then his car came up. When he was safely aboard and the plane had finally taxied almost out of sight on the far corner of the field for the take-off, Marion, the Ambassador's valet, made a gesture of despair.

"My God!" he said. "We forgot to put his fishing rods in the plane!"

He and Morris, the expediter, jumped in the big Lincoln with a leather case full of rods, and took off across the grassy field at full speed. After a moment of hesitation, a Russian car shot off after them, full of MVD. Another few seconds, and another car started out at full speed, this time full of frontier guards. Marion and Morris caught the plane in time, but they were nervous wrecks for the rest of the day.

"What did the general say?" we asked, evilly.

"We didn't stay to find out," one of them replied. "We just shoved the bag in the plane and got out of there as fast as we could."

When I got back to the office, my *Pravda* was early for once. Spread out in it was an account of the Ambassador's recent conversations with Molotov, giving the impression that the Americans were so thoroughly disturbed by the increasing dangers of the "cold war" that they were suggesting some bilateral conversations with the Soviet government. The Soviet reply pointed out that of course America was at fault, but that they themselves, as always, were a peace-loving people and also hoped that something could be done about it. It was obvious from the internal evidence of the Russian text that important omissions had been made from our statement.

I went up to the office and took a look at the entire correspondence. Any sixth-grade child who could have compared the actual text the Ambassador had given the Soviets with the version published in the Soviet press would see from the omissions

how distorted the whole affair becomes, and could also get a fair idea of how the Soviet mind works. It is a perfect example of deliberate twisting of another's words for propaganda purposes, and should convince anyone of the fundamental dishonesty — to our way of thinking — of the Soviet government's statements and methods of approach.

21

NELL and I went to see what we could of the inside of Novodevichi Monastery by daylight. The grassy grounds within its Kremlin-like walls were dotted with tombs and gravestones, many of them in bad repair. Children played among them and climbed on top of them. Many people, mostly women and girls, lay around on the grass, resting or sleeping. Here and there from the towers and domes sprouted trees and bushes, and the great golden crosses above the bulbs leaned crazily in all directions. Many of the tombs were those of noblemen and princes. One, which was of black granite and well kept, was of that Davidov who led the partisans and guerrillas against Napoleon during the bitter retreat of the French in 1812. The houses and sheds against the mighty walls sagged and drooped picturesquely.

We went into the church and found a christening in process. The parents were very young, seeming to be still in their teens. There were two couples, the men obviously of the working class, mechanics of some sort, and the women wearing the very short skirts which are fashionable in Moscow today. The two babies were stripped to the buff and were seated, one behind the other, in the font, which was a portable basin.

A young priest in a soiled white cotton or linen robe, with long flowing beard and with long uncut hair hanging down his back, read rapidly in a sing-song monotone from his Bible or book of services, with his back to his audience. From time to time he would turn, to dab holy water or oil, or something, with a sponge on the forehead, eyes, lips, hands, and feet of the red, squalling babies, who were hard to hold and who continually squirmed out of their wrappings. The priest cut some hair from each of their heads, and finally one of the young mothers took one of the babies and rocked it violently in her arms, her short skirts swishing high in time with her rocking. Then the priest held up

a cross for everyone, including the babies, to kiss, the parents dressed their young in newly consecrated clothes, and everyone went away, grinning happily.

We wandered around the inside of the church. Once Nell breathed too close to a candle in front of a shrine, and to her distress the candle winked out. We could only hope that it was permissible for laymen to light candles, and I tried to screen Nell while she relit this one. We left the church and walked around the grass. At last we found a big door ajar in an archway in the wall, and started to go through it. A woman stopped us and asked if we had any cameras. When I said no, she stood aside, and said "*Pazhaluista!*" — the Russian word of polite invitation.

We passed through the door into another enclosure which lay outside the grim wall. It was a tight-packed, well-kept cemetery, planted thick with trees and shrubs, and with clean-swept sandy paths. Many of the monuments had photographs embedded in them, and many of them were planted close with growing spring flowers. It was an interesting place, and I was struck by the large percentage of high-ranking army and navy officers who, having died during the Soviet regime, had found their last resting place in holy ground. The militant atheism of prewar days has been muted. Churchgoing, like so many things in Russia, is not directly forbidden, but it is continually made clear, in the press and otherwise, that it is inconsistent with Party membership. If one values his job or his position in life, he will not go. Even when one is dead, and beyond the reach of the long arm of the police, there remain the relatives who put up the monuments. Perhaps these relatives had little to lose.

I knew that Stalin's wife was buried somewhere in Novodevichi, so I asked someone where we could find her grave, and was told the direction to take.

Alliluyeva's grave was surrounded by a low rope. It was a plain, tall white shaft of stone, from the top of which was formed only a woman's head and hand. The face was strong, pensive and peaceful, not particularly beautiful, but satisfying. Near by was a low stone which, from its dates and name, must have been that of Alliluyeva's father. It was strange to think of Stalin, the embodiment of power in his godless police state, coming to such a place alone in the evenings, as they say he has often done.

(To be concluded)



A prominent Midwestern Episcopalian, WILBER G. KATZ has become deeply interested in the problem of Church and State in America. A graduate of the University of Wisconsin and of the Harvard Law School, Mr. Katz was admitted to the New York Bar in 1927. He is now Professor of Law at the University of Chicago, where from 1939 to 1950 he made a brilliant record as Dean of the Law School. This article is based on a commencement address delivered at the General Theological Seminary.

THE FREEDOM TO BELIEVE

by WILBER G. KATZ

1

THE problem of religious liberty in the United States springs from the expansion of government activity. Government sets the pattern of our lives in increasing measure. It has taken charge of education at all levels; it has become the principal agency for the relief of want and misfortune; it will apparently continue to require of our young men military training if not active military service; it takes in taxes a large proportion of our incomes. Such expansion of government could not easily be accomplished without reducing the area of religious freedom.

This is the most pressing problem with which American policy regarding relations between church and state must deal. What this policy should be is a question on which religious leaders have differed. Some have supported a policy of government favor toward religion with impartiality among religious groups. Others have insisted upon strict separation of church and state. A third policy is that of government neutrality. Under this view the sole function of government with respect to religion is that of protecting its freedom.

In American law there has been much vacillation with respect to these three policies: government neutrality, government insulation, and government favor. Each has been stoutly defended as a principle of constitutional law. It is my thesis, however, that a principle of scrupulous neutrality not only offers the most effective protection of religious liberty but that this principle is actually the central thread in American legal tradition concerning relations between church and state. Neutrality means church-state separation in one sense. It insulates religion from the power of the state — blocks the exertion of state power whether to handicap or to aid the cause of religion. This is the sense, I believe, in which Jefferson intended his metaphor of a “wall of separation” between church and

state. As rector of the University of Virginia, Jefferson presented a plan for the establishment of “sectarian schools of divinity” “on the confines of the University.” He wrote that the “want of instruction in the various creeds of religious faith” is a “chasm in a general institution of the useful sciences.” And he presented his plan as one which would “fill the chasm now existing, on principles which leave inviolate the constitutional freedom of religion.”

In recent years, however, “separation of church and state” has often been invoked as though it were an independent principle forbidding all government involvement with religion and effectively insulating government from embarrassing contact with competing sects. Mr. Justice Frankfurter insisted in the Champaign released-time case that “separation means separation, not something less.” With deference, however, it must be replied that complete separation has never been either a constitutional requirement or a consistent policy. We have constantly taken the risk of involving the government in sectarian disputes at times when the only alternative is restraining the free exercise of religion.

This is most clearly illustrated in penal institutions and in the armed services. Strict separation of church and state would be intolerable in these situations since it would curtail religious liberty. To be sure, the various arrangements which protect the religious freedom of servicemen create embarrassing problems for the government. But in spite of these difficulties, complete separation has never been seriously proposed.

The situation is similar in the case of children who become wards of the state. The statutes of Illinois, for example, provide for commitment of neglected and delinquent children to institutions controlled by persons of the same religious faith

as the parents. This provision was attacked by a taxpayer as violating the state constitutional prohibition of appropriations in aid of sectarian schools. The court sustained the statute, however, as a proper provision implementing religious freedom.

Other examples will be discussed later, but these are sufficient to show that the principle of separation of church and state is not an absolute or a primary principle. In general, the separation required by the Constitution is the separation which is compatible with religious liberty. The Constitution does not shrink religious liberty to the liberty which is compatible with strict separation.

2

THE neutrality principle, therefore, is not only incompatible with strict separation of church and state: it is also incompatible with the proposition that impartial promotion of religion is a proper function of the state. Controversy on this proposition has raged ever since the Supreme Court held in 1947 that the Constitution forbids not only laws which prefer one religion over another but also laws which "aid all religions."

Many religious leaders criticized this view, fearing that such neutrality would necessarily be hostile to religion. This fear is understandable since the announcement of the "no aid" rule was coupled with language disapproving "the slightest breach" in the "wall of separation of church and state" and insisting that the wall be kept "high and impregnable." As we have seen, however, the Constitution permits many breaches in the wall which are necessary to preserve religious freedom.

Apart from these fears of a hardening of the concept of church-state separation, it would seem that a believer in religious liberty should support a rule of neutrality between religious believers and nonbelievers. Everyone agrees that religious freedom precludes the use of penalties and discriminations to induce or reward religious conformity. But is religion left free if government coercion is used to collect taxes for the support of religion? James Madison answered this question in the negative in his classic Memorial and Remonstrance Against Religious Assessments. He condemned such use of the taxing power as harmful to both church and state and as inconsistent with the nature of religion. The latter point has been eloquently made by William E. Hocking, who said:—

It is of the essence of the religious spirit . . . always to persuade, never to compel. . . . Religion is never political in its nature. It has no speech except to free spirits. Its aim is to draw men to devotion . . . and a devotion that is enforced is not sincere. . . . When it mistakenly uses the organs of power the very object of religion is undermined.

On principle, impartial state aid to religion is incompatible with full religious freedom. It does

not follow, however, that the words of the First and Fourteenth Amendments are to be interpreted as excluding all such aid. Historical analysis raises serious doubt on this point, but in 1947 all the justices of the Supreme Court agreed that the Constitution forbids nondiscriminatory aid to religion by the states as well as the Federal government.

Last year, however, the New York released-time case placed the question again in doubt. Three justices dissented on the ground that a public school provision for released-time instruction in religion violates the "no aid" principle. In his majority opinion Mr. Justice Douglas did not disavow this principle, but he seemed carefully to avoid reaffirming it. He spoke with approval of state encouragement of religious instruction and of state coöperation with religious authorities. When he spoke of neutrality, it was of neutrality between competing sects. The actual decision, however, is consistent with full neutrality as to all religions. The authorization of released time need not be defended as an aid to religion: it may be defended as a protection of religious freedom—as an effort to prevent the public school system from silently teaching the unimportance of religion.

It is no legal quibble to make this distinction between government aid and provisions designed to keep government activities from restraining the free exercise of religion. It is a distinction which clarifies the problems of tax exemptions and deductions. When the distinction is ignored, it seems to be true (as the Board of Education argued in the Champaign released-time case) that tax exemptions are "the greatest anomaly in modern jurisprudence" or else evidence that nondiscriminatory aid may be granted to religious groups. Accepting this logic, the *Christian Century* has called for abolition of tax exemptions for religious institutions.

These exemptions are defensible, however, not as aids to religion, but as measures to avoid or reduce government discrimination against religion. A government granting property tax exemptions to nonreligious agencies for charitable, educational, and cultural purposes must grant exemptions to similar religious institutions if it is to avoid restraining the free exercise of religion. Neither the "no aid" principle nor a proper separation of church and state forbids tax legislation designed to avoid antireligious discrimination. The same argument applies to income tax deductions.

Furthermore, all such tax exemptions and deductions, religious and nonreligious, represent an effort to preserve the freedom of individuals to support private agencies. Only a totalitarian government would seek a monopoly for its own program of assistance, education, and recreation. In view of the huge size of public programs of assistance and of the tax rates now in force, charitable exemptions and deductions are essential to avoid such government monopoly.

In the field of education, our law and practice illustrate the vacillation between the principle of separation and the principle of neutrality. In higher education, by and large we recognize the principle of neutrality, though we apply it rather haltingly.

In providing for the education of veterans, strict separation of church and state would have required Congress to exclude tuition payments to church-operated colleges and particularly payments for theological education. Instead Congress left veterans free as to their choice of school and profession, even though this meant giving to the Veterans Administration a degree of supervision over church institutions. And not even the most enthusiastic "separationist" criticized this policy or questioned its constitutionality.

The result of the "GI bill" was thus to place vocation to the ministry financially on a par with vocation to medicine or the law. This is just what our ordinary state policy of professional education fails to do. Provision of heavily subsidized courses in law and medicine in state universities weights the scales against religious vocation — or at least requires the balance to be restored by seminary scholarships. This is unavoidable once we accept a policy of tax-supported public education for secular professions. And we are so used to having religion handicapped in this way that it may seem quixotic for me to mention the point.

Advocates of strict separation insist that religion be completely excluded from the program of state universities. This would mean both exclusion of religion as a field of study and exclusion of religion from the program of activities conducted under university auspices. Such a policy, however, would discriminate against religion.

American legal tradition does not outlaw the study of religion in state universities. Its inclusion, however, creates problems — problems which are well posed by the statutes of Wisconsin which provide that "no instruction, either sectarian in religion or partisan in politics, shall ever be allowed in any department of the university." The Wisconsin statute does not exclude from the university the study of politics, nor does it exclude professors who have definite political convictions. The statute is a requirement of reasonable objectivity. As Arthur Garnett, professor of philosophy at the University of Wisconsin, has pointed out, a state university instructor in religion must have a capacity for self-criticism and for sympathetic understanding of different points of view, but this is not incompatible with personal commitment to what he regards as truth. In Garnett's words: —

The function of college teaching of religion is not to propagate faith but to enlighten it where it exists and to create an understanding of the faith of others in those who have none of their own, or who have a different faith.

Nor does the law require insulation of the university administration from religious activities. Such insulation would be a violation of state neutrality. When the university coordinates the extracurricular activities of students, provision for voluntary religious activities is proper to avoid discrimination against religion. At the University of Minnesota a taxpayer named Sholes is seeking to enjoin the use of university buildings for meetings of student religious groups. He objects also to the appointment of a Coordinator of Student Religious Activities and to cooperation in projects such as a religious census and "Religion in Life Week."

Mr. Sholes insists that he is not attempting to ban religion from the campus. He supports "the right of the University and of students to engage in all religious activities 'purely secular in nature.'" He seeks to exclude only what he calls "particular," "circumscribed," "controversial" concepts of God. What he apparently fails to see is that his "uncircumscribed" concept of God is also controversial and that he is asking the university to take sides in the controversy.

In public elementary schools, the maintenance of effective neutrality with respect to religion seems almost impossible. Some writers are apparently optimistic about the feasibility of introducing religion without violation of neutrality. I do not share this optimism. Devotional exercises, however simple and nonsectarian, are difficult to reconcile with the principle of neutrality. And it is hard for me to imagine objective instruction in religion at the elementary school level, except perhaps through devices such as the discussion of diverse religious holiday customs.

Because I take a pessimistic view regarding the introduction of religion in the public schools, it has seemed to me important that the way be open for experiments like those in released-time instruction in religion. These programs, of course, raise serious questions. If they coerce or bribe pupils to participate, they violate the principle of neutrality. Perhaps the Supreme Court was right in finding that released-time instruction in public school buildings necessarily operates in this manner. And wherever the classes are conducted, if it were established that after-school programs succeed only if nonparticipating pupils are kept in school, I would agree that keeping them there is also a breach of neutrality. In the absence of such a finding, however, authorization of released-time programs is a proper way of showing that the public school system does not imply that religion is unimportant or unrelated to everyday life.

We come finally to questions as to elementary schools conducted under religious auspices. Let me say immediately that I think we have here applied the separation principle in a way which hampers the exercise of religious freedom. In 1925

the Supreme Court held unanimously that the constitutional liberty of parents includes a right to send their children to religious schools. But we exact a price for the exercise of this liberty. This is the result of our policy of taxing for the support of public education alone, and of our failure to provide tax deductions or offsets for any part of tuition paid to religious schools.

Most of my friends believe that this policy is not a restriction of religious freedom. They believe, rather, that the alternative policy would amount to a subsidy for particular religions. They think it axiomatic that tax support of education is limited to education in government schools. But the inclusion of religious schools in the national program of veterans' education seems to me to disprove this broad proposition. And so does the inclusion of parochial schools in school lunch programs and in the provision of free textbooks or transportation, both of which the Supreme Court has held constitutional. Furthermore, I have not heard it contended that universities conducted under religious auspices are for that reason excluded from the new fellowship program of the government's National Science Foundation. In all of these instances government programs are administered so as not to handicap freedom of choice on the part of parents and students in the selection of religious or nonreligious schools.

I am not asserting that tax support for parochial schools is constitutional. It is expressly prohibited by the constitutions of many states. Furthermore, all of the Supreme Court justices participating apparently agreed in 1947 that such support is forbidden also by the Federal Constitution. What I do say is that this is a departure from a general policy of neutrality which seeks to avoid indirect restraint of religious liberty.

3

How is one to account for so striking a departure from our national policy? It is traceable, I believe, to fears that the Roman Catholic Church is basically hostile to religious freedom and that unhampered freedom for parochial schools might strengthen that church and conceivably pave the way for religious oppression. Nor are these fears imaginary.

Leo XIII wrote in 1885: "It is not lawful for the State to hold in equal favor different kinds of religions." On another occasion the same pope wrote with engaging frankness:—

Although in the extraordinary condition of these times, the Church usually acquiesces in certain modern liberties, not because she prefers them in themselves, but because she judges it expedient to permit them, she would in happier times exercise her own liberty.

And in a text widely used in this country, Msgr.

John A. Ryan commented with reference to constitutional guaranties:—

Constitutions can be changed, and non-Catholic sects may decline to such a point that the political proscription of them may become feasible and expedient.

Words like these are offensive and disturbing to men who believe in religious liberty. They are particularly disturbing in the light of accounts of bold repression in Spain and Italy. Believers in liberty are justified in expressing vigorously their repudiation of these views and in banding together in vigilant determination to resist religious oppression.

Such measures of defense, however, can easily degenerate into an aggressive defensiveness which is bitter and rigid because it is the product of fear. The movement which led to the Oregon anti-parochial-school law was a movement that showed this kind of defensiveness. The same spirit is revealed, furthermore, by many of the pronouncements of P.O.A.U., the militant "Protestants and Other Americans United for Separation of Church and State."

But the tragedy is that aggressive defensiveness breeds counteraggression. In one Illinois community, suit has been brought charging that a public school board composed of Roman Catholics is refusing to maintain a secular school and is devoting the entire school fund to the support of a parochial school. Such measures are clearly unlawful and they must be resisted. But for those who resist, the price is often economic and social boycott, and for the wider community the result is an increase of religious tension.

Such tensions, in turn, are likely to make us deaf to the voices raised within the Roman Catholic Church in defense of religious liberty. Such a voice is that of Jacques Maritain, who makes this important distinction:—

With respect to God and truth, one has not the right to choose according to his own whim any path whatsoever, he must choose the true path, in so far as it is in his power to know it. But with respect to the State, to the temporal community and to the temporal power, he is free to choose his religious path at his own risk, his freedom of conscience is a natural, inviolable right.

Such voices, I admit, are discouragingly few and declarations of this sort have not come from the Vatican.

I do not know how the vicious circle of defensiveness is to be broken. Perhaps all that we can do at the moment is to be candid, to stop claiming that absolute separation is a libertarian ideal, and to admit what is lost when we abandon government neutrality towards religion and freeze in constitutional form a separation of church and state which restrains the free exercise of religion.



THESE WINTER DUNES

by CHARLES G. BELL

I sit over the lake on a hill of sand;
Gold lights and purple shadows, the playing forms,
Weave on the swift shuttles and are withdrawn.
Other hills are carved in rock, these mounds of the wind
Continually melt and change, wakening
The sweet tenderness of impermanent things.

Ridge after ridge, brown leaves on the yellow blowing,
Clumps of dry grass, the bare fabric of trees —
When this detail has melted, vegetation and air,
The sand will lie like rock in the cold unmoving
Before-and-after of the moon's vacancies —
Now love like a vine works round and attaches here.

That far-off smoke is Gary, the steel mills.
Here solitude. Nobody. There is nothing at all,
But the lake and ice-hills thawing, the taller hills
Of sand that quietly shift in the mothering swell
Of the wind and soften into grass and leaves.
Geese go northward; over the water a gull grieves.

A whistle bleats at the last faint line of the woods.
This whole stretch is waiting; it is already owned
By a great corporation; they bide their time.
Soon it will be factories and apartment homes,
A well-fed people, but involved in the doom
Of shifting things, knowing no permanent goods.

If there are strangers still coming to this great land,
Tell them out of pity, and make it plain,
Not to love what they find; or if love surprise
(As we are weak), let it be of a special kind,
Quick and evasive; for here all things will change
Before the fruit can ripen on the vine.

That is why I take this place and moment
An image of our being, a man alone,
Loving the shapes of sun in a bank of sand,
And over all landscapes hold these winter dunes —
Gold lights and purple shadows, the heartbreaking forms
That weave on the restless looms and at once are withdrawn.



Distinguished for his poetry and fiction, ROBERT GRAVES is equally at home in the field of classical antiquity. The blending of the novelist's art with the scholar's fidelity is no better achieved than in I, Claudius, a remarkable reconstruction of Roman life, and his best-known work. Recently his attention has turned to early Greek myths, and his interpretations have cast fresh light on accepted belief. Here he discusses the lost continent of Atlantis.

WHAT HAPPENED TO ATLANTIS

by ROBERT GRAVES

I

FOR the last three years I have been compiling a dictionary of Greek mythology, in which I set myself to record all versions of every myth and at the same time to account for them in historical or anthropological terms. Psychologists like to dismiss myths as mere fantasia — legacies from the irresponsible childhood of the Greek race. They are nothing of the sort. Most of them were first formulated in territories which maintained close political relations with Minoan Crete, an island sophisticated enough to possess written archives, four-story buildings with hygienic plumbing, doors with modern locks, registered trade-marks, a central system of weights and measures, and a calendar based on patient astronomical observation. My conclusion is that the language of myth, which deals for the most part with seasonal religious ritual in different states, is no more mysterious than the language of the modern political cartoon.

Few, however, of the ancient ritual myths have preserved their sharp outlines, and most of them have been confused by the addition of allegory, dramatic fiction, political propaganda, or miscellaneous anecdote. I had particular difficulty in making sense of the Atlantis story, which turns out not to be myth but telescoped history. My study began with the meeting of Silenus and Midas.

King Midas was still a young man living in the luxurious rose gardens of Bromium in Macedonia when the god Dionysus with his riotous army of satyrs and maenads, who had made a triumphal progress through Egypt, Syria, and the Far East, passed through Asia Minor and invaded Thrace. They suffered a serious reverse on disembarkation — in fact, nearly the entire army was taken prisoner — but Dionysus somehow restored the situation and continued his march to central Greece. It happened that goat-legged Silenus, the god's extutor, had straggled from the main body and was found sleeping off his drunkenness in the rose gar-

dens. The gardeners bound the learned old soak with garlands of flowers and led him before Midas, who greeted him respectfully, entertained him for five days and nights, and listened entranced to his outrageous yarns.

This is what Silenus had to say: "Europe, Africa, and Asia form a single continent, surrounded on all sides by the ocean stream; but beyond the ocean lies another separate continent, a New World of immense size. It breeds great beasts, and men twice as tall as ours, who live twice as long. Gods do not disdain to pay that continent frequent visits, because of its many impressive cities, its un-European way of life, and its utterly peculiar legal system. . . . Two of its biggest cities are called the City of War and the City of Brotherly Love. The inhabitants of the latter live exemplary lives and are so rich that they have as little regard for gold and silver as we have for iron, and when once a fleet of prospectors ventured across the ocean to visit our world — ten million strong, not a man less, upon my word — and found themselves in the Land of the Hyperboreans, which some call Britain, they sailed home in disgust to learn that it was the best country our continent had to offer. In the City of War, on the other hand, people are born with weapons in their hands and do nothing all their lives but fight, being magically proof against sword cuts or spear thrusts. How do they die, you ask? Seldom in bed, noble Midas! Usually they succumb to wounds from common clubs or stones, against which they have no protection.

"The New World is famous also for an unnavigable whirlpool, clouded over with thick fog, near which flow two streams. On their banks grow many fruit trees; but whereas the fruit from the first stream makes the eater weep and sigh and pine away to death, fruit from the second rejuvenates even the most decrepit old men. Indeed, believe it or not, they pass backwards into middle age,

manhood, adolescence, childhood, and infancy! And what then, eh? Why, your Majesty, they shrink away to nothing."

Midas, having ass's ears, swallowed it all, and returned Silenus to Dionysus with an honorable escort. His reward for this service was the golden touch — about which every old-fashioned American child has read in Hawthorne's *Tanglewood Tales*.

2

THIS antique example of science fiction appears in the *Miscellaneous History* of the Roman writer Aelian, who quoted the grammarian Theopompus as his authority; and somehow no one seems to have noticed that it is the prose summary of a lost play by the famous dramatist Thespis, burlesquing the still more famous lawyer Solon.

Solon, having revised and recodified the Athenian Laws for his royal employer, King Peisistratus, decided to go abroad for a few years and thus avoid the odium of accidentally breaking any of his own laws. He wandered from city to city in Greece and the eastern Mediterranean: visiting Asia Minor, where he had his well-known encounter with King Croesus of Lydia; and Egypt, where he learned wisdom from the Libyan priests of Sais. Among other wonders, these priests told him the story of the lost continent of Atlantis, which impressed him so much that he made it the subject of an epic poem, no longer extant, of which Plato has left a summary.

Thespis was the founder of the popular satiric drama performed annually in honor of Dionysus, whose worship King Peisistratus had officially introduced into Athens — perhaps on Solon's advice — and Solon, when he returned to Athens, went to see one of Thespis's plays. It must have contained topical allusions which he took personally, because he came raging round to the greenroom afterwards and asked Thespis in front of the assembled cast: "Sir, are you not ashamed to tell so many lies to so large an audience?"

Thespis, whose show seems to have had a good reception from everyone with a sense of humor, answered lightly: "Why, Solon, what does it matter? This is satiric comedy, isn't it? Everything goes in satiric comedy!"

Solon lifted his staff and pounded the marble floor: "No, sir, indeed it does not! Encourage such lies in the theater, and soon they will creep into our legal contracts and treaties. Then where shall we be?"

Thespis, annoyed by Solon's attempt to limit dramatic freedom, took his revenge. In this play, *Silenus at the Court of Midas*, which I am sure was a side-splitter, all Athens will have recognized Silenus, the leader of the satyr chorus and ex-pedagogue to Dionysus, as Solon, formerly chief legal adviser to King Peisistratus.

In popular satire, however, a recognizable con-

nection is always kept between the parody and the original. We can therefore be pretty certain that Solon in his Atlantis epic referred to the unnavigable whirlpool where (as ancient geographers all agreed) the ocean spilled over the edge of the hemisphere into the void, and that he also mentioned a neighboring stream where old people were rejuvenated. That Plato does not include the fruit of rejuvenation in his account of Solon's Atlantis means only that he is being as careful to tone down its wonders as Thespis was to exaggerate them. Strangely enough, no Land of Youth occurs in Greek mythology, as it frequently does in Celtic legend — Oisín, for instance, went there with Niamh of the Golden Hair, and when he revisited Ireland, centuries later, grew disgusted with the degeneracy of the Irish compared with Niamh's people and decided to return to them. Had Solon picked up a legend brought from Britain by Greek tin-traders and combined it with what the priests of Sais told him about Atlantis? He is certainly also quoting contemporary speculations about an Atlantic continent, later taken up by the Greek and Roman geographers, and finally used by Seneca in his *Medea*: —

In later years at last,
When centuries have passed,
Ocean shall lose the bands
Imprisoning vast lands.
Even Thule will seem near
When those new worlds appear
On the horizon clear

— a passage which made a deep impression on Christopher Columbus.

According to Plato's *Timaeus*, the priests described Atlantis as no smaller than Africa and Asia joined together, an island set in the Atlantic not far from the Pillars of Hercules, beyond which lay other fruit-bearing islands, and beyond these an unknown continent. A league of Atlantean kings invaded and partly conquered this continent; they also overran Libya as far as Egypt, and Europe as far as Italy. But the primitive Athenians, though deserted by their allies, gloriously saved the world by defeating these rapacious strangers. Very soon afterwards, Atlantis was engulfed by the sea, which became unnavigable owing to shoals of mud which the catastrophe left behind. This disaster, the priests told Solon, had taken place nine thousand years before.

In Plato's unfinished *Critias*, further details are given of Solon's Atlanteans. They had at first, it seems, been highly moral people, like those of the City of Brotherly Love who cared for nothing but virtue, and bore with fortitude the burden of their great wealth in gold and silver. They were ruled over by certain sons of Poseidon, the most highly civilized men in the world, of whom the eldest was Atlas, their overlord.

The capital city of Atlantis was famous for its

magnificent harbor works, consisting of an inner and outer basin, wharves, docks, and marine stores; also baths (some reserved for women), well-watered gardens, race courses, barracks, gymnasia, a palace with hot and cold water systems, and an enormous ivory-roofed temple of Poseidon. The coast of Atlantis was mountainous and steep-to, except for a central plain of rich arable land surrounding the city. This plain had been divided by a regular network of irrigation canals — connected with the sea, to prevent flooding — and covered 10,000 square miles. Atlantis could also boast great herds of wild elephants, excellent timber, fruit and game, and numerous villages and hamlets perched on the hills. One day, however, Zeus, noticing a deterioration in the moral sense of the Atlantians, called a council . . . [*Here the story breaks off.*]

3

PLATO was so celebrated a philosopher, and so serious about the lost continent, that its whereabouts have been the subject of unlimited speculation ever since. According to one school of thought, Phoenician sailors reached the Azores and Canaries (which under the title of "Fortunate Isles" became decently geographical only in the first century B.C.) but could not find them again, and thus concluded them to have been overwhelmed by the sea.

According to another, a lost continent does lie under the Atlantic. Until recently, the Atlantic ridge (stretching from Iceland to Tristan da Cunha) was supposed to be its remains; but oceanographic surveys have shown that, apart from these peaks, the entire ridge has been under water for at least sixty million years. Indeed, only one large inhabited island in the Atlantic is known to have disappeared: the plateau now called the Dogger Bank. Bones and implements hauled up in cod nets show, however, that this disaster occurred in the palaeolithic period; and it is far less likely that news of its disappearance reached Europe from survivors who drifted across the intervening waste of waters than that the memory of a different catastrophe was brought to the Atlantic seaboard from nearer to hand.

A horde of neolithic immigrants from Libya, usually known as the passage-grave builders, arrived in Great Britain towards the close of the third millennium B.C. and were its first agriculturists. No explanation has been offered for their mass movement from Libya westwards by way of Morocco to southern Spain, and thence northward to Portugal and beyond; but strong traces of their non-Aryan language and institutions are found in Wales. According to the Welsh "Atlantis" legend of the lost Cantreys of Dyfed, a heavy sea broke down the sea walls and destroyed sixteen magnificent cities. The Irish Hy Brasil, the Breton City of Is, the Cornish Land of Lyonesse, the French

Isle Verte, the Portuguese Ilha Verde — all are variants of this same Libyan legend. And if what the Libyan priests of Sais told Solon was that the disaster took place in the far west, and that the survivors moved "beyond the Pillars of Hercules," Atlantis can easily be identified.

Atlantis, simply enough, was the original home of the Atlantians, a Libyan people mentioned by the historian Diodorus of Sicily. Diodorus discusses the Amazons, the women warriors of the matriarchal Libyan tribes of whom Herodotus writes in convincing anthropological detail. He says that long ago these occupied an island in Lake Tritonis, enriched by orchard trees, sheep and goats, and that after conquering all their other Libyan neighbors they proceeded to attack the Atlantians, the most civilized nation thereabouts, who lived towards the ocean. Diodorus makes no attempt to date this war, but notes that the Amazons later moved into Egypt where they made friends with King Horus, and then invaded the northern Aegean — events which cannot have taken place later than the third millennium B.C.

Lake Tritonis, by the shores of which both the goddess Athene (called "Neith" in Libya) and Poseidon, Atlas's father, are said to have been born, was an enormous, slowly shrinking inland sea which in classical times still covered 900 square miles to the east of the Atlas foothills and had an outlet into the Mediterranean. It is reduced today to the Mareth salt marshes, famous for General Rommel's stand in the recent war; but seems at its greatest extent to have covered some 15,000 square miles of the low-lying lands to the south and southeast of Mareth. Under its waters, if anywhere at all, lay the true Atlantis: neolithic farmlands overwhelmed by the same sort of catastrophe as is said to have washed away the Cantreys of Dyfed — and which actually did wash away a large part of Holland in the twelfth and thirteenth centuries, when an unusually high tide, heavy rain, and a strong north-westerly gale breached the Frisian defenses and created the Zuider Zee.

The irrigated plains of Atlantis may have extended some distance into the Gulf of Sirte, where dangerous reefs suggest a former protective chain of islands, of which only Jerba and the Kerkennahs have survived. The large island left in the center of the lake and inhabited by Myrine's Amazons was perhaps the Chaambra bou Rouba plateau in the northern Sahara.

Only such a large-scale disaster would account for the dispersion in all directions of the Libyan agriculturists — west to Morocco and the Atlantic seacoast, east to Egypt, south to Dahomey (where a white race has mixed with the black), and north-east by sea to Crete (where pottery types prove Libyan infiltration in the third millennium B.C.) and the northern Aegean. Moreover, a record of the disaster survives, unrecognized, in Diodorus's

History, where he writes, in the context of the Atlantians and Amazons: "It is reported likewise that, by an earthquake, the tract towards the Ocean opened its mouth and swallowed the whole of Lake Tritonis." Since the lake was still extensive in Diodorus's day, he must have misunderstood a report which ran: "An earthquake on the sea coast of Western Libya caused the flooding of the whole region — subsequently called Lake Tritonis." By the time of Herodotus, only a poor remnant of the Atlantians still clung to the fringes of their once carefully irrigated plains — he describes them as inhabiting an oasis formed by the salt hills in the extreme west of Libya, near Mount Atlas, and being strict vegetarians.

This Atlantis certainly differs in many important details from Plato's or Solon's. Western Libya is not an island, nor has it a precipitous coastline, nor were its inhabitants anything like so civilized as Plato's account suggests. The fact seems to be that though the priests of Sais twitted Solon for his ignorance of ancient history, they were themselves confusing a Libyan disaster of the third millennium B.C. with one which had taken place elsewhere nine hundred, not nine thousand, years before.

It has been pointed out that the Atlantian civilization, as described by Plato, corresponds in remarkable detail with that of Minoan Crete. Crete had a precipitous coastline, and Cnossus the capital, with its magnificent palace (remarkable for its hot and cold water system), lay in a fertile plain served by an artificial port. Greek gymnastics originated in Minoan Crete; the Minoans worked in gold, ivory, and precious woods, and maintained a large fleet which traded from Spain and Italy to Syria and Palestine. Moreover, they had close commercial relations with Egypt for centuries, and from the Egyptian point of view their behavior was irreproachable until King Minos's Greek-speaking allies revolted and took control of affairs.

Plutarch records that Minos had kept down pirates by making warships a Cnossian monopoly; but that his Athenian tributaries, led by Theseus, prepared a secret flotilla, raided Cnossus during the absence of the main Cretan fleet in Sicily, and carried off the princess Ariadne. Meanwhile the Sicilians murdered Minos and burned his ships, and Cretan power collapsed. Sir Arthur Evans has shown by excavation that Cnossus was indeed taken by surprise and burned about the year 1400 B.C. The former tributaries of Crete — Sardiens, Carians, Trojans, Danaans, Achaeans — who took over the immense Cretan trade and still called themselves "Peoples of the Sea," soon subordinated trade to piracy, causing the Egyptians a great deal of trouble even after 1293 B.C., when Rameses II defeated their combined forces at the Battle of Kadesh.

It has been argued therefore that Crete was Atlantis. The virtuous behavior of its merchant-

men — the first to guarantee the quality of their goods by a system of private and public seals — declined; pirates took their places; and if the City of Brotherly Love seemed to have disappeared under the waves, that was because the Egyptians never went to sea themselves and knew of Crete only by hearsay.

The tradition of the lost Atlantis of Libya could hardly, I admit, have become confused in Egypt with traditions of the lost island of Crete unless the fates that overtook them had been similar; whereas the flooding of Libya and the burning of Cnossus are disasters of a very different order.

This anomaly can, however, be explained. In the late Minoan Age the Cretans obtained Egyptian leave to convert Pharos, a small island off the mouth of the Nile, into an entrepôt and port; and with the use of unlimited local labor their engineers made it one of the wonders of the world. It is now clear that Plato's description of Atlas's capital must record what visitors from Sais had seen at Minoan Pharos. During the First World War, the French engineer Gaston Jondet rediscovered the Minoan harbor works, sunk several fathoms under water; these occupied 250 acres and consisted of an inner and outer basin with immense wharves and jetties in solid stone, the largest port in all antiquity. They had been so long submerged — apparently as the result of a sudden weakening of the sea floor — that when Alexander the Great's engineers came to lay out the new port of Alexandria in the fourth century B.C., all memory of them had vanished.

This is to suggest that the spectacular sinking of the harbor works in a sea of mud, shortly after the destruction of Cnossus, and the sudden remarkable change in the mercantile morals of the People of the Sea, made a deep impression at Sais. In course of time these closely related events became combined with a tradition of the Atlantian Flood, brought there from western Libya; after which Solon further embroidered the legend.

One might have expected Egyptian records to contain an account of this epoch-making disaster at Pharos, but because the official scribes never cared to admit that a part of their holy country had ever been ceded to a foreign power, no single mention of the great port occurs in any extant Pharaonic document. Cretans pictured on monuments are always represented as bringing Pharaoh tribute from overseas, never as resident merchants supported by a powerful force of Greek marines. In Greece, also, the Dorian invasion of 1050 B.C. destroyed all written archives, so that when the minstrel guild of the Homeridae recited the *Odyssey* some three centuries later, none of their hearers was aware that Pharos, where King Menelaus of Sparta went visiting, had ever been anything better than a desolate mud flat: on which seals basked in their thousands under the watchful eye of Proteus, the Old Man of the Sea.



JOSEPHINE JOHNSON is a native of Missouri whose first short story appeared in the *Atlantic* and who won the Pulitzer Prize with her beautifully descriptive novel, *Now in November*. Three years ago, she and her husband bought a majestic house a hundred and thirty years old on the outskirts of Cincinnati. In this essay she depicts the explorations which she and her children have carried out in the early autumn on their three surrounding acres.

OCTOBER FROST

by JOSEPHINE JOHNSON

THE first frost came on the sixth of October after the rains and the coldness. In the morning everything was silver and icy, the tall grasses delicate as glass and blue with a frosty bloom. The earth was sheathed in frost; and after the sun rose, the shadows of the house and trees were blue on the ground, and all around them, defining them, the sun-released grasses turned wet and green. The hard maple at the end of the road had turned gold in every leaf and stood motionless under the morning moon — which looked naked and lost in the blue sky. A solitary crow flew over between the moon and the lighted tree.

The early part of October is a beautiful and uncertain time, cold and wet and dry and warm. The trees have a drying yellow color all over the countryside with only a solitary burning light here and there. Our black kittens move out distastefully into the cold mornings. One is a new, imported kitten, a pure Persian, who seems out of place among the vines and falling leaves and autumn disorder. He was four months old when we got him, and had never been out of the house, but so big already — so enormous, in fact — that we named him Monstro, and he padded about like a furry whale. He regarded each descending leaf with terror, and spent his first days glued to the door like a caterpillar. As time passed, however, he ventured into the long grass step by step, sniffing the menacing weeds and shying away from grasshoppers. He watched the other kitten, Minx, who has a quarter Persian in her blood and an odd wild face like a pine marten, catch a vole, and sat respectfully two feet away, a kind of furry wonder on his big child face. He has caught nothing so far himself except a grasshopper, but this is a great advance for the housebound ball, and he goes as far as the woodpile by himself and even to the edge of the giant grasses in the garden.

We bought him as a companion — and future

mate — to Minx, the last of Fuzzy's children, who has the long thin body of her mother and the same sweeping tail, but not the wise Egyptian head or the ancient wisdom. Fuzzy died in August, a slow sad death, of such incredible dignity it was like watching an old queen go down slowly into darkness, and even I, who have none of the vast sentiment that seems to flow from most of the world toward the cat kingdom, cried for three days and can still be dissolved by the memory of that wasted classic head full of twelve years of matriarchal burdens and feral independence, sinking down on its helpless paws. Well, Monstro has quite a place to fill, but his tremendous warm purr, like a giant bee in throat, and his affectionate clasp around one's neck, appeal to the children, and he is quite a sight, moving big and black among the gold leaves, with his innocent gold eyes, enormous and inquiring.

The chickadees and the field sparrows come to the ruined amaranth garden, and the asparagus ferns have turned to a saffron mist in which a few solitary berries hang like red balls and in which the white asters are caught and swim starlike in the dry mist. The great mantes, having laid their nests, have disappeared and only a few gray smaller ones are left here and there, mantis-shaped bits of bark, with the same cold balls of eyes and the long scaly arms. On hot days the autumn crop of butterflies come out belatedly — or prematurely — and among the honeysuckle vines, which know no season, I found a violet tip, newly sprung, almost outrageously colored in new orange, with a purple aura edging its flaming velvet wings. The monarchs burst their jeweled shells recklessly at these late hours, and hundreds of yellow and saffron cabbage butterflies float above the asters, which have a faint honey scent.

As the month draws to a close, the pond life sinks into sleep, the trees are emptying in the wind, but the incessant, jerky, nervous life of the insects

diminishes reluctantly. On a warm day, if you open an unscreened window in the mistaken idea that since it is October and winter is coming one might as well get something out of this horrid prospect, the room is suddenly streaked with long-legged and still unsleeping wasps, with wandering humming bees, and the bullet flight of the great bottle fly. It is fortunate that we can't see insects as they really are, a dread toothy, bushy crowd of well-developed jaw and claw, to whom we are no more than great big slabs of covered meat.

The Chinese yam, the cinnamon vines, which covered the windows in the west all summer are thick with little tubers that look like fairy potatoes, and the leaves shrivel from a deep gold to curled brown. The potatoes are now startlingly like Idahos and are about three quarters of an inch in length. They shower from the vines at a touch; and, having heard that the Chinese found the roots edible, we felt sure the little tubers might provide food, too, and decided to give them a go, leaving the roots for later, and see if the Chinese had a better taste than the Aztecs and their amaranth. Although they would have been more appropriate perhaps to the hidden bins of certain small people Annie and I imagine inhabit the roots of the willow tree, Annie gathered a pan of the tubers, which bounded like dry peas, and carefully, with her small fingers seeming enormous and the knife a giant, pared off the skin and dropped the almost invisible remains in a frying pan with butter. Some we saved without paring and boiled them in their jackets.

I am happy to report that all who contemplate living off the land in the manner of their ancestors can be certain of one meal at least which, if not a square one, is edible in a microscopic fashion. For the little potatoes tasted like big potatoes and with salt and butter they struck the children as something very rare and special, and incredibly edible for costing nothing. We followed this with a few things that someone else had raised with the hoe and plow and the spray — big slices of fried eggplant and the polished green peppers and enormous yams, dry and sweet with brown sugar, and a salad of yellow-pear tomatoes, luminous and shaped like little flasks — and nobody's appetite seemed much diminished by his first course of wild starch.

There comes a moment, usually in the middle of October of each year, when, though much else is drying, disappearing into a stalky color, and the woodpile vines are shriveled and brown and the white fungus hard, the maple reaches its peak of gold perfection. Every leaf is a clashing, moving jewel, leaves of beaten gold, and it shines through the dark pine trees like an army of angels coming down in rays of light. For a day, if there is no wind, it stands there, a great gold burning bush, absolutely still, awesome in the shape of beauty beyond which there is no further shaping, and then the wind rises. That which was before only the movement

of a bird is the falling of a leaf. Then another leaf detaches itself and sails downward and then a shower of leaves. In a few hours the gold is thinner, the emptying tree is no longer a burning cloud, the shape of the branches comes clearer and clearer under the descending shower. By morning it is all over and the maple stands gray and anonymous, like the framework of a fountain, winter stilled, above the great yellow pool of its own leaves.

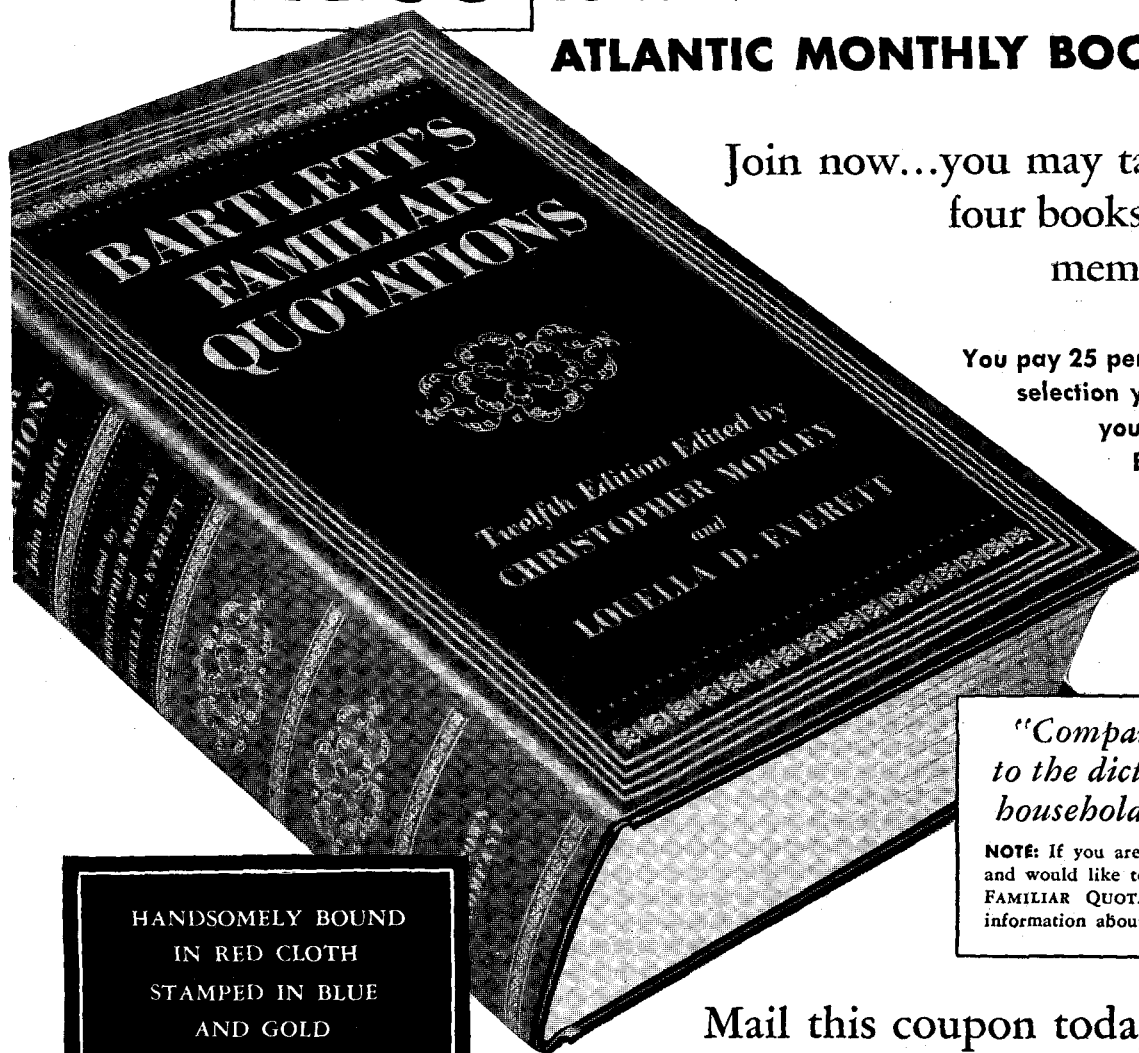
The far, strange origins of Halloween, when the ghosts of Celts came whimpering in from the frosty pastures and the empty Irish woods, to warm their wasted hands by the peat bog fires and the warmth of their living kin, are lost now in a welter of dime store witches and soapy windows. The ritual and the legend are become prank and established local custom, as does anything that lasts beyond the wonder of religion and of awe. And life, being more precarious, death more widespread, less uncertain, we no longer build the Coel Coeth bonfires as in ancient Wales, and cast the life or death predicting stones, for omen of who lives or dies before the wheeling year brings back Allhallows Day again.

The dual heart within us both rejoices and regrets the passing of this terror and this awe. Or perhaps it is only because we are too old to bob for apples and beg for candy, that we think of Halloween now as cardboard pumpkins in the first-grade windows, of crayon witches all alike, and children in their costumes, distinguished only by the vast lack of imagination displayed in each. Since we are no more rosy-faced among the rosy apples, nor smitten to the heart by gypsy bangles, nor terrorized by painted skeletons, we seek our awe in conjuration of another century, when the legend was both real and new, and forget that we could re-create that child to whom the platitude held terror and delight because she herself was new.

Some night late in autumn will come one of those seasonless hours of darkness and warmth when, in the October moonlight, leaves will beat suddenly against the kitchen pane, and a great flowing wind will pour through the barren maple branches. And there will seem to come to one a revelation of enormous freedom out there in the darkness where the witches begin to ride and the bodiless souls go rushing down the wind. Grease will grow suddenly cold and gray in the dishpan, and the baby cries out with pure meanness. There will be a vision of years and years of anxieties unresolved, of waking nights, of measles, of heartbreak and decisions, of the responsibility upon us to protest and the responsibility to conform, the burden of example and of kindness, and suddenly will come a knowledge of that freedom we have never known — the weightless, boundless disembodied freedom of the soul who has bartered flesh and blood and made his night pact with the smiling Satan. Is it not very near and close, this hour of the flying leaves, this promise, and this revelation?

Free

TO NEW MEMBERS OF THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY BOOK CLUB



Join now...you may take as few as
four books in an entire
membership year

You pay 25 per cent less on every
selection you accept . . . and
you get a free **BONUS**
BOOK with every 4
books you take.

*"Comparable only
to the dictionary as a
household necessity"*

NOTE: If you are already a member
and would like to have BARTLETT'S
FAMILIAR QUOTATIONS, write for
information about how to obtain it.

HANDSOMELY BOUND
IN RED CLOTH
STAMPED IN BLUE
AND GOLD

Retail price **\$9.00**

More than 1800 pages
Index contains 123,842 entries

Mail this coupon today
for your **FREE** copy of

BARTLETT'S FAMILIAR QUOTATIONS

Each month you receive free the Atlantic Monthly Book Club Preview describing the forthcoming selection and alternate selection, and listing other good books recommended by the judges. Thus, you will always be able to decide for yourself in advance, if you want the selection announced, or some other book, or, indeed, no book at all. You may accept as few as four books—either the monthly choice or the alternate—in an entire twelve month period and still enjoy all the benefits and privileges of membership. You save on every book you buy, and with every fourth purchase you receive another free bonus book.

ATLANTIC MONTHLY BOOK CLUB, 8 Arlington Street, Boston 16, Massachusetts
Please enroll me as a member and send me—FREE—as my introductory gift book—the \$9.00 BARTLETT'S FAMILIAR QUOTATIONS, along with my first selection I have checked below. I am also to receive a free BONUS BOOK with every four selections or alternates I accept. Each month you will send me without charge the Atlantic Monthly Book Club Preview, describing the forthcoming selection and alternate and listing other books recommended by the judges. My only obligation is to purchase a minimum of four selections or alternates in a full membership year at the special members' reduced price (plus a small charge to cover postage and handling).

AS MY FIRST SELECTION PLEASE SEND ME:

	List Price	Club Price
☐ UNTIL VICTORY: HORACE MANN AND MARY PEABODY by Louise Hall Tharp	\$5.00	\$3.75
☐ LELIA: THE LIFE OF GEORGE SAND by Andre Maurois	5.00	3.75
☐ MEN AT ARMS by Evelyn Waugh	3.50	2.60
☐ MARY LINCOLN: BIOGRAPHY OF A MARRIAGE by Ruth Painter Randall	5.75	4.30
☐ THE MAN WHISTLER by Hesketh Pearson	3.75	2.80
☐ LETTERS OF SHERWOOD ANDERSON Edited by Howard Mumford Jones	6.00	4.50
☐ THE ALLEYS OF MARRAKESH by Peter Mayne	3.75	2.80
☐ A SHOWER OF SUMMER DAYS by May Sarton and THE SHIPWRECKED by Graham Greene (Dual Selection)	5.75	4.30

Name _____

(Please print plainly)

Address _____

City _____

Zone _____

State _____

A-21

THE ATLANTIC Bookshelf



THE *Peripatetic* Reviewer

BY

EDWARD
WEEKS

I DON'T suppose it will ever happen again in our lifetime. I don't see how it could. Except for the round trip to Mars, which could hardly be undertaken by one man, there is no exploit left so hazardous and so lonely.

The Naval Conferences in Geneva had reached a deadlock over America's demand for 8-inch gun cruisers; the Mississippi River was threatening to overflow its levees; there was revolution in China. Earl Carroll had had a bathtub party, Mae West might have to go to jail for her part in a dubious play, and the Snyder murder case was being served up hot. Those were the headlines of May 21, 1927, and there was one more: a mail pilot, an unknown named **Charles Lindbergh**, had taken off from New York and was flying across the Atlantic in a single-motored monoplane.

Paris was enjoying cocktails in the late spring sunlight when the foreign correspondents got the alert. At the Ritz, Frank, the barman, set odds of ten to one against the success of the flight, and bets were made. In the night clubs shortly after 1.00 A.M. the dancing was interrupted by the announcement that Lindbergh had just passed over Newfoundland, and those who could remember the words sang "America." He had 1600 miles and two ham sandwiches to go before he sighted the coast of Ireland.

All through the following morning the curiosity and expectation mounted. So little was known of this young pilot in his twenty-sixth year, nicknamed "Slim" or "Lucky." He made his bid less than a fortnight after the French aces, Coli and Nungesser, had been swallowed up in the Atlantic and while Commander Byrd and Clarence Chamberlin with their crews were still waiting for more favorable weather.

Henry Wales, chief Paris correspondent of the *Chicago Tribune*, was one of the first to reach the *Spirit of St. Louis* as it taxied into Le Bourget. He

scored the world scoop, and the account he wrote for the *Atlantic* which we published on the tenth anniversary, under the title "Formidable!" and from which I have been quoting, still sends goose pimples up the back of your neck. He reached Le Bourget early and saw and felt the irrepressible crowd, the biggest since the Peace parade of 1918, gathering in the darkness. He heard the hush settle on the field as the tiny hum of Lindbergh's motor preceded the silver plane into the searchlights; he saw the mob surge over the wire, engulfing the gendarmes and threatening to engulf the little plane. He saw the French sergeants reach inside and slide Lindbergh out onto their shoulders though the pilot protested that he wanted to walk. Wales saw a corporal slug a big Frenchman who with his knife was slicing away the fabric where *Spirit of St. Louis* was stenciled. He didn't see who it was that snatched the engine log and navigation log, both of which are missing to this day. For by that time he was on his way by foot, bicycle, and taxi to file his first four thousand words.

How it happened

Soon after landing in Paris, Lindbergh accepted the suggestion that he collaborate in writing a book about his flight and life. He tells us that he was then under the impression that the account would flow out of interviews, the accuracy of which he would check, and that his own writing would be confined to a Foreword. Instead a ghost-written manuscript in the first person was submitted to him for approval, and he rejected it. This meant he had to do the chore himself; and he did it. *We*, which had already received prodigious publicity, was written in three weeks of seclusion on Long Island. "Being young, and easily embarrassed," he acknowledges, "I was hesitant to dwell on my personal errors and sensations. Also, believing in aviation's future, I did not want to lay bare, through my own experience, its existing weaknesses. For reasons such as these, I left out of my story much of greatest interest — which I am now, twenty-five years later, attempting to portray."

The Spirit of St. Louis (Scribner's, \$5.00) is two books in one: it is the determined, thorough, and engrossing record of a great aviator preparing for his greatest flight; and in its skillful interludes and in the flashes of introspection which a man relives in the long humdrum of flying, it is the life training of a cool, candid, intrepid American. The two are blended and balanced in a prose which uses

"A magnificent literary achievement"*

CHARLES A.

Lindbergh



THE SPIRIT OF ST. LOUIS

"A superb self-portrait of the one man of our time who has already become a part of the American tradition." — *John P. Marquand*,*
Book of the Month Club News. Profusely illustrated, \$5.00



The most comprehensive collection of Hemingway's work ever in print

Two complete novels, eleven famous short stories, selections from seven books — all in one giant 654-page volume. An immense and satisfying body of work which is "one of the gift books of the year, a compliment to both giver and recipient." — *Saturday Review Syndicate*

THE HEMINGWAY READER

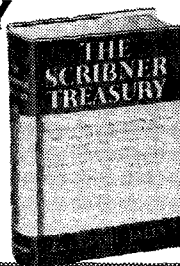
Selected by Charles Poore.

\$5.00

Favorites of yesterday . . . classics of today

THE SCRIBNER TREASURY

This ideal gift book contains twenty-two of America's best-loved short novels and stories, by Ring Lardner, Edith Wharton, John Galsworthy and fifteen others. "A fine big package of excellent fiction and a significant cross section of the literary fashions of the recent past." — *Orville Prescott*, *N. Y. Times*. 689 pages, \$5.00



The great new novel of South Africa — by the author of Cry, the Beloved Country

"A superb and stirring story, conceived in the heart and written down with music . . . Pick up THE PHALAROPE, and instantly you are transported into another world. You fall under the magic of a prose that is without peer of its kind." — *John Barkham*, *Saturday Review*. \$3.50

Alan Paton

TOO LATE THE PHALAROPE

Have you read these fine new Scribner books?

Aubrey Menen

DEAD MAN IN THE SILVER MARKET

The author of *The Prevalence of Witches* takes nationalism over the coals with biting good humor. \$3.00

Alan Villiers

THE WAY OF A SHIP

A definitively complete historical account of the square-rigged Cape Horn ship. Illustrated. \$6.50

Ross Santee

LOST PONY TRACKS

A beloved cowboy artist-writer tells his story — in words and pictures — from the time he "hit the range". \$3.95

Wright Morris

THE DEEP SLEEP

An important American author gives us one of his finest novels — marking the high point in a career of devoted literary craftsmanship. \$3.50

George Santayana

THE POET'S TESTAMENT

Poems and Two Plays

A completely new collection of poems and plays by the great poet and philosopher — all of which are here published for the first time. \$3.50

Reinhold Niebuhr

CHRISTIAN REALISM AND POLITICAL PROBLEMS

Political problems discussed from the Christian standpoint by one of our leading theologians. \$3.00

At all bookstores

CHARLES SCRIBNER'S SONS



the present tense graphically for the preparation and the flight itself, and which drops into the past tense when Lindbergh selects those instances from his early flying which gave him the condition, the calculation, and the confidence for his great solo. He dedicates the book "To A. M. L. Who will never realize how much of this book she has written," and these affectionate words attest the fact that his life with Anne Morrow has given wings and descriptive power to his words.

The book begins in September, 1926, and as a layman I am completely absorbed in the months which follow when the unknown mail pilot struggles to find men who will back him and a designer who will build — in sixty days or less — a single-motored plane with sufficient capacity for the 3600-mile flight. He was racing against time and against formidable contenders for the Orteig prize of \$25,000, and the forethought with which he calculated the risks I find fascinating. Out in San Diego where Ryan is building the plane, he and the chief engineer work out the decisive details: how much gas and where to put the outsized gas tank. In the public library he finds his texts on navigation. He asks a naval aviator if he can handle a sextant at the same time he is flying a plane and the answer is doubtful. In San Pedro he finds a set of Mercator charts and with borrowed instruments lays out a great-circle course. He decides to buy a small black rubber raft which stripped of its oars weighs ten pounds. No room for a parachute. A knife with a fixed blade would be best in an emergency. He will have to dress as warmly as possible, which means wool, not cotton. He will need water, but "water weighs an awful lot — eight pounds a gallon, plus container." So he will take only enough to wash down a couple of sandwiches. Meantime news of his preparation has leaked out and a stamp collector has offered him \$1000 to carry one pound of mail to Paris. So detail by detail the tension builds up until that incredible night when, with the *Spirit of St. Louis* under guard at Roosevelt Field, he is driven back to his hotel in New York for what was supposed to be three hours' sleep before his take-off. He didn't sleep.

The second part of the book, "New York to Paris," is spaced hour by hour. We have had authentic, eloquent descriptions of flying before this — Saint-Exupéry's *Night Flight* and Anne Morrow Lindbergh's *North to the Orient* were two of the best — but nothing to match this for exact, and powerful detail. Lesser men would have been exhausted by the unknown factors. In the thirteenth hour, with a third of the flight completed, he is over the Atlantic, the haze is thickening, he has seen the white shape of icebergs, and now the fog is closing in, climbing as fast as the plane. "My head is thrown back to look upward. My neck is stiff. But what of it? Hold on to those stars. Guide on them. Don't let them get away." And then he begins to notice a

headache. "Why does my head press against the skylight's rib? It hasn't done that before. Something isn't right in the plane. Why is the cockpit too small for me? . . . Certainly I haven't grown any larger. But of course! — the air cushion I'm sitting on — it's been expanding as I climb to lower atmospheric pressures. I didn't notice how taut and hard it was getting. I open the valve for a few seconds, to lower my position and make sure the fabric won't burst." So natural, so collected, so modest when the jubilation begins, this book is a unique revelation of man's resourcefulness in the air.

Traveling together

Robert Nathan, who is a master hand with the short novel, has conducted some charming experiments in time — *Portrait of Jennie* was one of them — wherein the dividing line between fantasy and the present is almost imperceptible as he leads you across it. With his luminous prose of quiet beauty, he is a caster of spells; and having said so much, I wish I could say more in praise of his new book, *The Train in the Meadow* (Knopf, \$2.75).

A train of exiles who surprisingly prove to be Americans is halted in a meadow within sight of the border across which they are to be banished. The occupants, who have been dark with worry as to where they were being sent and as to whether they have the proper passports, now tentatively climb down to stretch their legs and compare notes. In their encounters they confide in each other as American travelers always do, and so we come to know Mr. Jourdain, the traveling salesman from New Bedford, and the waitress who used to befriend him in Fall River; Mr. Freundlich, the music critic, and Ketty, his gentle wife; Father Conroy, a forthright priest; ex-President Henry Herbert, who has served two terms but who otherwise bears a resemblance to Hoover; Irma Anders, the opera singer; Tod, the outcast from the orphan asylum, and Beth, the twelve-year-old who takes pity on him. These and others disclose their apprehensions and their varying degrees of fortitude for what's ahead before the train crew reappears and, as on Judgment Day, begins to pass upon their records.

The conversations — particularly those of the waitress and the old ex-President — are admirably pointed, but the taffy sentiment of Mme. Anders I find cloying and the calf love of Tod and Beth incredibly mawkish. In short, this novel seems to me a frailer, vaguer variation on the theme Mr. Nathan handled so admirably in his *Road of Ages*.

Ludwig Bemelmans, who is a connoisseur of all that is tasty in good wine and rich food and of all that is laughable in the restaurants, hotels, and night spots which provide them, has been traveling in Europe and has returned with a mixed bag entitled *Father, Dear Father* (Viking, \$3.50). He

Do You Like To Travel...?
Fond of Literature and Art?
Do You Study World Affairs?
Are You A Collector...?

By Becoming A Subscriber To The
BRITISH MAGAZINE of THE MONTH

These 14 Stimulating, wide-ranging, world-famous British Magazines Are Yours

For Only

\$5.95

*A whole Year's
Subscription to the
British Magazine
of the Month!*

Few ideas have captured the imagination and buying favor as this unique idea: the outstanding issues of each of Britain's 14 most brilliant magazines in one subscription package. We repeat—these are specially selected issues—many collector's items—issues that are a joy to read and fine to give as gifts—issues that stimulate and inspire. Why not mail this coupon now—and get or give a whole year's pleasure—for only \$5.95.

Your Year's Subscription
to the British Magazine
of the Month Brings
You these World
Famous Favorites!

COUNTRY LIFE
BRITAIN TODAY
JOHN BULL
YORKSHIRE LIFE
ILLUSTRATED
NATIONAL & ENGLISH
REVIEW
BLACKWOOD'S MAGAZINE
LISTENER, 25th
ANNIVERSARY NUMBER
PUNCH, SUMMER NUMBER
GEOGRAPHICAL
MAGAZINE
COUNTRYMAN
COURIER
ILLUSTRATED

PLUS A BONUS OF

Christmas Number — Illustrated London News 1953. Coming Events. (Feb. 1954)

YOUR BONUS

Illustrated London News
1953 Special Christmas Number

Coming Events 1954 (February 1954)

ACT NOW! MAIL THIS COUPON

TO: BRITISH MAGAZINE OF THE MONTH
BRITISH PUBLICATIONS, INC., Dept. A
30 East 60th St., New York 22, N. Y.

Please send 1 year's subscription — \$5.95 — to The British Magazine of the Month, 14 issues in all, including the Special Christmas number of The Illustrated London News and Coming Events to:

☐ My Name _____

Address _____

City _____ Zone _____ State _____

☐ Please enclose a gift card as I wish to send it as a gift to:

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ Zone _____ State _____ (AMS)

took with him a French poodle named Little Bit and his daughter Barbara, age thirteen, a child of formidably proper views on democracy, cleanliness, sobriety, plumbing, the welfare of the poor, and general superiority of America. She is evidently in the book to counterbalance her father's indulgence toward the Continent, and she does.

Bemelmans has set such a deliciously extravagant standard in his fiction that we are apt to judge his reportorial writing as of secondary interest. The sections in this that are up to standard are his accounts of the odd types on Capri, of the love and baggage troubles of the fat man from Brazil, of the dead beat's half-bitter, half-comic report on the Russians in Vienna. Between these high points lie valleys of perfectly usual description. Almost anyone could have written the chapter on Pompeii, and many have. Bemelmans' very genuine devotion to Lady Mendl does not prevent him, when he writes about her, from dropping so many names that he sounds like a hailstorm. But the gravest difficulty in the way of our enjoyment is Barbara. Traveling with his daughter was, I believe, a fascinating experience for Mr. Bemelmans, but one which he has not quite effectively conveyed to the reader.

The Captain when young

Captain Horatio Hornblower, the hero of C. S. Forester's liveliest books, is probably the most popular British sea dog in contemporary print. The Captain had already reached middle age when Mr. Forester began writing about him; thus the novelist has had to turn the clock back and in the later books show us what Hornblower was like as a Midshipman, Lieutenant, and young commander.

In *Hornblower and the Atropos* (Little, Brown, \$3.50) Horatio is on his way to take command of the smallest ship in His Majesty's fleet, the sloop of war *Atropos*; he is the five hundred and seventy-seventh Captain in seniority and keen to make his way up that list. His first assignment from the Admiralty is to take charge of Nelson's funeral procession on the Thames, a delicate matter of tide and protocol involving some thirty-eight boats and all the top brass. He handles this so well that St. Vincent, Admiral of the fleet, presents him to the King. Thence he is ordered off to join Collingwood in the Mediterranean with a German princeling as a Midshipman in his charge. It is a joy to see how Hornblower brings his sloop of war to life, how he drills and awes the reluctant crew, how he earns the devotion of the wardroom, and how he confronts the unexpected without betraying his own misgivings. This is a younger, rawer, harsher Horatio than we have seen before, a lonely man who, when he has to take a gamble against the Turk or Spaniard, has the imagination to foresee down to the last detail what the cost of failure will be. Captain Hornblower is never more human than in his moods of doubt and self-reproach.

BOOKS

The Editors Like

Fiction

THE BOLD SABOTEURS by *Chandler Brossard*. (Farrar, Straus & Young, \$3.50.) Mr. Brossard runs together the real life and the morbid dream world of a juvenile rascal in such a way that they become almost indistinguishable. The novel is unpleasant but strikingly effective.

THE INNOCENT KNIGHTS by *Gil Buhet*. (Viking, \$3.50.) A group of bratty French schoolboys lock themselves in an old castle and throw the town into a tizzy in this amusingly improbable tale.

THE PASSIONATE HEART by *Beatrix Beck*. (Messner, \$3.50.) The struggle between a clever, cantankerous backslider and a witty, highhanded priest makes this novel absorbing, if sometimes grim, reading.

THE NARROWS by *Ann Petry*. (Houghton Mifflin, \$3.95.) The interracial love affair is standard stuff, but the author has surrounded it with a perpetually interesting supporting cast and a mass of convincing detail about race relations in a small New England town. Miss Petry's serious story is also roaring good fun.

About Authors

THE FLOWERS OF FRIENDSHIP edited by *Donald Gallup*. (Knopf, \$5.00.) Inevitably, there's a lot of trivia in a book of most of the letters that practically everybody wrote to Gertrude Stein, but there's even more of interest and enlightenment.

CHEKHOV by *David Magarshack*. (Grove Press, \$6.00.) Considerable new material is included in Mr. Magarshack's careful, readable life of the Russian playwright, the most comprehensive yet published.

G. B. SHAW: A CRITICAL SURVEY edited by *Louis Kronenberger*. (World, \$6.00.) Critical opinions of G.B.S. have been many and various; the editor has assembled a lively cross-section of comment which demonstrates, among other things, that Sir Max Beerbohm is still incomparable.

Americana

BY LAND AND BY SEA by *Samuel Eliot Morison*. (Knopf, \$5.00.) These essays cover some engaging facets of the American past, personal and maritime, and Mr. Morison's sound theories about the study, teaching, and writing of history as well.

THE NEW ENGLAND MIND: FROM COLONY TO PROVINCE by *Perry Miller*. (Harvard University Press, \$6.50.) Mr. Miller's levelheaded analysis of New England thinking from 1620 to the 1730s lays particular emphasis on the shifting relationship of religious and civil authority.

PURPLE PASSAGE by *Madeleine B. Stern*. (University of Oklahoma Press, \$3.75.) Mrs. Frank Leslie, bluestocking, editor, sob sister, and perpetual divorcee, was a gaudy power in nineteenth-century publishing, and her story is an entertaining chronicle of dubious virtue triumphant.

SHERIDAN THE INEVITABLE by *Richard O'Connor*. (Bobbs-Merrill, \$4.50.) A brisk, unpretentious biography of the Union's crack cavalry commander, a fine professional soldier and a surprisingly interesting man.

"WHAT RIGHT HAVE YOU ? TO TEACH ME TO WRITE" ♦

That's the unspoken question in the minds of many people who contemplate taking a writing course.

And that's the question we're glad to answer here at the Magazine Institute. We can teach you to write because *all* of us — from president on down — are active, successful writers and editors. And it is our firm belief that only *writers* can teach you to write.

The records of our students and graduates bear us out. And every day we enroll new students who find in the Magazine Institute Course something they did not know a correspondence course could offer — lively, up-to-date, interesting assignments; instruction by competent, successful writers; *individual* attention; the discipline of a regular writing schedule; and the *freedom* and *inspiration* of a flexible program.

The Magazine Institute—a private school licensed by the State of New York—is *really* different. In fact, it is the only correspondence school in writing which is completely owned, staffed, and operated by successful writers and editors — men and women who have all held staff positions on magazines or in publishing houses, or who have earned publication in the leading periodicals.

Next to writing, these men and women enjoy *teaching others to write*. Their own success, their own constant contact with editors and publishers, is your best assurance of a practical, thorough, and up-to-date training.

OUR STUDENTS SAY*

“I sold the Saturday Evening Post another piece.”

“... Esquire has accepted my story, one I sent you for criticism.”

“I sold another story, my sixth . . .”

“... reporting the sale of another story, submitted as an assignment last July. The market was recommended in your criticism.”

“... my first sale, after I had completed only four lessons.”

“... I've just sold my first fiction piece, based on a characterization I did for the course.”

“I sold an article to American Weekly.”

“I have made some progress selling to numerous magazines from Coronet down and I'm only about one-third through the course.”

*(Letters on file)

The MAGAZINE INSTITUTE

Rockefeller Center

50 Rockefeller Plaza, New York 20, N. Y.

Our Staff Includes:



ROBERT SMITH

Author: *Hotel on the Lake; The Human Image; Baseball; One Winter in Boston; Writing Fiction; Little League Catcher; Heroes of Baseball* and many short stories.

JANET WELT, formerly on staff, N. Y. *Journal* and *Detroit Times*; writer for Dell and Fawcett Publications.

BETH WALKER, author: *Hills of Home; Hollywood Ho;* radio scripts; verse, juvenile stories.

MARY HEATON VORSE, author: *The Prestons; A Footnote to Folly;* stories in *Collier's, Woman's Home Companion,* etc. And Other Successful Writers and Editors.

HOW FAMOUS WRITERS GOT STARTED

The Magazine Institute offers you a chance to learn to write the way famous writers did — by writing continually under the patient direction of a professional writer or editor.

You work at home, in spare time. Every lesson you submit is criticized and corrected by a successful writer or editor. You proceed as slowly or as rapidly as you wish. You may concentrate on fiction or non-fiction. Before long, you are turning out, under our direction, short stories, articles, sketches, whatever you seem best fitted to do.

TEST YOUR LITERARY APTITUDE FREE

The Magazine Institute offers a Free Literary Aptitude Test which enables you to *find out for yourself* if you have any writing talent. The test is COMPLETELY SELF-CORRECTING. Answers are sent on a separate sheet so that YOU CAN DECIDE where you stand without misleading comment or unwanted flattery.

SEND FOR FREE BOOKLET TODAY

Write for the FREE catalog describing the Magazine Institute plan and providing other information of value to beginning writers. Inquirers also receive the **BEST JOB IN THE WORLD**, which lists unsolicited testimonials from successful Magazine Institute students. Fill out the coupon and mail it NOW.

MAIL THIS COUPON TODAY

THE MAGAZINE INSTITUTE, INC.

Dept. 110-E
50 Rockefeller Plaza, Rockefeller Center
New York 20, N. Y.

Please send, without obligation, your current catalog to:

Name.....

Street Address.....

City.....Zone.....State.....

(Inquiries Confidential • No Salesman Will Call)



*A selection of the best
occasional writings of
America's outstanding historian*

SAMUEL ELIOT MORISON

BY LAND AND BY SEA

Here are twenty fascinating essays by an American historian who is as widely acclaimed for the brilliance of his style as for the depth of his erudition and the freshness of his interpretations. Ranging from "The Clipper Ships of Massachusetts" to "History as a Literary Art," and from "The Young George Washington" to the provocative vignette of Charles A. Beard, "History through a Beard," this collection reflects the many-sidedness of Professor Morison's interests and achievements as a scholar and writer. 368 pgs. \$5.00

*Typography and binding design
by W. A. Dwiggins*

*The first comprehensive life
of one of our most notable
and controversial statesmen*

HENRY CABOT LODGE

by JOHN A. GARRATY

A balanced and integrated study of one of America's best-known yet least-understood political leaders. Mr. Garraty being the first biographer to be allowed full access to Lodge's personal and private papers, he has been able to produce this long-needed objective analysis of Lodge's stormy career as teacher, historian, editor, legislator, and shaper of foreign policy, as well as a perceptive account of his personality and his family life. 448 pages, illus. \$6.00

At all bookstores

ALFRED A. KNOPE, *Publisher*

AAKCBAAKCBAAK

Reader's Choice

BY

CHARLES J. ROLO



TO HAVE been a habitu  at Adolf Hitler's dinner table must have been a trying experience for anyone other than his most fanatical henchmen. The hazards of dining with Nero were of course greater, but the cuisine at least was succulent; and Stalin, by all accounts, could be quite genial over his vodka and shashlik. But to Hitler — judging from *Hitler's Secret Conversations* (Farrar, Straus & Young, \$6.50), a stenographic transcript of the Fuehrer's "table talk" at his headquarters in East Prussia and the Ukraine — mealtime was chiefly an occasion to harangue a select captive audience.

Except for twenty pages of entries from 1943 and '44, the present volume covers the fourteen months (beginning July, 1941) when Hitler was confident that he stood on the threshold of an apocalyptic triumph. An excellent introductory essay by H. R. Trevor-Roper, "The Mind of Adolf Hitler," fortifies the reader for this encounter with Adolf at his awfulest. Trevor-Roper argues (rightly, I think) that Hitler's mind — though uncultivated, turbid, and diseased with hate — was a mind of great power: a powerful systematizer of ideas. One of the "terrible simplifiers," Hitler drew his ideas from Schopenhauer, Clausewitz, Houston Chamberlain, Haushofer, and others, and reduced what he borrowed to a system that had a dreadful cohesiveness. His table talk — by reason of its range and the circumstances of its delivery — constitutes, for all the clutter, the clearest revelation we have had of the hard core of Hitler's thought. As such, these 600 pages are obviously a document of first-rate historical interest.

Trevor-Roper's essay incisively defines the kernel of Hitler's ideas — about history, himself, and the terrifying new order which he *almost* converted into a reality. But there is, I suspect, an oversimplification in Trevor-Roper's interpretation of Hitler as the total materialist: a man for whom all immaterial criteria, such as beauty and moral values, "simply

did not exist." In a limited way, he appears to have a strong feeling for art and a sense of its importance — he frequently spoke of the loveliness of Italian cities and deplored the ugliness of Berlin; and his talk is not so much that of a cynical amoralist as of a maniac with a hideous morality of his own. Turgid, repetitious, infinitely repellent, and full of rubbish, Hitler's monologues nonetheless have a compelling quality which kept me turning the pages with a disgusted fascination.

While dominated by the all-too-familiar Hitlerian themes, these "conversations" cut a wide swathe. The virtues of capital punishment; the need to train young diplomats to seduce influential women; the Crimea as the future German Riviera; the advantages of cold buffets for Nazi Party receptions; vegetarianism; feminine jealousy; the evils of smoking — there are few topics on which the Fuehrer did not hold forth, copiously, crudely, and with passionate conviction. Perhaps the most piquant touches are the indications of how deeply he admired and envied the pride and self-confidence of the British; and the confession that this self-styled crusader against Bolshevism found Communists "a thousand times more sympathetic" than aristocrats.

The great divide

Rebels and Ancestors (Houghton Mifflin, \$4.50) by Maxwell Geismar is the third volume to appear in a projected five-volume series devoted to "The Novel in America." Centered on the period 1890–1915, it deals with the early realists (two of whom lived until 1945) — Frank Norris, Stephen Crane, Jack London, Ellen Glasgow, and Theodore Dreiser — whose work marks "the beginning of the modern spirit in the national letters."

Mr. Geismar is an open-minded critic, whose approach to literature is unclouded by patriotic piety, and whose sympathies are broad enough to make him fully receptive to the merits of two writers as radically different as Ellen Glasgow and Theodore Dreiser. He is alert to the play of social forces; he is well versed in the concepts of modern psychiatry; and he knows that a critic's paramount duty is close scrutiny of the written word.

One reservation must be entered. Mr. Geismar's use of psychiatry sometimes yields illuminating insights; but occasionally — especially in the chap-

IMPROVE YOUR READING SPEED AND SKILL AT HOME THIS NEW WAY

**PUBLISHED BY THE ATLANTIC FOR COLLEGE USE, THIS NEW METHOD IS
ALSO AVAILABLE TO ATLANTIC READERS FOR HOME USE AT LOW COST**

Now, even though you are a better-than-average reader, you can greatly increase your reading speed and effectiveness by sharpening your basic reading skills. A new ATLANTIC service makes it possible for you to do this *at home*, cheaply, easily, in your own leisure time.

The amount of time you spend reading requires that you get — and keep — from it the greatest possible amount of information in the shortest possible time. But educators today are discovering that even our most highly educated citizens often have shortcomings in their ability to read — despite the fact that they may be constant readers. Some people may simply read too slowly; or they may have vocabularies too limited for their positions in life. Many read fast enough but have never learned the techniques of quickly and surely analyzing the author's arguments, recognizing "loaded" words, distinguishing between fact and opinion. Others find it difficult to remember with accuracy the ideas they have come across on the printed page. Still others don't really know how to skim an article, chapter, letter, or folder to spot quickly the highlights and determine whether or not the whole is worth their reading time.

Ways of improving these important skills are fast being devised. Their development was given a great impetus during the war when the armed forces found that many college-educated officer candidates had reading difficulties. The techniques discovered then and since constitute a highly specialized educational field.

• • •

Each month during the school year the classroom edition of The ATLANTIC contains a special section called "The Atlantic Guide to Better Reading Skills." Prepared by professional reading clinicians, it consists of reading exercises based on articles in the current ATLANTIC. These exercises, which make full use of most of the new techniques, are self-administering — no teacher is required. They give you practice in the basic reading skills, and in a host of sub-skills, all of which when mastered will make you more than ever the master of any printed page. You can now obtain reprints of this special section to be delivered to you *detached from your ATLANTIC* for easy home use.

THE ATLANTIC READING METHOD WILL SHOW YOU HOW TO

1. **Read faster**
2. **Retain more of what you read**
3. **Increase your vocabulary without interruptions for dictionary reference**
4. **Spot "loaded" words**
5. **Distinguish quickly between fact and opinion**
6. **Analyze arguments**
7. **Skim an article and get the salient points**
8. **Improve your reading skill in dozens of other small ways so that you can get the most out of all your reading in a minimum of time**

READ WHAT THESE EXPERIENCED CLASSROOM TEACHERS THINK ABOUT THE READING GUIDE

"I consider that the instructions given with each exercise in The Atlantic Guide to Better Reading Skills are exceptionally clear and direct. They are excellent examples of the kind of thinking and expression for which the exercise is striving. A splendid basic pattern has been established."

— Mabel Culmer, Director Reading and Study Clinic,
Indiana University, Bloomington, Indiana

"I am enthusiastic about The Atlantic and The Atlantic Guide to Better Reading Skills. The Guide is surely one of the most practical tools ever provided for teachers of reading who work with college and adult groups."

Ruth Newman, Wright Junior College, Chicago, Illinois

"I have found The Atlantic and The Atlantic Guide to Better Reading Skills extremely helpful in improving reading habits."

— Raymond W. Aiken, Bates College, Lewiston, Maine

"We have a highly selective group of students and it is a real problem to find challenging material to use with them in our developmental reading classes. The Atlantic is solving a tremendous problem for me."

— Leah Chubbuck, Woodmere Academy, Woodmere, New York

"The Test Questions and the Vocabulary are invariably excellent. 'Recognizing Loaded Words' and 'Evaluating a Report' are well planned to develop reading objectivity."

— Katherine English, The Winsor School, Boston, Massachusetts

• • •

The ATLANTIC'S Reading Guide is prepared monthly during the school year — September through June. You can order reprints of it for only 25¢ per copy for four or more months for mail delivery to your home. Just mail the attached order coupon to us enclosing a check or stamps at the rate of 25¢ per copy ordered. For just a few cents you can see for yourself how much help you can get from this new ATLANTIC service. Reprints will be mailed to arrive at about the same time as the issue of The ATLANTIC on which the exercises are based. Since the supply of reprints will be limited we suggest that you mail the order form TODAY to guarantee yourself a place on the mailing list.

THE ATLANTIC, 8 Arlington St., Boston 16, Mass.

Please send me Reading Guide reprints from
The ATLANTIC for:

Sept.	Oct.	Nov.	Dec.	Jan.	Feb.	Mar.	Apr.	May	June
☐	☐	☐	☐	☐	☐	☐	☐	☐	☐

(Minimum order — 4 consecutive issues.)

I enclose 25¢ per issue, \$ _____

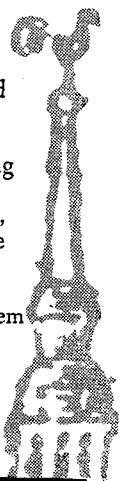
Name _____

10-3

From Colony to Province

By PERRY MILLER

In this great book, the moral torment of early New England takes form and lives again. A brilliant account of a society of wise and spiteful souls living under the Covenant of Grace and plagued by the Old Adam, faced daily with such explosive issues as the defense of Massachusetts' charter, trials for witchcraft, the vexed problem of religious liberties, bawdy-houses in the shadow of the church. This is a major work in the history of ideas. 612 pages. \$6.50



The Harvard Book

Edited by
WILLIAM BENTINCK-SMITH

A rich treasury of what Harvard men and observers of Harvard have said about Harvard in the more than three centuries of its history. The ancestors, the ghosts, the great and the forgotten have written here—Oliver Wendell Holmes and John Reed, Cotton Mather and John Dos Passos, the brilliant, the athletic, the articulate, the lonely—the durable tradition of individuality and enlightenment. \$5.00

Lyman Abbott

CHRISTIAN EVOLUTIONIST

By IRA V. BROWN

Preacher, editor of *The Outlook*, friend and advisor to Theodore Roosevelt, Lyman Abbott influenced the thinking of Americans for more than half a century. Here is a definitive life of this outstanding figure. \$5.00

At your bookstore



HARVARD UNIVERSITY PRESS

ter on Stephen Crane—he rides Freudian doctrine to a point at which the results are more interesting as diagnosis than as literary evaluation.

The three main currents acting on the early realists were social Darwinism and its offshoots; the theories of the Socialist reformers, whose programs were violently at odds with the buccaneering individualism encouraged by the doctrine of Natural Selection; and the opening phase of the revolution in sexual morality. In this climate, powerful contradictory influences were at work on the writers. The special merit, perhaps, of Mr. Geismar's study is the penetration and clarity with which he charts the resulting conflicts, submerged and overt. Socialism and the evolutionary philosophy were disastrously at war in Jack London; and Ellen Glasgow, Mr. Geismar shows, remained imbued with the stereotypes of the tradition she was exposing. In effect, these critical studies present to us, as it were through a magnifying glass, the tensions of the United States in a period of lively ferment and intellectual liberation.

A rolling stone

Saul Bellow, who is now publishing his third novel, *The Adventures of Augie March* (Viking, \$4.50), has taken a fruitful hint from Cervantes's great parody of a classic Spanish type. His hero-narrator — in whom there is a “laughing creature” forever rising up — unfolds to us a slightly kidding but essentially serious version of an archetypal American saga: the saga of the American as a rolling stone, an irrepressible explorer who doesn't quite know who he is and is always trying “to become what I am”; who keeps seeking the fullest experience of life. The self-educated Augie tells his story in a freshly personal style which intermixes slang and literary English, and which has a quality rare in contemporary American fiction — a great variety of tone: grimness and exuberance, touches of clowning and touches of the fantastic; a current of comedy and intimations of the tragic.

Augie March comes of a poor Jewish family in Chicago. His father has vanished, and the ruling influence of his childhood is Grandma Lausch, who has known plusher days in Odessa. This picturesque old matriarch is one of a dozen or more sharply individual characterizations in Mr. Bellow's spacious novel, whose set-

☆Н☆Н☆Н☆Н☆Н☆Н☆Н☆Н☆Н☆Н☆Н☆Н☆Н

The story of
Robert Louis
Stevenson's Life
in the South Pacific



TUSITALA OF THE SOUTH SEAS

BY JOSEPH W. ELLISON

THE dramatic story of the years in the enchanted isles—climax of a strange South Sea odyssey which brought RLS to his true treasure island, Samoa. Known and loved as Tusitala, the teller of tales, he dressed his staff in Stuart tartans, entertained in feudal style and defended the weird native dances proscribed by the missionaries. This is Stevenson's South Sea idyl—the recreation of a literary personality living a romance as exciting as anything he wrote. \$5.00 at all bookstores



HASTINGS HOUSE

Publishers

New York 22

☆H☆H☆H☆H☆H☆H☆H☆H☆H☆H☆H☆H☆H

*As heady as
French wine!*

ROBERT GIBBINGS'

Coming Down the Seine

By the author of
LOVELY IS THE LEE



THE STORY of a river as changeable as a woman, written by a man who became her most ardent lover. Robert Gibbings took a small boat from the source of the Seine where tiny villages nestle and great wines are grown . . . through the magnificence that is Paris . . . to the bustling wharves of Le Havre . . . and has written a book redolent of all things French, sparkling with Irish zest and humor. Richly illustrated with engravings by the author.

\$4.50 at bookstores

E. P. DUTTON
New York 10



tings range from the slums to the abodes and playgrounds of the rich.

By the time he is a high-school junior and the Depression has set in, Augie has sampled half a dozen jobs; has once been fired for stealing; and has dabbled in more serious crime. A lucky break turns him into a salesman of expensive sporting goods on the millionaire circuit in Evanston. His wealthy employers take him into their home; polish him up generally; and acquaint him with the life of luxury. But when they want to adopt him and arrange his future, Augie moves on. And when his hardheaded, successful brother has found a rich wife for him and staked him to a job, Augie moves on again.

He moves from job to job, from girl to girl. He has a consuming and bizarre love affair with a glamorous millionairess who takes him to Mexico to help her train eagles, and who eventually leaves him down and out. When we see the last of him — though he is now married to a lovely and erratic siren — he is still the adventurer, chasing after big deals in Europe on behalf of an Armenian tycoon.

With its variousness, its vitality, its strong sense that life is worth living, Mr. Bellow's novel is a notable achievement, and it should be one of the year's outstanding successes. I cannot suppress a slight regret that a novelist with as large a talent as Mr. Bellow has not tried to take us more deeply inside his hero. His story, at times, comes perilously close to being a catalogue of actions. It certainly tells us all about Augie March; but I do not even begin to know and understand him in the way the reader knows and understands, say, Stendhal's Julien Sorel.

Eloise and Esther

Louis Auchincloss, who has divided his career between the law and writing, has staked out a place for himself in a sector of American writing that has had few gifted tenants since the passing of Henry James and Edith Wharton. A careful craftsman, with a fluent, precise, and gentlemanly style, Mr. Auchincloss has dealt with the conservative upper layers of American society; and he has done so with assurance, a touch of irony, and a comprehension that is both critical and compassionate.

Auchincloss's latest novel, *A Law for the Lion* (Houghton Mifflin, \$3.00), has a higher charge of drama

UNTIL VICTORY: HORACE MANN AND MARY PEABODY BY LOUISE HALL THARP

The author of the best-selling *The Peabody Sisters of Salem* now turns to the eventful career of Horace Mann. Her biography illuminates every facet of the man who crusaded for penal reform, changed the character of American education and was, at the same time, "irresistible to women" — including two of the famous Peabody sisters. \$5.00

BLIND JOURNEY BY BRUCE LANCASTER

The liaison between the Americans and the French in the days of our Revolution, the hazards, loyalties and treacheries that dogged a shipment of French gold to its destination across the Atlantic — this is the material from which the skilled author of *Venture in the East* and *The Secret Road* has created a spell-binding historical romance. \$3.95

AN ATLANTIC MONTHLY PRESS BOOK

WEST OF THE RIVER BY CHARLTON LAIRD

In his new novel the author of *Thunder on the River* continues his saga of the development of the upper Mississippi. A rousing tale of frontier times, trappers and Indians, and of a young French Canadian who came West to fight for a fortune in fur. \$3.50

AN ATLANTIC MONTHLY PRESS BOOK

QUACKERY IN THE PUBLIC SCHOOLS BY ALBERT LYND

Who decides what children should learn? Has public education become the private secret of a self-chosen elite? What are the effects of the so-called New Education? As an *Atlantic Monthly* reader you'll remember Mr. Lynd's hard-hitting answers to some of these questions. Now you can read his timely, fully-substantiated exposé of the whole state of public education. \$3.50

AN ATLANTIC MONTHLY PRESS BOOK

At all bookstores

LITTLE, BROWN & COMPANY • BOSTON

That you may know and understand...

"The infinite variety and rich possibilities of the Scriptures have seldom been as fully revealed as they are in **THE INTERPRETER'S BIBLE**." — *N. Y. Times*

THE INTERPRETERS BIBLE

CHRISTENDOM'S MOST COMPREHENSIVE COMMENTARY

12 volumes — the only commentary using the complete texts of both the Revised Standard and King James versions.

NOW READY! Volume 2

Leviticus; Numbers; Deuteronomy; Joshua; Judges; Ruth; Samuel

The complete text and commentary on these eight important books, combining reverent scholarship and penetrating interpretation; *Leviticus*, the Book of Ritual; *Numbers*, which dramatizes the important concept of a God who acts (again and again) throughout history for the ultimate good of his people; *Deuteronomy*, containing the creed of Israel; *Joshua*, which shows a God made manifest in history, and the painful processes through which Israel became a nation; *Judges*, the essential historical and theological link between the invasion of the Promised Land and the rise of the kingdom; *Ruth*, a sublime picture of true friendship; *I and II Samuel*, where modern textual criticism enriches the stories of Samuel, Saul, and David.

1,192 Pages • 6 7/8 x 10 inches • \$8.75

PREVIOUSLY PUBLISHED

VOLUME 1 — General and Old Testament Articles; Genesis; Exodus

VOLUME 7 — New Testament Articles; Matthew; Mark

VOLUME 8 — Luke; John

VOLUME 10 — Corinthians; Galatians; Ephesians

Each, \$8.75

A new, detailed, fully illustrated Prospectus gives you complete information about **THE INTERPRETER'S BIBLE** — its content, scope and purpose; contributors; publication schedule; and sample pages — and tells you how to get Volume 12 FREE.

SEND FOR YOUR FREE COPY OF THE PROSPECTUS TODAY

ABINGDON-COKESBURY, Room 418 A-2
810 Broadway, Nashville 2, Tennessee

Please send me the free Prospectus telling the complete story of **THE INTERPRETER'S BIBLE**.

Name

Address

City Zone State

My Bookstore is

than its predecessors. The story — a study of conformity and revolt in terms of three women of three different generations — reaches its climax in a brutal divorce case in Manhattan.

The heroine, Eloise, now in her thirties, has been married for twelve years to a man considerably her senior: a successful, terrifyingly industrious lawyer, whose entire ethos is bound up with the goal of success. Eloise suddenly finds herself emerging from the grayness and subdued anxiety of her life through the friendship of a Bohemian young novelist who, after a moment of pique, falls in with her refusal to be seduced. Her husband has no objection to their outings until he is warned that his wife may be having an affair. His jealousy precipitates a crisis which enables him to sue for divorce in the most vindictive manner possible. But Eloise — after she has had to stand up to scandal and break through her conventionality — emerges a stronger and more vital person.

The two other women tangentially involved in Eloise's drama are her mother, just returned from Europe, who has gaily flouted convention all her life and wears her wickedness triumphantly in her old age; and Eloise's stepdaughter, Hilda, a prudish young bluestocking, whose conventionality wars against her emotions when she finds herself in love with a dissolute young lawyer.

A Law for the Lion is an interesting but uneven novel. Eloise's mother, her husband, and his law partners are handled superlatively well, and the author's knowledge of the law yields handsome dividends. Eloise is credible and touching, and the Bohemian novelist is adequate — I know one or two just like him. But Mr. Auchincloss's grip slackens when he turns to Hilda and her romance; and his denouement, which straightens out everything so neatly, seemed to me decidedly contrived.

Nicholas Monsarrat, author of *The Cruel Sea*, has now written a novel with a predominantly American locale. *The Story of Esther Costello* (Knopf, \$3.50) describes a horrifying fraud in philanthropy: it is a garish picture of the ludicrous and obscene ways in which the public's emotionalism can be exploited in an age susceptible to the grossest press-agency and the most blatantly commercialized ballyhoo.

TWO WOMEN and a WAR

by Grete Paquin and
Renate Hagen

Unusual, a little disturbing, the two diaries forming this book describe, not battles, but the effects of war on two German women. To one woman, it meant holding fast to her garden, her children, her friends—relief from constant propaganda. To the other it meant a desperate search for meaning and strength. A vivid, heart-gripping book.

at your bookseller
\$3.00



MUHLENBERG PRESS
PHILADELPHIA

"Here is
top-level
intelligence
at work
on our
human
problems."

—H. A.
OVERSTREET

ROLLO MAY'S
Man's Search
for Himself

\$3.75
NORTON

OUT-OF-PRINT and HARD-TO-FIND BOOKS

supplied. All subjects, all languages. Also Genealogies and Family and Town Histories. Incomplete sets completed. All magazine back numbers supplied. Send us your list of wants. No obligation. We report quickly at lowest prices. (We also supply all current books at retail store prices—postpaid, as well as all books reviewed, advertised or listed in this issue of *The Atlantic Monthly*.)

AMERICAN LIBRARY SERVICE
117 West 48th Street, Dept. A, New York 36, N. Y.
N. B. We also BUY books and magazines. Please list.

BOOKS FROM ENGLAND

It is much cheaper to buy English books direct from England (\$2.80 = £1). Books in our 250,000 volume stock mailed same day as order received. Payment by dollar cheque or International Money Order. Send for our free monthly New Book List and quarterly Second-hand Catalogs. Let us add your name to our long list of satisfied American customers. Established 1847.

WILLIAM GEORGE'S SONS LTD.

89, Park Street

Bristol 1, England

SCHOOL INFORMATION

If you are looking for a school or college for your boy or girl, send any details to be taken into consideration, and we will gladly supply information and suggestions. Address our EDUCATIONAL COUNSELOR, The Atlantic, 8 Arlington Street, Boston 16, Mass.



SELLS ARTICLE BEFORE COMPLETING COURSE

"Before completing the N.I.A. Course, I sold a feature for \$50. That resulted in an immediate assignment to do another. After successive feature stories, I am now working into the fiction field. Previous to enrolling, I had never written a line for publication."—Gene E. Levant, 116 West Ave., Los Angeles 28, Cal.

What Makes WRITING ability GROW?

For a number of years, the Newspaper Institute of America has been giving FREE Writing Aptitude Tests to men and women with literary ambitions.

Sometimes it seems half of the people in America who are fired with the desire to write have taken advantage of this offer to measure their ability.

What the tests show

Up to date, no one who could be called a "born writer" has filled out our Writing Aptitude Test. We have not yet discovered a single individual miraculously endowed by nature with all the qualities that go to make up a successful author.

One aspirant has interesting ideas—and a dull, uninteresting style. Another has great creative imagination, but is woefully weak on structure and technique. A third has a natural writing knack—yet lacks judgment and knowledge of human behavior, in each case, success can come only after the missing links have been forged in.

Here, then, is the principal reason why so many promising writers fail to go ahead. Their talent is one-sided—incomplete. It needs rounding out.

Learn to write by writing

NEWSPAPER Institute training is based on journalism—continuous writing—the sort of training that turns out more successful writers than any other experience. Many of the authors of today's "best sellers" are newspaper-trained men and women.

One advantage of our New York Copy Desk Method is that it starts you writing and keeps you writing in your own home, on your own time. Week by week, you receive actual assignments just as if you were right at work on a great metropolitan daily.

All your writing is individually corrected and criticized by veteran writers with years of experience "breaking in" new authors. They will point out those faults of style, structure or viewpoint that keep you from progressing. At the same time, they will give you constructive suggestions for building up and developing your natural aptitudes.

In fact, so stimulating is this association that student members often begin to sell their work before they finish the course. We do not mean to insinuate that they skyrocket into the "big money," or become prominent overnight. Most beginnings are made with earnings of \$25, \$50, \$100 or more, for material that takes little time to write—stories, articles on business, travel, hobbies, sports, homemaking, local, club and church activities, etc.—things that can easily be turned out in leisure hours, and often on the impulse of the moment.

For those who want to know—Free Writing Aptitude Test

If you really want to know the truth about your writing ambitions, send for our interesting Writing Aptitude Test. This searching test of your native abilities is FREE—entirely without obligation. Fill in and send the coupon. Newspaper Institute of America, One Park Ave., New York 16, N. Y. (Founded 1925.)

(Licensed by State of New York)

Free Newspaper Institute of America
One Park Ave., New York 16, N.Y.

Send me, without cost or obligation, your Writing Aptitude Test and further information about writing for profit as promised in Atlantic Monthly, October.

Miss _____
Mrs. _____
Mr. _____

Address _____

City _____ Zone _____ State _____

(All correspondence confidential. No salesman will call on you.)

☐ Check here if Veteran. 28-S-433

Copyright 1953. Newspaper Institute of America

An explosion in a small Irish village left Esther Costello, aged ten, deaf, dumb, and blind. Mrs. Bannister, a wealthy American revisiting her birthplace, hears about the child, and brings her back to the United States to see if specialists can cure her. The specialists fail. But Mrs. Bannister discovers, at the Deaf-and-Dumb Institute, that there are means of "getting through" to Esther: the child remembers how to spell. After a harrowing year's work, Mrs. Bannister and Esther can communicate in sign language. The girl is now sixteen, and a reporter, deeply moved by her extraordinary beauty, writes a tear-jerking piece about her in a Boston newspaper. Mrs. Bannister is asked to make public appearances with Esther and soon finds herself the recipient of \$100,000 in donations—"for the blind."

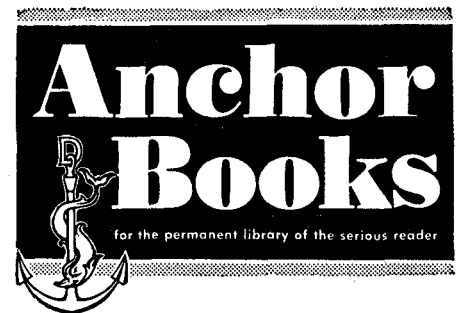
In Mrs. Bannister, as in most people, good and bad are intermixed. The good predominated in her original gesture, but now she is vastly enjoying her notoriety and she feels entitled to recover the large sums she has spent on her protégée. Her weakness leads her to be maneuvered into a monstrous racket, and there follow a series of grotesque and surprising developments which build up to a shocking climax.

Mr. Monsarrat writes with a crisp sense of drama and a phenomenal verve. His new novel—though certainly on the trashy side and full of flagrant improbabilities—is the most compelling piece of slick storytelling that has come my way in a long time. I couldn't help but read it at a sitting—and I am sure that many other readers are going to do the same.

Conjugal love

During the past twenty years, the reputation of Marcel Jouhandeau has grown to major proportions in France. Leading French writers and critics have credited him with the subtlety of Proust and the insight of Stendhal, and there are many who consider him the finest French stylist alive today. These tributes were earned, chiefly, by a series of books chronicling the married life of a couple who—avowedly and down to the minutest particulars—correspond to the author and his wife. Not even Gide has carried to such lengths that "*heureuse audace dans l'indiscrétion personnelle*" which Montaigne prescribed and which gives to Jouhandeau's art its resounding singularity.

*The most outstanding
book bargains
available today!*



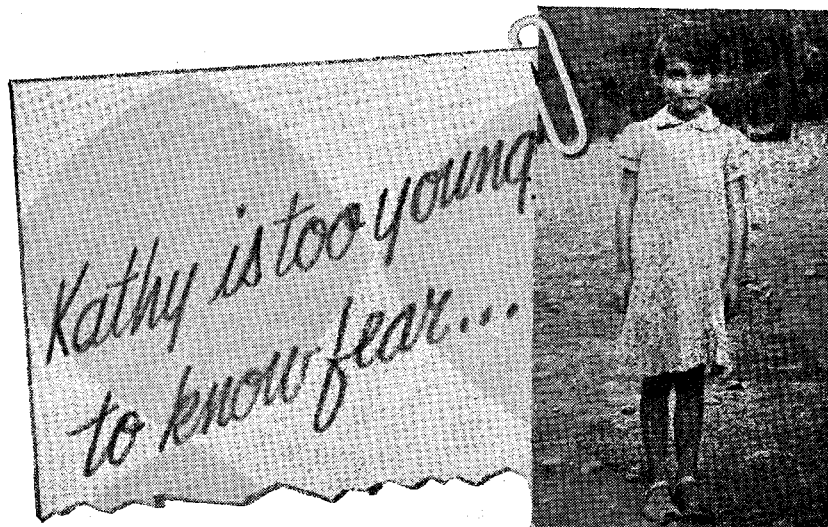
NEW ANCHOR BOOKS THIS FALL

THE WANDERER by Henri Alain-Fournier	75c
THE LIBERAL IMAGINATION by Lionel Trilling	75c
LOVING by Henry Green	75c
MAN ON HIS NATURE by Sir Charles Sherrington	85c
THREE PHILOSOPHICAL POETS by George Santayana	65c
THE LONELY CROWD by David Riesman (abridged)	95c
THREE GREEK ROMANCES Translated by Moses Hadas	65c
THE AENEID OF VIRGIL Verse translation by C. Day Lewis	85c
THE SEVENTEENTH CENTURY BACKGROUND by Basil Willey	85c
HISTORY OF ENGLAND by G. M. Trevelyan Three volumes	each 85c

AVAILABLE NOW

THE IDEA OF A THEATER by Francis Fergusson	75c
STUDIES IN CLASSIC AMERICAN LITERATURE by D. H. Lawrence	65c
THE SECRET AGENT by Joseph Conrad	75c
LAFCADIO'S ADVENTURES by André Gide	75c
SOCRATES by A. E. Taylor	65c
SHAKESPEARE by Mark Van Doren	85c
AN ESSAY ON MAN by Ernst Cassirer	75c
TO THE FINLAND STATION by Edmund Wilson	\$1.25
MODERN SCIENCE AND MODERN MAN by James B. Conant	65c
AMERICAN HUMOR by Constance Rourke	75c
THE CHARTERHOUSE OF PARMA by Stendhal	95c
THE ROMANCE OF TRISTAN AND ISEULT by Joseph Bédier	65c

At all booksellers
DOUBLEDAY



In the little town of Kalavryta, Greece, where Kathy lives, most of the women wear black. Grief and the memory of horror are still alive from the massacre of the town's 1200 men and young boys by the Nazis. The world recoiled at this atrocity, but has forgotten; the hundreds of widows and returned soldiers must live in poverty and desolation.

It is in this atmosphere that Kathy grows up, an innocent victim of man's inhumanity to man. At 8, she desperately needs clothes and already suffers from malnutrition which makes her especially vulnerable to tuberculosis. With two younger brothers, she and her parents live in a single bare room. Her war veteran father is a bus driver and earns \$7 a week, not enough for even the barest essentials.

Kathy is too young to fear the bleak future that already casts a shadow over her and her family. An attractive lively girl with brown eyes and hair, she loves school, tops her 2nd grade class.

It is a question of stark survival. Kathy's future will be made brighter and healthier by your generosity in helping to assist her now. For us it is so little, for her and her family it is everything — it is life itself.

HOW YOU CAN HELP

You can help Kathy or another needy child through the Federation's CHILD SPONSORSHIP plan. For just \$96 a year (\$8 a month), SCF will send "your" child warm clothing, sturdy shoes, and supplementary food — delivered in your name in Austria, Finland, France, Western Germany, Greece, Italy, Lebanon, or Yugoslavia. Or you can sponsor a child in Korea for \$10 a month.

A contribution in any amount will help.

SCF NATIONAL SPONSORS (a partial list)

Faith Baldwin, Mrs. Mark W. Clark, Herbert Hoover,
Norman Rockwell, Dr. Ralph W. Sockman, Dr. Robert Gordon Sproul,
Gladys Swarthout, Mrs. Wendell L. Willkie



SAVE THE CHILDREN FEDERATION

ESTABLISHED 1932

Carnegie Endowment International Center

United Nations Plaza, New York 17, New York

- I would like to sponsor a child in.....(country) for one year. I will pay \$96.00 for one year (or \$8.00 a month), or \$10.00 a month for a Korean child ☐. Enclosed is payment for the full year ☐ first month. ☐. Please send me the child's name, story and address, and picture, if available.
- I cannot sponsor a child, but I want to help by giving \$.....

Name.....

Address.....

City.....Zone.....State.....

Contributions to Save the Children Federation are deductible from income tax.

You may help a needy child in Austria, Finland, France,
Western Germany, Greece, Italy, Lebanon, or Yugoslavia.

AM-7

Until the present moment, no part of Jouhandeau's large work had appeared in English. Now Kurt Wolff, editor of the Pantheon Press, has assembled with great skill and discernment a selection of passages which read like a continuing narrative; and they have been admirably translated by Martin Turnell. The resulting volume, *Marcel and Élise* (Pantheon, \$3.50), is certainly a unique document in the vast literature dealing with the splendors and miseries of conjugal life.

Marcel, a well-known writer, marries because he is in love and because he wishes to escape from his "vice," his homosexual tendencies. Élise, a former dancer who has had many liaisons, marries because she is in love and because she wishes to escape from a life of irregularity. Two decades later — though they have inflicted on each other "the blackest torture" — they are still united with a passionate, "devouring" intensity.

As a couple, they are a study in contrasts — He, "the slightly solemn pundit"; She, "extravagantly picturesque." Marcel, at once mystically religious and slightly satanic, has "the austerity of an unfrocked monk." His vocation is to be a Solitary, and to him marriage is "a form of exorcism and a Purgatory." Élise is a child of Nature, endowed with elemental energy and a genius for annexing people and things. "Carpentry, tapestry, dressmaking, painting, cooking — Élise can do the lot"; and nothing exists for her except the desire of the moment. If she is moving furniture, dinner can wait until midnight. If she feels like reading St. John of the Cross or doing the household accounts, she is apt to settle on the staircase in a scrap of underwear, her habitual daytime costume.

Jouhandeau explores this incongruous relationship with a concern for truth so passionate that it has about it the sadism of a caricature. Thoughts and feelings which most people prefer not to articulate even to themselves are articulated with a startling and truculent precision. The devastating analyst is also an inspired gossip, who can be enormously amusing; also a cynical epigrammatist and a writer of extraordinary subtlety and grace. Above all, he is something of a saint *manqué* who — in this shocking, strangely humorous, and fiendishly honest chronicle of marriage — is pursuing a kind of holiness: the holiness of absolute truth.

Potpourri

PORTRAIT OF ANDRÉ GIDE by Justin O'Brien. Knopf, \$6.00.

The editor-translator of Gide's *Journals*, who had close contacts with him during the last six years of his life, has now turned in a well-rounded critical biography. Justin O'Brien has organized his book in terms of a series of myths which are prominent in Gide's work, and which express the conflicting potentialities within Gide. This method enables the author to present with exceptional clarity the contradictory drives in his subject's enormously complex and elusive personality. There have been more imaginative, more intellectually exciting analyses of Gide, but for the reader who wants an all-round introductory study this is the best book written to date. It is sympathetic but clear-eyed; extremely thorough in its scrutiny of Gide's works; and discerning in its interpretations.

I WAS A CAPTIVE IN KOREA by Philip Deane. Norton, \$3.50.

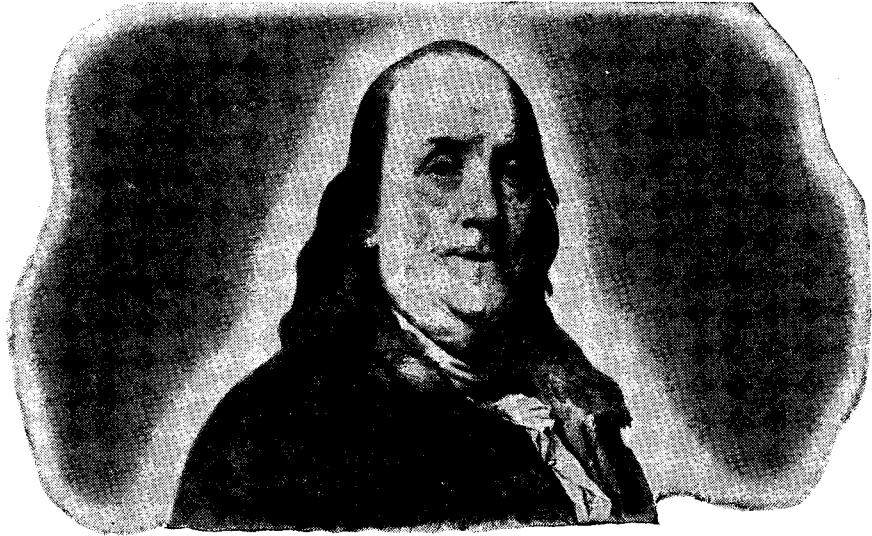
Mr. Deane, a British correspondent, has described his thirty-three months as a prisoner with a strict factuality — an absence of hatred, moralizing, or excursions into politics — which makes his book enormously telling.

Though Deane and his fellow civilians were treated less abominably than the GIs, they endured appalling suffering and degradation, and horrifying brutality. Deane took part in "death marches" in which all who fell out were murdered. He saw prisoners, half-naked and dying of starvation, forced to do setting-up exercises in the icy cold of the Korean winter. He saw decent men reduced to stealing the clothes of the dying before they had died. For five months he shared a camp with some 800 American soldiers, and 60 per cent of them died. A single incident sums up the frightful impact of captivity on the author. A year ago, a North Korean woman of about forty addressed him as "grandfather" — and Deane was still under thirty.

THE BRONTË STORY by Margaret Lane. Duell, Sloan & Pearce-Little, Brown, \$5.00.

The author has set out to give "the general reader" a version of the Brontë story that draws what is best from Mrs. Gaskell's famous *Life* and amplifies it with the findings of scholarship since Mrs. Gaskell's day. The narrative has three strands: Mrs. Gaskell's text; the story of how that text came to be written; and Margaret Lane's supplementary passages. This three-way play is very deftly executed, and it gives fresh interest to the oft-told but always fascinating story of the Brontës. "General readers" should find this one of the year's most enjoyable literary biographies.

WHAT SECRET POWER DID THIS MAN POSSESS?



BENJAMIN FRANKLIN
(A Rosicrucian)

WHY was this man great? How does anyone—man or woman—achieve greatness? Is it not by mastery of the powers within ourselves?

Know the mysterious world within you! Attune yourself to the wisdom of the ages! Grasp the inner power of your mind! Learn the secrets of a full and peaceful life! Benjamin Franklin—like many other learned and great men and women—was a Rosicrucian. The

Rosicrucians (NOT a religious organization) first came to America in 1694. Today, headquarters of the Rosicrucians send over seven million pieces of mail annually to all parts of the world.



THIS BOOK FREE!

Write for YOUR FREE COPY of "The Mastery of Life."—TODAY. No obligation. No salesmen. A non-profit organization. Address: Scribe A. K. A.

The ROSICRUCIANS

SAN JOSE • (AMORC) • CALIFORNIA

—SEND THIS COUPON—

Scribe A. K. A.

The ROSICRUCIANS (AMORC)
San Jose, California

Please send me the free book, *The Mastery of Life*, which explains how I may learn to use my faculties and powers of mind.

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

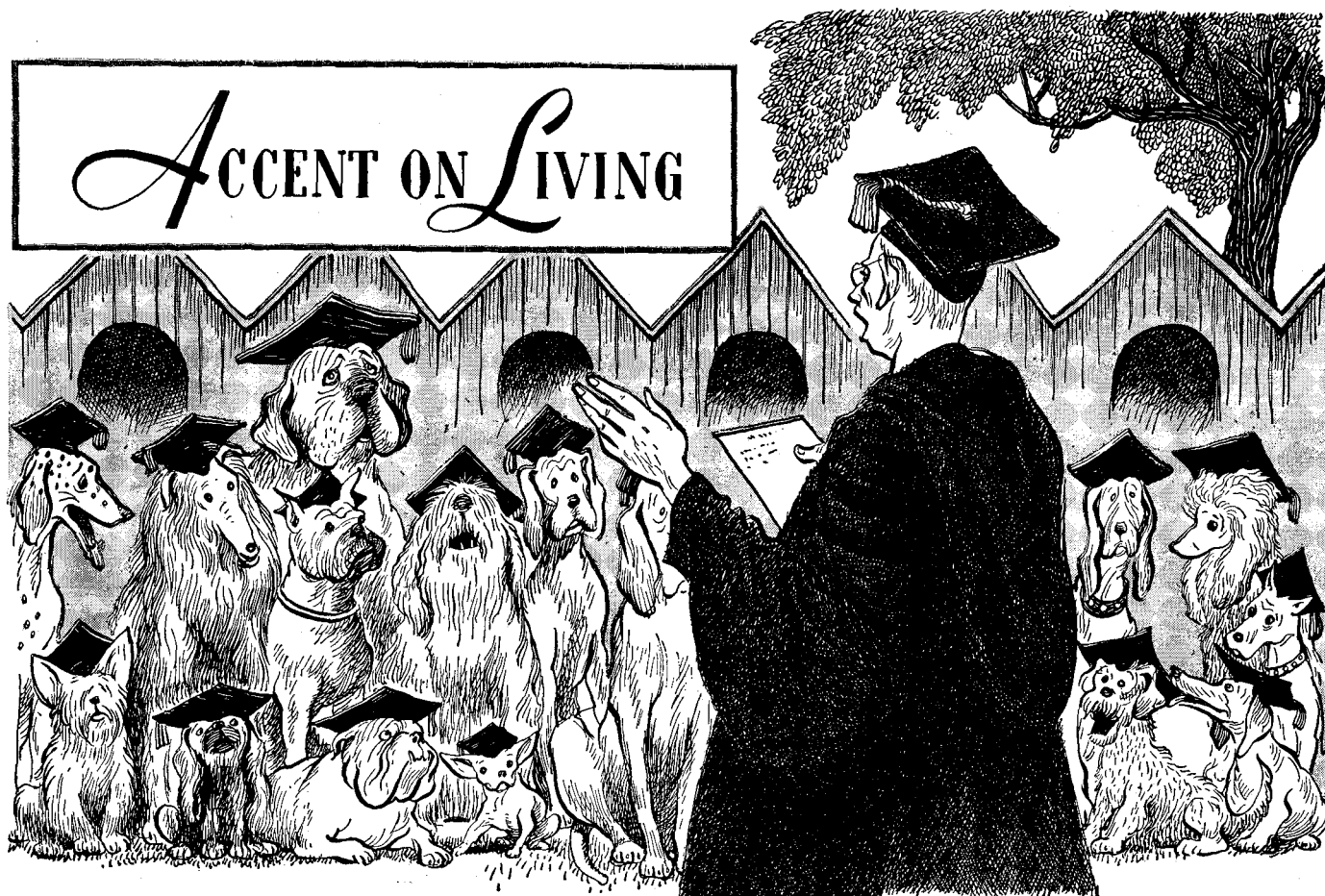
CITY _____

ZONE _____

STATE _____

Send Today For Free Book Catalog

ACCENT ON LIVING



ARE the dog schools doing their part? It isn't often that one can think up a new function for schools of education. They seem to have taken care already of most human activities, and for educators who would like to study how to teach arc and gas welding, or automobile driving, or baton twirling, or advanced upholstery,* the curricula are bulging with courses. For each subject there is also an additional course in how to learn the visual aids in teaching that subject. It all adds up to quite a lot of subjects; in fact, when it comes to teaching how to teach anything at all, the schools of education are well established in the you-name-it-we've-got-it category. I point this out in all deference, for I realize that these courses, and their visual aids, must be far more important than they seem.

All the more remarkable, then, is the failure of the school of education to take cognizance of a new and rapidly expanding area of teaching: the dog schools. There are roughly three columns of kennels and dog schools listed in the Boston classified telephone book, and in many respects they are not unlike other schools — that is, they offer a formal curriculum, their plant and playground facilities

* University of Maryland

are considerable, they maintain a school-bus service, and they are prepared to cope with the problem dog as well as with the dog of average aptitude.

Like other schools, the dog school provides supervision for various pupil-initiated activities; it expects an adequately dog-centered off-campus environment for its pupils, and no one need be surprised if Owner-Teacher Associations begin springing up. (A spaniel of my acquaintance was fired from his dog school because of the "unsympathetic" attitude which the school sensed in his owner, a Cambridge housewife.) The dog school, in short, seeks to produce an on-going, out-giving, rounded dog, who can live creatively, whose percentile rank will equate with that of his neighbors — a fully integrated dog.

But it becomes necessary, as the demand for dog-sitters and dog-teachers increases, to ask what standards are being followed in the recruitment and accrediting of staffs. Is the philosophy of modern dog-education un-

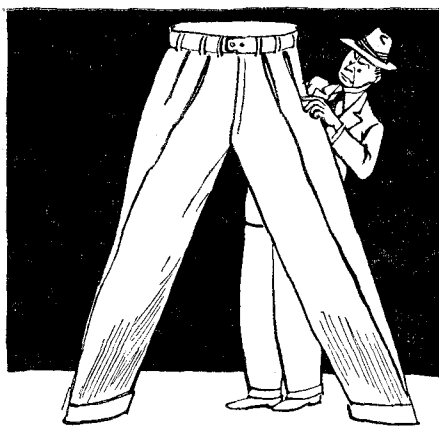
derstood by the teacher? Would not a minimum of 18 semester hours in dog-education be a proper requirement of those to whom our dogs are entrusted? Can we now formulate objective criteria of teaching success?

I know several dog-school graduates, and the variations in their behavior suggest that no clear pattern of standards has yet emerged from the schools. One of them, a dachshund, continues to bark wildly at my arrival, just as he did before attending the school, even though he knows me well and I am accompanied by his owner. Several others — notably a poodle and an Irish setter — jump on me and claw my wife's nylons, while still another jumps *and* barks at all comers.

The only dog which appears to have responded to the schooling behaves, on the other hand, as if it were constantly awaiting a command to sit, or stay, or heel, and it seems disappointed when no new order is forthcoming — a case, perhaps, of over-study.

The need of attention from the schools of education is obvious. Some of the dog schools, one suspects, are at present little more than diploma mills.

CHARLES W. MORTON



AMERICAN PLAN

by GEORGE STEVENS

Shouldn't a rebate be offered when extra features that the customer did not want anyhow are not delivered to him? That is the question raised by GEORGE STEVENS, who divides his time between Philadelphia and New York as Editor for Lippincott.

I AM trying to buy a pair of gray flannel slacks. I do not want a pair of slacks with pleats in them. I did not want to spend more than half an hour finding them. Now it has already taken me several hours to discover that gray flannel slacks without pleats are not available, readily or otherwise, except at a premium. In short, I have to pay extra to avoid having something I do not want which must have cost money to put there in the first place. Not only the expense of the actual pleating; there is also the expense of the extra material, not only in the area where it is so extravagantly doubled over upon itself, but abundantly extending all the way down the pants legs, flopping around "shins and ankles, calves and knees," not to mention thighs, flanks, and groins, in such a way as to give one the appearance of an elephant in the zoo.

Those who recognize the uncredited quotation in the preceding sentence from Belloc's *Cautionary Tales for Children* can supply another appropriate sequence from the same source. When Matilda turned in the false alarm and the firemen came, they did miscellaneous damage "until Matilda's aunt succeeded in showing them they were not needed, and even then she had to pay to get the men to go away." That seems to be my situation.

I bought a new suit the other day. My choice was limited by my

prepossession for pleatless pants, so I got something that my wife considers more appropriate for her father. Much as I desire to please my wife in all things, and to give her, in addition to the passive pleasure of financial support and orderly domesticity, the occasional thrill of unexpected adventure, there are some matters in which a man must stand alone, and the most crucial of these is his pants.

Actually what I am getting at is something else. I noticed when I bought the suit that I was not offered a vest. This was decidedly all right with me, as I gave up wearing vests years ago; but the suit cost more than the last one I had bought at the same store, and that one did include a vest. Some men like vests. They wear watch chains, perhaps, and these are not to be effectively displayed across a shirt front. From time immemorial it has been the privilege of the customer to have a vest at no extra cost. It is a natural right. But if I had wanted a vest, it would have had to be made, and would have gone on the bill.

The disappearance of the vest is of no interest to me personally; therefore my concern demonstrates the objectivity and disinterested passion for truth which informs this entire article. The point is that, at the same time that we have to pay to avoid buying undesirable extras, we

are deprived of what used to be considered essential ingredients of our purchases without a corresponding reduction in the price. Back in the 1930s, when a taxicab ride cost fifteen cents for the first quarter mile and five cents a quarter mile thereafter, the City of New York slapped a tax of a nickel on every taxi fare. The meters were all changed to begin at twenty cents instead of fifteen. The courts promptly threw this tax into the ash can, but did the passenger's minimum investment recede to the original fifteen cents? Don't be silly.

A friend of ours who frequently has us to dinner shares with other — too many other — heads-up hostesses the delusion that butter is improved by garlic. The first time I noticed it, I thought it would be all right if I just unobtrusively left the bread and butter on the bread-and-butter plate, so long as I ate everything else. But she is a solicitous hostess; she found out that I am a reactionary eccentric who considers garlic inedible. So now the poor girl goes to what must be considerable trouble to provide me with uncontaminated butter. It makes me feel not only conspicuous but somehow very unreasonable and opinionated.

It is still possible to get a haircut without a massage. I wish I knew how to do it without coming away smelling of witch hazel.



GENERATION

by CHARLES G. BELL

AFTER the picnic we stretch out on the blankets,
Old people resting while the children play.
They are climbing over the rocks. We catch the voices,
Ripples of laughter, vanishing and high.
And we are no longer lying as we were,
But climbing over the rocks in the bright air.

On the clear wind of spring this laughter sounds: —
"Look where I am, I have climbed, I am here;
See, I am standing on the highest stone."
We do not need to look, we are already there,
Putting off the times and things that are
Breaking with the time, being born again.

Leaves that fell to the ground return in the tree:
The old harvests are there, pressing at the limbs;
They are buds again in the fountain spring — so we,
Lying in the forest where we lose our names.
Children over the rocks climb the topmost spur,
And our voice is the voices: "Look, I am here!"



THE SEARCH

by MITCHELL GOODMAN

MITCHELL GOODMAN is a New Yorker who has lived in France and Italy. He finds East Dorset, Vermont, where he now makes his home, "a place that's up to any of them."

I'VE been hunting in Europe, Big Game. The idea was for me to find out where they go, those rare birds, the people you hear about but never see. I mean the Very Best Europeans, the kind who are so exclusive they're practically invisible. Where do they go when everyone else is going to Cannes and Nice and San Remo, where do they hide?

Mrs. Bigham had to know. She's a lady from Cleveland. In this country she does all right, but in Europe she's always had the feeling she was missing something: there was some secret she wasn't in on. Travel agents were forever sending her to the obvious places. I met her one day in Paris when she was on her way home. She'd been looking and looking, the poor thing, for something really exclusive, and wherever she went she found herself in a crowd. Desperate. The next thing I knew, she was offering me a job as Explorer. Money no object. I don't think she knew how naïve I was there in the beginning, but by now I'm a bit of Old World myself. I mean I've seen a few things and found out a few things, hunting for Them.

Don't underestimate it; it's pretty bewildering what goes on there — for an American, anyway. At first it looks like any bunch of well-heeled people out for the sun and the roulette. But then you take a closer look and you see it's ten different kinds and degrees of socialites (or just Moneyites, as Mrs. B. calls them) chasing each other all over the map.

It's a kind of feverish combination of leapfrog and hide-and-seek. And right out in front there's a sort of *avant-garde* of the Invisible Ones they're all chasing. I tell you it's tantalizing. Every two or three years some of them in the second rank catch up, but by then these cagey front-runners have moved on, and the wondering and the whispering rise to another crescendo. *Where have They gone, now where?*

Of course, there are a lot of people who are satisfied with the usual big stylish places like Deauville, Nice, and so forth, and they have their own little games of follow-the-leader as these places go in and out of fashion, who knows how or why. You've got to be pretty fast to stay with it, even there. But if you want to play this other game, you need a lot more than speed and mobility. It's a kind of international espionage.

Don't get the idea it's the way it is in America. Over here even the rarest of the Rare Birds are usually pretty visible, what with the publicity of one kind or another. But over there — well, it's subtle circles within circles, till you're reeling with it. And lately, with all the New Rich who have come bouncing out of the black and gray markets, the Old Rich have had their hands full staying ahead of the game.

I've been right smack in the middle of it for three years now, trying to steer my sponsor to her idea of heaven. You wouldn't believe how important it has become for her. Someone told me that it all started years ago when she and the late Mr. B. came to Capri all starry-eyed on their honeymoon and got trampled by hordes of eager Swedes wearing caps marked CAPRI. She never got over that.

Well, on with the hunt. I got around to some pretty *au courant* salons in Paris that winter and all these rarefied ladies were whispering, *Allons à Cannes, ma chère*. So I hurried down there as soon as Paris closed down for the summer, and sure enough it *was* Cannes. A real find. *Quelle mode, quelles coiffures, quels bagages, quelles voitures. Quels prix!* Floated on the elation of what I thought was beginner's luck, I began my letter of revelation to Mrs. B. As I bent over the café table, I saw, out of the corner of my eye, a woman in dark glasses, fur cape, and slacks. Agh! I looked up. Oof! *Quelle naïveté*. Crowds. Exhibitionists. *Beau-*

coup d'Américains. (Excuse it, but this is not Mrs. B.'s idea of a good time.) Sobered, and armed with a tip from a knowing headwaiter, I moved on.

On and on I moved over miles of fashionable beach and stylish promenade, hope rising and falling like the blue sea whose resort-laden shores were my oyster and my despair. Everywhere I heard *sotto voce* hints, rumors. This year, they would whisper, it's. . . . In St. Tropez the fishermen talked like croupiers, and in Bandol the barmaids spoke English.

I pushed on, grimmer and wiser, the international resort spy, pursuing the secret of these Precious Few. Cassis, Vence, St. Raphaël, Antibes — all the private preserves of English dukes and Russian counts, fifty years ago. Biarritz was booming with high society in droves. Menton was quiet and fashionable, but old old hat, overdiscovered and overrun.

Harried by the wistful letters of Mrs. B., I went on into Italy, that long, long coast: San Remo, Rapallo, Ischia, Positano, Taormina. Dozens of dazzling places (even several kings on hand, paying homage to movie queens), but everywhere too late, the bloom was off: They had come and gone. Where? Weeks went by without a clue. Mrs. B.'s letters were less genial, narrowing down to that one word: Where? She was sailing in three weeks.

Right there my luck changed. In Juan-les-Pins one day I was soaking the same old disappointment in *pastisse* when an old guy in a beret and a white silk suit sits down with me, one of those types who are so cosmopolitan they don't know any more where they come from. He was more English than French, but his gestures



were Italian. Probably American. Three drinks later I'd brought him around to my favorite subject, when he says: I hear the Duke and Duchess will be back at Portofino this year.

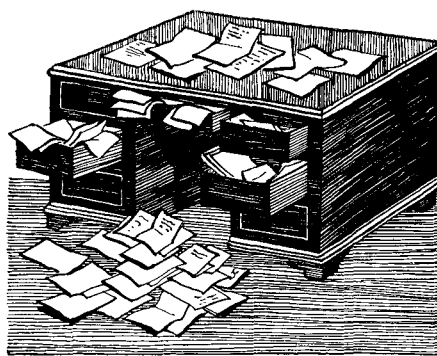
I tried to look casual; I knew who he meant. I ran right down there. Boy, it was really smart — a dollar for a Coke, yachts all over the place, and quiet in that cozy way you get only with money-plus. Then I found out it wasn't the Duke and Duchess at all, just some dime-a-dozen Duca and Duchessa from Milan. But now I had something; it wasn't long since They had been here — I knew I was only two or three years off the beat.

Loosely clutching a fistful of those huge Italian banknotes, I approached the more important service personnel. They *knew* the people I was looking for; you could almost say they knew them personally. I cajoled, I pried, I paid, and then I stayed up all night fitting my collected secrets together. And when dawn flashed on the hilltop villas I had it! I knew. It all came down to this jaunty and original set of fifty or sixty who were right out in front — the ones who stayed ahead with this secret formula for exclusiveness. To wit: They don't *discover* a place, they simply go out to some small and inaccessible place and invent it. Their method is simple, almost crude: occupy all the rooms at the inn and, presto, privacy.

I knew more than that, I knew where they had gone: to the island of Elba, a place that had been almost unoccupied (except for the natives) since Napoleon left. Well, by the time I got Mrs. B. down there they had gone. Vanished. I left her there, staring at the horizon, and I followed. And what's more, I found them.

Where? I'll tell you, but don't talk it up, you might frighten them away. Some of them had slipped away to the smaller islands near Elba in the Tuscan archipelago, like Montecristo and Giglio and Pianosa. Some went to another group of islands called Ponza, off the coast above Naples, and there was another bunch that sneaked away to the Aeolian Islands, near Sicily, which is just about the edge of the known world, the way these people look at things.

Now you know. Only that was last year. This year? Well, you pick your small island and you take your chance. Or you can start your own and let them come to you. They say there are places in Spain today that look like the French Riviera around 1880. I can't help hearing these things; but if there's anything else you want to know, I'll be in Viareggio. Just a great big happy crowded beach.



LETTERS I NEVER MAILED

by SUE SAYLE REITH

SUE SAYLE REITH did magazine work in Chicago and New York after her graduation in 1945 from the University of Minnesota. She is now living in Pasadena, California.

THE nearly annual clearing out of my desk drawers would be an onerous task if it weren't for the intense pleasure derived from reading over all the old letters that I never finished writing and, of course, never mailed. These ancient documents are uniformly worthless and almost always of an indignant nature. Most of the time, in thoughtfully perusing them, I am unable to recall just what it was that got my dander up.

Setting things down on paper almost invariably serves to dissipate my passion. Sometimes, though, the mere sight of my fine, wrathful phrases so inflames and further enrages me that I have to abandon the project for lack of coherence.

For these reasons, there exist innumerable persons and institutions throughout the United States who will never know how much they have provoked me, and who have no idea how lucky they are that expressing myself in writing has a purging effect. Although I'm far too inhibited to give an offending party an oral dressing down, on paper I just can't be beat. For instance, there's this partially completed epistle that was never sent to the adjustment department of a local store. It begins with this rush of dignified fury: —

"Gentlemen: For several weeks, with great loss of time and patience, I have been telephoning your store in an attempt to adjust the matter of defective dinnerware that was sent to me. The fact that it has taken inordinate effort on my part to seek satisfaction from you does not testify to your efficiency. I shall not trouble

myself to detail the numerous ways in which your lack of organization has inconvenienced me."

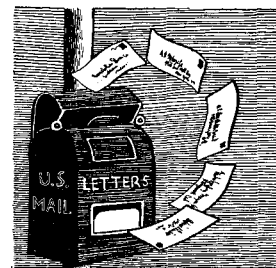
Then I go on to detail the numerous ways. The lengthy complaint is dotted with insulting key phrases like "ostensibly efficient," "lack of thoroughness with which I have grown so familiar," "if it is not beyond your limited powers," and sweeps to a climax that leaves me breathless: —

"It would be interesting to ascertain just what organizational peculiarity makes it necessary for customers to do battle before obtaining satisfaction from your store."

At this point I impetuously scurried off to hunt up my charge plate so that I might mail it in and thereby confound them by closing the account. Something interrupted the frenzied search, and a few days later I got around to calling the store and requesting, very docilely, that they replace the dinnerware.

Then there was another letter that kindled my self-respect when I glanced over it again recently. It had to do with a sum of money that I was supposed to inherit. Surprisingly, I had actually sent off a letter to the executor of the estate, asking how much it amounted to. He had written back advising me to contain myself and trust him to settle things fairly. Although the bulk of my reply was rather tame, there's one paragraph that merits quotation: —

"I regret it if I have seemed to you to be overexact with regard to details. However, I have always found a certain advantage in possessing a maximum of information about matters that concern me very intimately. Except for the advantage in



having the requested information, my interest in the money itself is far less ardent than you might imagine."

Nyah! I'll bet that would have put the old fogey in his place — if I'd sent it. The arrival of a modest chunk of money — for which I was able to work up something like ardor — set me to the less familiar task of composing a letter of gratitude.

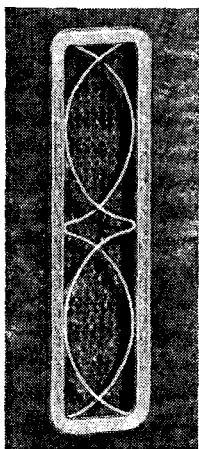
THE WORLD PREMIERE THAT AMAZED THE EXPERTS!

Berkshire Festival crowds hail

PHILCO *Phonorama*



World's First High Fidelity Radio-Phonograph with sound in Full Dimension



It is Summer, 1953. You come as one of a vast group, musicians and music-lovers from all parts of the world; to Massachusetts to attend the great annual Berkshire Music Festival at Tanglewood.

But one of your most amazing experiences is not even listed on the program!

At the Curtis Hotel, in nearby Lenox, Philco *Phonorama** is making its first public appearance . . . and it sweeps the Festival off its feet! Here, for the first time, is high fidelity sound reproduced in Full Dimension.

And the effect on FM and AM radio, and on records, is like adding three dimensions and color to a motion picture. Through the revolutionary "Acoustic Lens" opening shown here, the room is flooded with sound . . . the purest, cleanest, most thrilling sound you have ever heard . . . from deepest bass to highest treble. It is sound of breathtaking "presence."

Small wonder you cheer at this miracle in high fidelity sound. Small wonder that these great men and women of music agree with you—

*T.M.

FRANCO AUTORI: "The reproduction I heard on Philco *Phonorama* is truly an exciting and thrilling experience."

MILTON CROSS: "For the first time recorded music can, to all intents and purposes, equal a personal appearance."

JAMES MELTON: "Sound so realistic and lifelike it will bring the concert stage right into the American living room."

RISE STEVENS: "This is truly High Fidelity . . . and one of the most beautifully-designed cabinets I have ever seen."

GEORGE SZELL: "I was amazed at the presence and realism of its performance . . . in conjunction with the very simple and easy way of operation."

PAUL WHITEMAN: "The most exciting sound I have ever heard."



The Crowning Achievement
of 25 Years
of Electronic Leadership

There's one communication that I can't quite figure out. It appears to be the second page of a lengthy missive intended for a local government official. I vaguely recall a steamy telephone session about the malpractices of certain employment agencies I had been dealing with. More than that, I can't tell. All I have to go on, in addition to a cloudy memory, is these enigmatic words: —

"... not suggesting that you deliberately prefer to side with the agencies. All I can say is that if you feel that the investigation is completed merely because my charges have been pooh-poohed, then I fear that you have been hoodwinked. If you wish to continue the investigation, using the additional information that I have given you, I must ask that you proceed without further cooperation from me. Somehow, I've lost my enthusiasm for correcting wrongs."

Above "correcting" the word "remedying" has been lightly penciled in. I think that I really prefer that. It has more dignity, and apparently dignified redundancy is to be my stock in trade.

A rather weak creation that lacks dignity but is certainly redundant is addressed to a sister-in-law and is a hodgepodge of explanation about a family Thanksgiving dinner and some pies. I don't know just exactly what happened there, but she and I are still rather guarded with each other. It is doubtful whether the letter would have eased matters, inasmuch as I can't get its point even now, after several readings.

The only trouble with my irascible pastime is that quite often I feel I have settled matters simply by jotting down my views. The fact that I never send the letters has nothing to do with it. The catch is that I act as if I had mailed them — sometimes guilty over the insults I've dashed off, sometimes haughty and distant, awaiting the apology that I have demanded so grandly. The other person continues to behave just as if things hadn't been swept to a climax — which leads to all sorts of confusion.

I have a complete assortment of these documents and, come to think of it, since they cover such a wide variety of subjects, I might do well to compile them into a handy little reference book. With only a few minor changes on the part of enterprising readers, they could be adjusted to fit almost any situation. Anybody want an irate letter written?



by JOHN M. CONLY

Bach: Cantata No. 76, *Die Himmel Erzählen* (Hermann Scherchen conducting soloists, Akademiechor and Vienna State Opera Orchestra; Westminster: 12" LP with text leaflet). This is a Scriptural cantata, with a tighter thematic unity than set-piece cantatas like 146 (below); less drama and more force. Scherchen's people perform it with searching eloquence, and the recording is excellent.

Bach: Cantata No. 146, *Wir müssen durch viel Trübsal* (Felix Prohaska conducting soloists, Bach Guild choir, and Vienna State Opera Orchestra; Bach Guild: 12" LP). The opening section of this delightful work will sound familiar; it is a magnificent organ-and-orchestra version of the first movement of the Harpsichord Concerto No. 1. The solo arias are top-drawer Bach, reminiscent of portions of the *St. Matthew Passion*, and so is the joyous closing chorale. The organ is a trifle prominent; otherwise the recording is close to perfection.

Beethoven: Symphony No. 3 in E Flat Major, "Eroica" (Erich Leinsdorf conducting Rochester Orchestra; Columbia "Entrée": 12" LP). This offers the newest, biggest sound of any "Eroica" on disks, and a good, conservative performance by Leinsdorf, a onetime Weingartner student. At \$3, a notable bargain.

Brahms: Academic Festival Overture; Tragic Overture; Variations on a Theme of Haydn (Eduard van Beinum conducting Concertgebouw Orchestra of Amsterdam; London: 12" LP). Spacious sound, rich orchestral color, and tasteful, temperate pacing. The Variations are much less tense than in Toscanini's version.

Brahms: Concerto in D Major (Albert Spalding, violin; Wilhelm Loibner conducting Austrian Symphony Orchestra; Remington: 12" LP). There are a few marks of inadequate rehearsal in what is probably the last recording made by the late Mr. Spalding, but his tone is better than it usually sounded in

"custom"
HIGH FIDELITY
is as easy as this



V-M 936HF Record Changer Attachment "all the music is all you hear" \$69⁹⁵*

V-M triomatic®

936HF High Fidelity RECORD CHANGER ATTACHMENT

Beautiful music and simplicity go hand in hand. Connecting your V-M 936HF to amplifier and speaker is like plugging in a lamp. Your reward... hearing your finest records faithfully played with rich, "live-performance" tonal beauty.

These V-M 936HF features give you more in performance, record protection and convenience than any other changer attachment.



Exclusive, resonance-free aluminum die cast tone arm.



Two plug-in tone arm heads, will fit most cartridges.*



Exclusive laminated turntable and powerful 4-pole, 4-COIL motor for silent, steady speed.



Gentle tri-o-matic spindle protects records, eliminates groove-gripping record holders.

Made by V-M Corporation, world's largest manufacturer of phonographs and record changers exclusively.

*Pre-amplification stage required with magnetic type pickups. Look for the
**Slightly higher in the west.



V-M CORPORATION, Benton Harbor 3, Mich.

Please send illustrated folder, "Bring Concert Halls Within Your Walls."

Name _____
Address _____
City _____, State _____

concert, and the performance is in excellent taste. Acoustically, the record is just passable.

Britten: Serenade for Tenor, Horn and Strings; British Folk Songs (David Lloyd, tenor; James Stagliano, horn; Richard Burgin conducting string orchestra; Boston: 12" LP). The Serenade is an assortment of British poetry, ranging from an anonymous fifteenth-century dirge through Jonson and Blake to Tennyson, set by a man who really knows how to make the English tongue musical. The recording, made in a former MIT sound-laboratory, is technically excellent; Lloyd has a fine voice; and the Boston Symphony Orchestra instrumentalists are competent. In comprehension, however, the performers cannot match Peter Pears, Dennis Brain, and the Boyd Neel orchestra in the famous London 78 rpm album (still very good, if you can find a copy). Lloyd is more at home in the folk songs.

Elizabethan Keyboard Music (Charles Koenig, harpsichord; EMS: 12" LP). The disk holds works by Morley, Pearson, the two Farnabys, John Bull, and Robert Johnson, played with crisp authority and re-

corded with impeccable clarity. (Three works duplicate selections in the two-disk London album of the same title.)

Handel: The Faithful Shepherd (Genevieve Warner, Lois Hunt, Elizabeth Brown, other soloists; Lehman Engel conducting chamber orchestra; Columbia: 12" LP). A miniature three-act pastoral "opera," undramatic and inconsequential but with a number of engaging tunes. The young singers sing beautifully (in Italian, but a translation is crowded onto the back of the envelope). The recording is clear, though slightly edgy.

Haydn: Symphonies No. 7, "Le Midi," and No. 45, "Farewell" (Eugene Ormandy conducting Philadelphia Orchestra; Columbia: 12" LP). Usually Ormandy's Haydn has been a little overplacid and ponderous, but not this time! His "Farewell" is, without much doubt, the best version on disks, merry and delicate, and the childlike simplicity of No. 7 is presented without taint of condescension. Sound is exquisite.

Haydn: Trios No. 1, No. 28, No. 30 (Jean Fournier, violin; Antonio Janigro, cello; Paul Badura-Skoda, piano; Westminster: 12" LP). The piano is the merry boss throughout

these irresistibly tuneful and inventive works; so much credit goes to Badura-Skoda for one of the year's loveliest records, a real spellbinder. (The engineering is good, too.) Sample the delicious Gypsy Rondo with which No. 1 ends.

Mendelssohn: Symphony No. 4 in A Major, "Italian," with **Beethoven: Symphony No. 8** (Sir Thomas Beecham conducting Royal Philharmonic Orchestra; Columbia: 12" LP). No other "Italian" on LP compares with this gay, fluent, sparsely reproduced performance. The Beethoven which backs it is in stiffer competition, but none outclasses it.

Mozart: Concerto No. 3 in G, with **Handel: Water Music Suite** (Gerard Poulet, violin; Gaston Poulet and Gustav Koslik conducting Austrian Symphony Orchestra; Remington: 12" LP). It is a shock, after hearing this concerto, to read that the violinist is only fourteen! His touch and his approach are equally firm and mature. Mozart (only nineteen himself when he wrote this) is well served here. The Handel is adequate, and the disk is well engineered.

Ravel: Bolero, with **Rimsky-Korsakov: Capriccio Espagnol** (Paul Paray conducting Detroit Symphony Orchestra; Mercury "Olympian": 12" LP). My, the fi is hi! It cannot be said, however, that anything else about this record is very exciting. Mr. Paray, alas, is too refined to get much fun out of these two bouncy old war horses.

Russian Arias and Songs (Boris Christoff, bass; Gerald Moore, piano; Issay Dobrowen and William Schuecker conducting Philharmonia Orchestra; HMV: 12" LP). Boris Christoff isn't trying very hard to escape being called the new Chaliapin, and why should he? These selections are quite in the Fabulous Fedor tradition, and Christoff fulfills it, too, most creditably. Listen to him sing the "Siberian Prisoner's Song." Or (and don't laugh!) Moussorgsky's "Song of the Flea." The quality of recording varies from item to item but is nowhere bad.

Sibelius: Symphonies No. 5 in E Flat and No. 6 in D Minor (Sitten Ehrling conducting Stockholm Radio Symphony Orchestra; Mercury: 12" LP). This is the only No. 6, a flowing, rhapsodic work, on LP. The heroic No. 5 gets a sound but restrained reading, less compelling than Thomas Jensen's performance for London. The recording is exemplary.

NEW, CUSTOM ENGINEERED G-E EQUIPMENT OFFERS

HI-FI SOUND REPRODUCTION

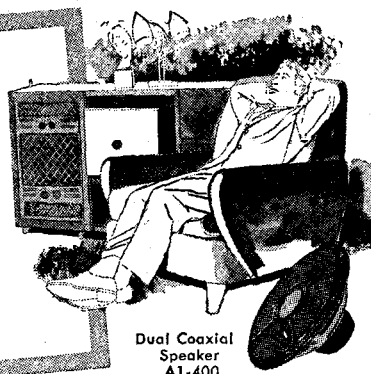
...within every budget!



*Custom
Music Ensemble*

Ideally matched G-E units are the new, low-cost answer to building the finest home sound installation. Enjoy superior realism of voice and music! The complete ensemble includes: coaxial speaker, amplifier, pre-amplifier control, and speaker baffle. Individual equipment also available. Write today for literature and the name of your local G-E distributor.

General Electric Company, Section 88103,
Electronics Park, Syracuse, New York



Dual Coaxial
Speaker
A1-400

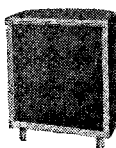


Preamplifier-control unit A1-200



Power Amplifier A1-300

Speaker
Enclosure (Blond or
Mahogany Veneer,
and Unfinished)
A1-406



GENERAL  ELECTRIC

RCA INTERMATCHED HIGH FIDELITY

... to assure you of HIGH FIDELITY EXACTLY AS YOU WANT IT



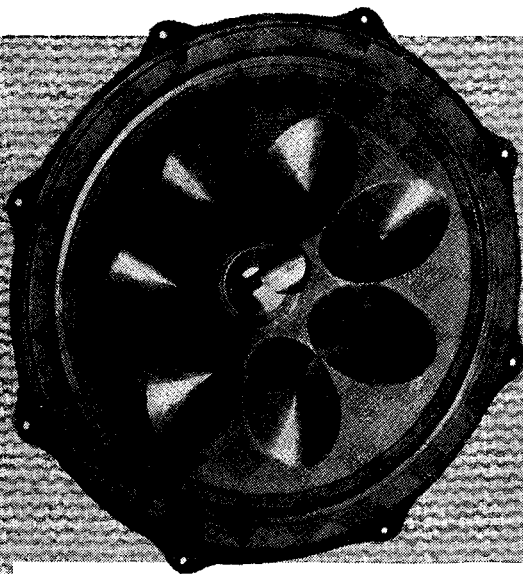
Now—from RCA—comes the ideal way to achieve *exactly what you want in high fidelity*. You can be confident of top quality—every component in your system bears *the name you know best in electronics*.

For extra assurance—RCA offers a broad selection of components—all designed for top performance in their class—all *intermatched* to work together, regardless of the combination you choose.

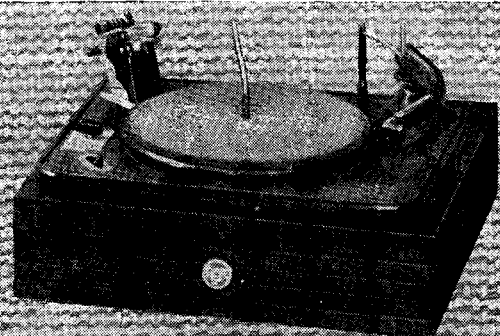
Listen to the full line of RCA *Intermatched* high-fidelity components, look at the distinctive cabinet styles, and make your choice. You'll have a completely matched

system that's right for your home and your taste in high fidelity. You'll have a complete system that you can assemble in minutes, with just a screwdriver. And you'll be prepared at any time to add more power or extra coverage—if you feel you need them—without mismatches at any stage.

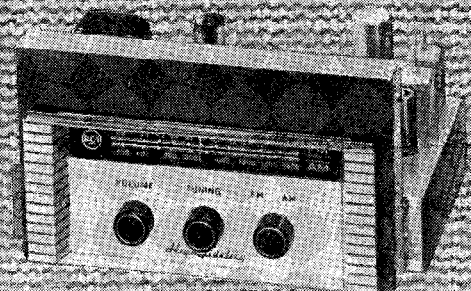
Hear RCA Intermatched High-Fidelity at your local RCA Electronics Distributor's. You'll agree it's high fidelity at its finest. You'll agree it's the sensible approach to high fidelity. For information, for the address of your local distributor, mail coupon below.



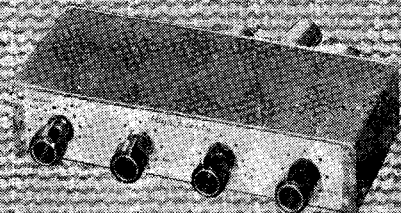
The superb LC-1A Speaker—the measure of high fidelity among professional users of sound—now more brilliant than ever with **ACOUSTIC DOMES** for wide-range reproduction and **DEFLECTION VANES** for wide-angle sound distribution. Intermatched for top performance with all other RCA components.



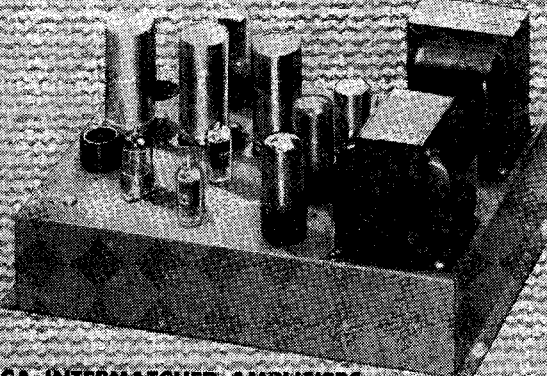
RCA INTERMATCHED CHANGER



RCA INTERMATCHED TUNERS



RCA INTERMATCHED PREAMPLIFIER



RCA INTERMATCHED AMPLIFIERS



RADIO CORPORATION of AMERICA
ENGINEERING PRODUCTS DEPARTMENT, CAMDEN, N. J.

RCA Engineering Products
Dept. 224V Building 15-1, Camden, N. J.

- ☐ Please send me your new, free booklet on RCA Intermatched high-fidelity equipment.
- ☐ Please send me information on the new RCA high-fidelity "Victrola"® phonographs.

Name _____

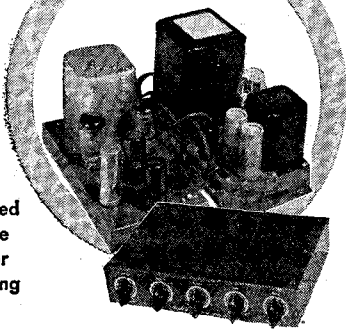
Address _____

City _____ Zone _____ State _____

NEW HEATHKIT WILLIAMSON TYPE

AMPLIFIER KIT

Illustrated
brochure
yours for
the asking



The individual performance of guest artists—great musicians—symphonies—all at your command through the ownership of a high fidelity, custom audio installation. The Heathkit Williamson type Amplifier meets all requirements of critical listeners at a sensible price level without sacrificing quality. Actual performance evaluation will be found in "CONSUMERS RESEARCH ANNUAL CUMULATIVE BULLETIN 1952-53." Kit construction is fascinating and enjoyable. Careful engineering insures trouble-free amplifier assembly by even the complete electronics novice. Enjoy the life-like realism of beautiful reproduction of fine recorded music through the purchase of the Heathkit Williamson type Amplifier and make listening a thrilling new experience.

PRICES OF VARIOUS COMBINATIONS

W-2 Amplifier Kit (Incl. Main Amplifier with Peerless Output Transformer, Power Supply and WA-P1 Preamplifier Kit) Shipping Weight 39 lbs. Shipped express only. **\$69.50**

W-2M Amplifier Kit (Incl. Main Amplifier with Peerless Output Transformer and Power Supply) Shipping Weight 29 lbs. Shipped express only. **\$49.75**

W-3 Amplifier Kit (Incl. Main Amplifier with Acrosound Output Transformer, Power Supply and WA-P1 Preamplifier Kit) Shipping Weight 39 lbs. Shipped express only. **\$69.50**

W-3M Amplifier Kit (Incl. Main Amplifier with Acrosound Output Transformer and Power Supply) Shipping Weight 29 lbs. Shipped express only. **\$49.75**

WA-P1 Preamplifier Kit only, Shipping Weight 7 lbs. Shipped express or parcel post. **\$19.75**

HEATH COMPANY
BENTON HARBOR 6, MICHIGAN

SYLVIA THOMPSON'S

new novel

THE CANDLE'S GLORY

"It is the kind of story that Daphne du Maurier likes to tell, but it has the special worldliness that is Sylvia Thompson's distinguished own . . . her elegance, tenderness, brilliant wit, and subtle relevance."

—Chicago Tribune

At all bookstores • \$3.50

An Atlantic Monthly Press Book

LITTLE, BROWN & COMPANY • BOSTON

Soler, Antonio: Sonatas for Harpsichord (Fernando Valenti, harpsichord; Westminster: 12" LP). Padre Soler was a follower and perhaps a pupil of Domenico Scarlatti, whose music seems to be Fernando Valenti's chief stock in trade. Soler was no Scarlatti, but he had an ear for a tune (particularly a guitar tune, it would seem) and a true Iberian's rhythmic instincts. The recording is brilliant.

Spanish Music from the Court of Ferdinand and Isabella (Safford Cape conducting vocal and instrumental groups of Pro Musica Antiqua; EMS: 12" LP). There is nothing especially "courtly" about this music. It includes carols, love songs, dances, and so forth, sung and played on ancient instruments. The flavor is slightly scholarly, the reproduction excellent.

Stamitz, Karl: Quartet in A Major, Op. 14, with Richter, Franz Xaver: Quartet in C Major (New Music Quartet; Bartók: 12" LP). Here, in the work of these two adepts of the Mannheim School, is the graceful, civilized art of the string quartet before the Terrible Three (H-M-B) forged it into a philosophical tool. Faultless recording.

Strauss, Johann, Jr.: Four Great Waltzes (Antal Dorati conducting Minneapolis Symphony Orchestra; Mercury "Olympian": 12" LP). The "Four" are, of course, the *Emperor*, *Tales from the Vienna Woods*, *Vienna Life*, and *Wine, Women and Song*. The fidelity is, of course, astounding. Along with the competition (see next item), it will enliven audio show exhibits and many a noise-happy living room in coming months.

Strauss, Johann, Jr.: Overtures, Polkas and Marches (Eugene Ormandy conducting the Philadelphia Orchestra; Columbia: 12" LP). The polkas include the *Thunder and Lightning* and *Explosions*, naturally, but the hi-fi tour de force is the *Egyptian March*. If possible, the sounds are even more spectacular than in Mercury's Waltzes.

Villa-Lobos: Trio for Strings (Alexander Schneider, violin; Milton Katims, viola; Frank Miller, cello; Columbia: 10" LP). A 1945 work, not particularly Brazilian, but the better for that—deep-hued and meditative, accessible and enjoyable. The performers probably are as good as any string trio in the world today, and the recording could hardly be improved upon.



OF MICE AND WOMEN

by MARJORIE RIDDELL

MARJORIE RIDDELL writes advertising copy for a London agency. *M* is for Mother, a collection of her light prose which has appeared in *Punch*, was recently published in this country.

GEORGE is quite wrong to say I'm interfering. Anyway, I have to. After all, I've known Sylvia for years and years, and if there's anyone who should intervene on her behalf it's me. How can she be expected to give up completely the only life she's ever known and go trailing after Henry to the Gold Coast? I ask you, the Gold Coast. Only a man would treat his wife like that.

And just to write a book about it, if you please; it would be different if he had to work there. And it will be a waste of time; when he went to Alaska he wrote a book about Manchester. He could perfectly well stay quietly at home and potter round the countryside and drink life in and write a novel about Kent. Like Emily Brontë. If anyone wants to read a book about the Gold Coast there's no reason why they shouldn't read one that's already been written.

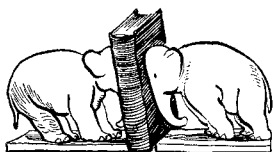
George should point out to Henry that it's all very well to rush round the world but sooner or later he's got to stop somewhere, and it might as well be right here and now. Poor Sylvia. It would kill her. George should get Henry on one side when he and Sylvia come this evening while there's still a chance of making him change his mind. If we leave it too long it will be too late.

George won't, of course. Oh, no. I won't interfere, he says, it's none of my business, he says, and where have you put my socks that I didn't put away on purpose? If a man won't interest himself on his wife's friend's

behalf and his friend's wife's behalf when they're both friends, then it serves him right and he can find his socks himself. It's an extraordinary thing about men that when you say something they don't agree with they have to *argue*.

Sylvia's a nice, quiet, gentle girl. I know perfectly well that she'd like nothing more than a comfortable, settled home-life with children. And both Henry and George ought to realize it. If Henry expects her to spend her life hopping from an igloo into a straw hut and back again then he doesn't deserve her.

It's not the life for Sylvia. Not at all. I'm beginning to wish, quite seriously, that I hadn't planned to introduce them.



THANK-YOU NOTES

by LOYD ROSENFELD

OOPS!

AUNT BERTHA'S vase, a family piece
Clear back almost to Croesus,
Reposes in the trash can in
Eleven hundred pieces.

THE THING

We got an object round and flat
And square and pink and brown;
We don't know if we ought to hang
It up or lay it down.

I DON'T WANT TO SET THE WORLD ON FIRE

We have six chafing dishes, though
We're married just two months;
Now, fortunately, we can cook
Six rarebits all at once.

WE'LL BAKE A CAKE

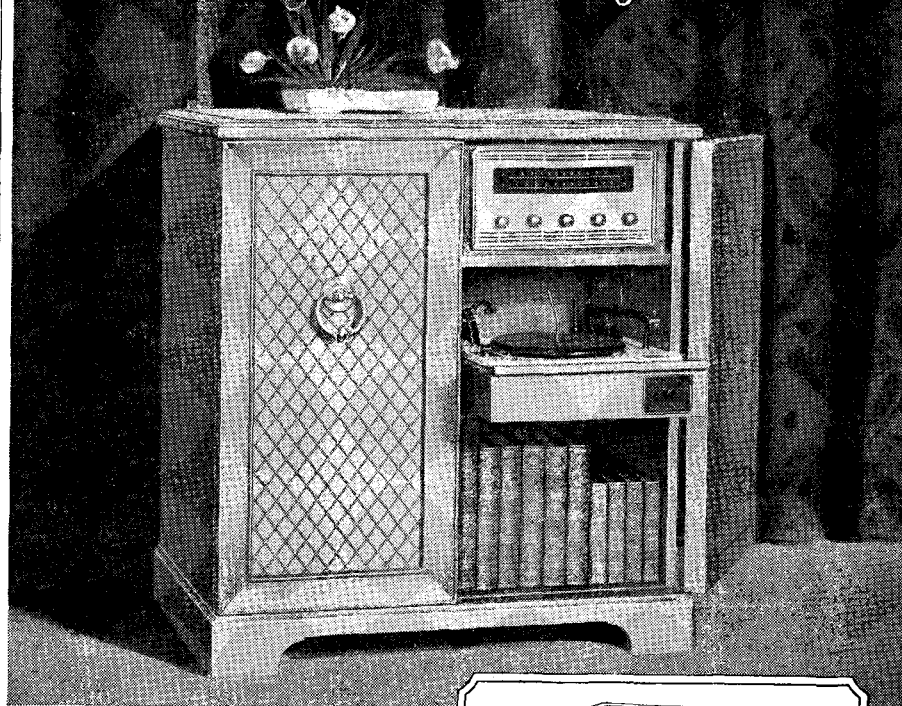
THE landscape you painted
For us is exquisite;
Please write, Uncle Edgar,
If you plan a visit.

HOME PLATE

My wife's china pattern
Is rarest Limoges,
Which looks very well with
Corned beef and cabboges.

This marvel of high fidelity electronics is
your key to a vast new world of music

HALLICRAFTERS Balanced Sound Systems



Your own discriminating ear is the only authority qualified to judge these new high fidelity sound systems by Hallicrafters. Until you have heard them you cannot possibly know the enjoyment of favorite records and radio programs that can be yours. There is nothing to compare them with outside the concert hall — nothing finer at any price.

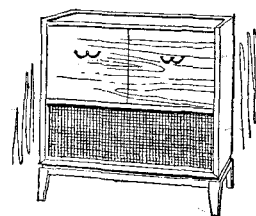
For the first time in a single cabinet you hear the full range of musical tones, the perfect balance between musical instruments, that composer, conductor and artist strive for. This is no idle claim. *Hear* what we mean yourself, on your own records, whether your taste is for Dixie or Beethoven or anything in between.

What makes this musical miracle possible? Hallicrafters has drawn on the experience of years in producing these high fidelity units. Every component from turntable to tuner to speaker is perfectly matched to bring you *balanced sound*. All of the controls, the precision, the

freedom from distortion that have made Hallicrafters famous in this field are found in these units. And reflected in the glorious result that you hear.

Until now music like this was available only with costly custom installations, usually found in radio stations or recording studios. Now it can be yours, right at home. Hear these amazing Hallicrafters instruments soon. It is a rich and wonderful experience!

Shown above: Hallicrafters Super Deluxe Hi-Fi Model 1622 Maple. Also available, Model 1621 Mahogany.

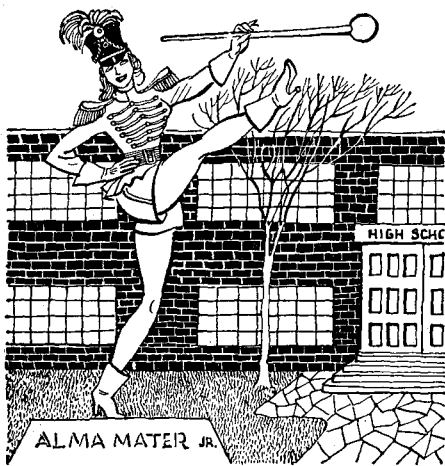


1121 Hi-Fi Series available in Silver Walnut and Mahogany cabinets.

hallicrafters 20th Anniversary

World's Leading Exclusive Manufacturer of Communications and High Fidelity Equipment, Radio and Television

4401 West Fifth Avenue, Chicago 24, Illinois, Hallicrafters Ltd., 51 Camden Street, Toronto, Canada



ALL GAUL . . .

by JOHN GOULD

A country editor widely known for the pungency of the columns he wrote for the Lisbon Falls Enterprise, JOHN GOULD is also the author of many books and articles about the peculiarities of life in Maine.

AS AN old-school boy who can still repeat "Spartacus to the Gladiators," I had a lot of fun watching our spanking-new high school building open and undertake the instruction of our youth. I used to take a continuing interest in our schools, but when I suggested some years back that locks on the fire escape doors were not my idea of a perfect arrangement, and was promptly rebuked for daring to insert a nonprofessional word into the closed corporation purposely set up to provide the very best for our chee-ildren, I put my head in a bag and have since been frequently mistaken for a deaf-mute.

Our new high school is a jim-dandy. It was constructed after every precept of modern usage, including the bond issue. The stage in the gymnasium will seat the entire band, with an apron large enough to accommodate the baton antics of the majorettes without killing very many people at once. The mechanical arts and home economics (manual training and domestic science) rooms are spacious and magnificent. The typewriter facilities are extensive. The lounge rooms for teachers are commodious and tastefully decorated, and from his red-leather chair the principal can speak to the remotest corners over the intercommunications. The screen upon which promotional photoplays are projected makes the names of gasoline and automobile companies supplying the films visible in the

very back of the large auditorium. Everything has been provided. No expense has been spared. From basketry to ballroom dancing the large and utilitarian building encompasses every facility for teaching the young.

And off a back hall, under the stairs, the foresighted Educators even provided a small, closetlike room where freaks could be taught Latin, if the indoctrination program during earlier years hadn't knocked that silly idea out of them. To be consistent, they had engaged an English teacher with the provision that, if occasion required, she should double in this outmoded subject.

The P.T.A. held a big soiree to make the opening a success, at which the band played and the majorettes twirled, cookies and punch were enjoyed, and tours were conducted to demonstrate all the facilities. I thought the local paper keynoted the great cultural achievement by reporting that "the program was in charge of a committee comprised off . . ."

The next day school opened, and out of seventy-two freshmen, twenty-nine went to the Latin room at the proper time. It clogged the hallway, and pupils taking hand weaving and finger painting had to go around another way, and the Latin teacher was astonished. "This," she said, "is a Latin class!"

The pupils crowded closer. "But," she said, "this is the college course!" Our community is largely industrial and has never nurtured many humanists, so reference to college is fraught with significance. "Are you all taking Latin?" she asked. They all were.

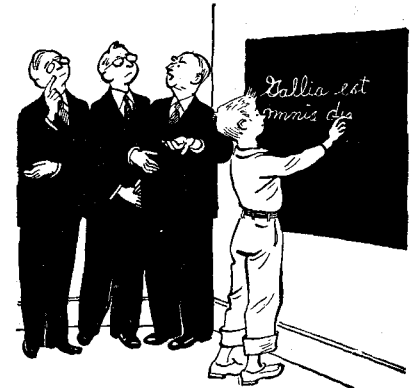
The teacher, having mastered her first astonishment, was now delighted, because it turns out she is a good teacher, and also a good Latin teacher, and has smarted for years under the odium assigned to her pet subject by the system which employs her. She immediately applied for a room large enough to accommodate these unexpected classicists, and asked for twenty-six new books to supplement the three provided.

The higher powers belittled the evidence and said it was all a great mistake. What with the nice utilitarian facilities for good functional education, what would twenty-nine freshmen be taking Latin for? True, all twenty-nine had written down their intentions the year before when asked to do so by the superintendent, but the figure was too absurd to be taken seriously. The administrators

waggled their heads, agitating their degrees in social graces from their various teachers colleges, and opined that before the week was out most of the twenty-nine would be glad to swap off to social arithmetic, whatever that is, or at least general science. Shortly, they said, the class would be whittled down to the size of the cuddy under the stairs.

I don't know why twenty-nine are taking Latin. My guess is that happenstance asserted itself. The class has challenged its teachers right along through the grades and merely chances to have a liberal arts ambition. The first Latin quiz turned up all A's and B's except for one C. The second quiz brought that C up to a B and produced three perfect papers. The teacher was visibly moved, and burst into assembly to read off the ranks, using them as leverage to get the twenty-six new books.

I understand this raised hell with plans to get the school shop a machine to grind lawn mowers, but I can't say I'm despondent over it. I am an old-school man, myself, and have my



thoughts. I have also wangled the chance to peruse some of the exam papers, and am satisfied the teacher is good and the pupils are deserving of their marks. Education, somehow, must stand aside while they do their Latin.

Of course, next year they may fire this teacher because she has encouraged this outrage, and for \$1000 more they can probably get an English teacher who will double at coaching hockey. But perhaps not. We can only wait and see.

TENACIOUS

by RUSS NEWBOLD

COWHIDE makes the best of leather. It should — it holds a cow together.

PERSPECTIVE OF INDIA

AN *Atlantic* SUPPLEMENT



India to America



THIS is the first of a series of occasional supplements to be published by *The Atlantic Monthly*. These supplements will be devoted to the contemporary culture of countries whose achievement is little known to readers in the United States. An anthology of material from the Low Countries will appear in *The Atlantic* this winter and one on Japan in the spring or early summer. Selections from other countries will be announced later. Material for these supplements is being assembled for *The Atlantic* by Intercultural Publications, Inc.

Intercultural Publications, Inc., a nonprofit corporation, was established in 1952 by The Ford Foundation to further a sense of intellectual community among countries through the exchange of literary and artistic materials. Such programs complement the efforts of the Foundation to work toward peace in a variety of fields.

Since 1951, for example, the government of India and the Foundation have been co-operating in a large-scale experimental program aimed at improving agricultural practices and production in that country. This *Atlantic* supplement may be looked on as yet another means of bringing the Indian and American peoples to a better understanding of each other.

Intercultural Publications is carrying out its program of cultural exchange in a number of ways. The work of American writers and artists is carried abroad by the magazine *Perspectives*, which is published in four languages and distributed throughout the world, and by a series of anthologies in translation brought out by foreign publishers. Selections from the arts and letters of other countries will be presented to American readers in *The Atlantic* and in the pages of a special English-language edition of the UNESCO magazine *Diogenes*.

The editors of *The Atlantic* and the directors of Intercultural Publications hope that such exchanges of cultural material will open friendly windows through which Americans and the people of other countries can begin to see beyond their differences to those higher aspirations and creative achievements which they hold in common.

The Atlantic Monthly

PERSPECTIVE OF INDIA

AN *Atlantic* SUPPLEMENT

Edited by HARVEY BREIT

Editor's Introduction	HARVEY BREIT	106
India to America	MADAME VIJAYA LAKSHMI PANDIT	107
Talks with India's Vice-President	NANCY WILSON ROSS	110
The Barbers' Trade Union		
<i>A Story</i>	MULK RAJ ANAND	115
The Fiction Writer in India	R. K. NARAYAN	119
Morning in Delhi. <i>A Story</i>	AHMED ALI	121
The Pomegranate Prince		
<i>A Fable</i>	ANONYMOUS	127
The Indian Film	DONALD THOMAS and H. K. MEHRA	131
Indian Art	KARL KHANDALAWALA	134
Reproductions of Paintings	CONTEMPORARY INDIAN ARTISTS	137
Javni. <i>A Story</i>	RAJA RAO	141
Poetry in India	TAMBIMUTTU	147
The Music of India	NARAYANA MENON	152
Kathakali Dancers	<i>Drawings by</i> R. MONK	154
Dance and Opera in Manipur	FAUBION BOWERS	158
The Opium Eater. <i>A Story</i>	IQBAL AHMAD	162
The Spirit of India	NAYANTARA SAHGAL	166
POETRY		
This Soul-Cherishing Whisper	S. H. K. JOSH	109
Prisoners	HUMAYUN KABIR	120
Sonnet for Music	P. LAL	126
Prayer	TAMBIMUTTU	130
For a Child in Time of Famine	MARY ERULKAR	133
A Perfect Country	B. RAJAN	149
The Man Who Died of a Fever	SRINIVAS RAYAPROL	149
Four Poems	BUDDHADEVA BOSE	150
Afternoon Magic	NAYANTARA SAHGAL	157
Radha	P. S. REGE	161
O Business World!	AMIYA CHAKRAVARTY	169
A Glossary of Indian Words		170
A Chronology of Indian History		170
A Map of India		172

Cover photograph by Ernest Kleinberg

INTERCULTURAL PUBLICATIONS INC. (655 Madison Avenue, New York City 21). *Directors:* William J. Casey, Charles Garside, Joseph Hambuechen, H. J. Heinz II, Alfred A. Knopf, James Laughlin, Richard Weil, Jr. *Publisher:* James Laughlin. *Associate Publisher:* Ronald Freeland. *Project Administrator:* Hayden Carruth. *Design by* Gertrude Huston.

NOTE: The opinions expressed in the material in this supplement are those of the authors themselves and do not necessarily represent the policy of *The Atlantic Monthly*, the policy of The Ford Foundation or the views of its personnel. Copyright 1953, by The Atlantic Monthly Company.

EDITOR'S INTRODUCTION

by *Harvey Breit*

WHAT is happening in India today is difficult even for the Indian writer to understand. There are many complications. One of the most serious is the absence of communication among Indian writers themselves. The writer creating in his native language of Urdu or Marathi has little idea of what his brother working in Tamil or Bengali is up to. There are many languages in which the ends of serious literature are being pursued and as each language is basically foreign to the other, each literature remains unrevealed to the other. Here and there, through unbelievable acts of determination or graceful acts of friendship, a translation into English is published and thus read by the others.

Another obstacle is poverty. There are few magazines and fewer media for serious literature. There are few readers who can afford the purchase. There are even fewer writers who can afford to write. Payments are low; more often than not they are zero. Shall we then even begin to mention the translators who can afford to translate? These are physical obstacles. There are still others. The emergence of India as a dignified, autonomous state is both too large a theme and too confounding to the recent traditions to help the writer at this juncture. He is sometimes overwhelmed. While in many instances the writer is oriented toward the West, especially if he has had a British education, he may also be one who feels a magnetic pull toward Moscow or Mao. He is often an Indian democrat who, like some of his political leaders, identifies the West with imperialism and therefore views it with distrust.

Who can blame him? Yet the reception I had, an absolute stranger, among the Indian writers once they learned of my mission, was extraordinary in its warmth and candor. This is no contradiction. As one Marathi writer said, "We have seen the politicians and the businessmen. We have had enough of that. Send us your writers. Send us Hemingway."

Indian readers are just beginning to know our best writers, but they seem drawn to them. How many of them talked to me about Walt Whitman! They admire our short story, our Melville and Thoreau, our literary criticism. If only we can show them that we have a human and honest side, and that our living tradition is based not on an idea of domination but on the need to have free people freely working together, they will be our good friends. There is every reason why Melville and Whitman and Hemingway and Faulkner must work for us in building this friendship.

It was my mission, as emissary for Intercultural Publications, to collect modern Indian writing. I am deeply indebted to Frank Moraes, the Editor of India's leading newspaper, *The Times of India*, for first giving space to the project in his pages. Other newspapers subsequently picked up the story and manuscripts from every corner of India began to arrive—a flood of them that kept me reading into the small hours of the night. The anxiety I had that no manuscripts would come in at all proved unfounded, and the problem became one of selection.

One eminent author, however, presented a rather special problem. When I asked Pandit Nehru if he would honor us by writing something for this collection, he replied, "Do you want me to go to jail?"

"Of course not!" I said. "But what do you mean?"

"The only time I have to write," he said, "is when I am in jail."

The sum of my experience was revelatory. I had never realized there were so many Indian writers and so many that were so dedicated. There were no slicks for them to shoot at, no jackpots, no material rewards. The writers who were writing, it struck me, *needed* to write. That was something not to be minimized. Not all of them were equally gifted, of course; too many, under the spell of England, wrote like Maugham; too many, under the earlier Russian spell, wrote like Chekhov. But there were others, the "happy few," who wrote like themselves, who wrote stories that reminded me of nothing but a good story. I hope, and believe, that there is much in this sampling which American readers will find rewarding, bringing them closer to the life of India than they have been before.

My contacts with India's artists were almost as fruitful. The financial problems of the painter or sculptor in India are just as acute as those of the writer—rich patrons are few, and museum purchase funds limited—but everywhere I met a devotion to the creative principle.

In India, in a country such as India where illiteracy is a basic problem, the intellectual plays a weighty role in his country's life. Far more than we can imagine, he helps create the climate of opinion. We ought not to neglect him. It remains for us to exchange our ideas with those of the Indian reader, and to show him that we are not indifferent to the creative process wherever we find it.

INDIA TO AMERICA

The Position of India in World Politics

by MADAME VIJAYA LAKSHMI PANDIT

I

IT WAS my last night in India. Early next morning I was returning to Moscow for the last two months of my term as Ambassador of India to the U.S.S.R. Farewell visits had been paid — all except my call on Mahatma Gandhi and this had been delayed because Monday was his day of silence. About eight in the evening I went to see him hoping that he would be able to talk to me, but found on arrival that he was not due to break his silence for another two hours. This was a disappointment, but I was glad to have the opportunity of being alone with him for a little while and stayed on.

It was a period of great strain and anguish and this Monday silence was vital to Gandhi's well-being. He sat on the floor leaning against a big white bolster, looking very tired. The only light in the room came from a small electric lamp by his side which cast weird shadows on the floor and on the wall behind him. From the open doors leading on to the garden there came the fragrance of flowers and fresh earth. It was not my intention to disturb him since our relationship could well bear the strain of silence. All I needed was his soothing presence and the strength that emanated from him. Suddenly he took up the little pad which always remained by his side and wrote:

"When are you leaving for Moscow — and how soon does your term there expire?"

It was customary on his day of silence for him to write down questions to which one gave verbal answers. I told him that I was leaving early next

morning and that my stay would be of short duration since my next posting had been announced and I was already preparing myself, mentally, for my new assignment as Ambassador to the United States of America.

His second question was: "Will you be glad to leave Russia — are you happy that you are going to America?"

This was not so easy to answer. I thought for a minute and looking up caught a mischievous twinkle in his eyes as he watched me. One of Gandhi's greatest charms was his sense of humor and this particular look which I knew well said as plainly as words: "So, I have caught you out!"

There was never any question of hiding one's thoughts from Gandhi or telling him an untruth. I said: "Bapu, I have very mixed feelings. I am glad to have an opportunity of representing India in the United States. I have come to know and love what America stands for and I have received from the people of the States personal friendship which has enriched me greatly. And yet I am reluctant to go to America — I feel there is a danger of my getting too soft in an atmosphere devoid of the kind of challenge I have to face in Moscow. I may begin to take things for granted and become less useful to India.

"In Moscow nearly every day there is a problem to be solved and innumerable petty annoyances and yet I am not unhappy. The people I have met have been warm and friendly and now that my term is ending I feel that my stay has been too short. I am conscious that there is much I could not accomplish. There is something about Moscow which is indefinable — at least to me. I would like to stay on and meet the challenge which it offers. At any rate it would keep me alert and there would be no possi-

MADAME VIJAYA LAKSHMI PANDIT, sister of Nehru, played a decisive role in the struggle for Indian independence and has since served her country as Congress Minister, leader of the Indian Delegation to the United Nations, and as Indian Ambassador to Russia and the United States.

bility of sitting back and taking things for granted and getting complacent."

Gandhi listened quietly as was his habit. When I finished speaking he leaned his head against the wall and closed his eyes. He was silent for so long that I began to wonder whether the interview was at an end and I should go. Finally, he took up his pencil and wrote:

"What you have said interests me — but you have missed something. What India is trying to say to the world is a constant challenge to our power of interpretation and can be repeated to both Moscow and Washington. It is the essence of our creed and fundamental to an understanding of our way of life as well as our political stand. You know what I think — the end in itself is not important — unless the means we follow to achieve it are right. The countries of the Western world would do well to try to understand this. It is what you must explain to the people of America. Until the implications of this are clear to them, there will be no appreciation either now or in the days ahead of the stand our country will take on important issues."

That was the last time I saw Gandhi. A month later he was assassinated.

2

MAHATMA GANDHI's special contribution was his ability to translate ancient ethical precepts into practical terms and make them the basis of mass political action. The doctrine from which this approach developed stressed the importance of means. Bad means cannot make good ends. If good ends are achieved by bad means, the ends themselves become perverted. That, in brief, was Gandhi's message, as it was the message of the Buddha before him and still earlier the message of the *Bhagavad Gita*. It was inevitable that free India should be influenced by this background and that her stand on national and international issues should be governed by it.

While geographic and material factors must condition trends in foreign relations, past commitments cannot be ignored. India during foreign rule had been more or less isolated from the outside world. Before that she had had a long period of peace and friendship with her Asian neighbors. When she emerged on the map of the world as an independent sovereign state in 1947 she was fortunate in having no traditional enemies and no vested interests in world affairs. She could afford to express her desire for friendship with other nations and her readiness to co-operate with them in the interest of world peace.

There were, however, two commitments which have since become the keynotes of Indian foreign policy: first, to end racial discrimination, and second, to help free the countries of Asia from political and social bondage. Having herself suffered all the evils of colonialism and imperialist domination,

India was inevitably committed to this cause. Being a sovereign democratic republic, India is interested in seeing her Asian neighbors weave the same pattern into their national lives. For these reasons she has taken a firm stand on racial and colonial issues in the United Nations. There is no feeling of hatred or antagonism for colonial powers, but simply the conviction that colonialism is contrary to the principles of the United Nations and endangers the purposes of the Charter itself. Both issues contain the seeds of future wars. Because of this India feels that any power that encourages discrimination or prevents the attainment of freedom by the people of Asia is no friend of democracy and world peace.

Defining our foreign policy the Prime Minister of India said in 1947:

"We have proclaimed during the past year that we will not attach ourselves to any particular group. This has nothing to do with neutrality or passivity. If there is a big war there is no particular reason why we should jump into it. We are not going to join a war if we can help it. We propose to keep on the closest terms of friendship with other countries unless they themselves create difficulties. We shall be friends with America; we intend co-operating fully with her. But we intend, also, to co-operate with the Soviet Union."

The effect of India's determination not to get involved in either of the power blocs has been far-reaching. It has helped to lessen the growing sense of fatalism with which the rest of the world has watched the growth of power antagonisms. It has given Asia the hope that an area of thought could develop where the cause of world peace would have the maximum chance of being heard.

In relation to the physical might of the great powers, India's military resources are negligible, and it may seem strange to some that she should choose an independent policy for herself while living in a world where military power determines the degree to which one is heard in international councils. The answer is that India has never thought of relying on military power. Her source of strength does not lie in her military might. She has faith in Lincoln's famous words which reflect her own faith and tradition:

"What constitutes the bulwark of our own liberty and independence? It is not our frowning battlements, our bristling seacoasts, our army and our navy. These are not our reliance against tyranny. All of these may be turned against us without making us weaker for the struggle. Our reliance is in the love of liberty which God has planted in us. Our defense is in the spirit which prized liberty as the heritage of all men, in all lands everywhere."

We are trying to keep this spirit alive by casting out fear from our national life. Only when fear is gone can we think objectively. India is friendly to all, afraid of none and feared by none.

We have been condemned for what is called our "neutral" stand — as if India stood midway between right and wrong, undecided which path to take. Neutrality is an epithet that has often been thrown at us but it in no way describes our stand. We are neutral only in that we do not tie ourselves in advance to the present or future policy of a particular group of nations. In the words of our Prime Minister: "Where freedom is menaced or justice threatened, or where aggression takes place, we cannot be and shall not be neutral."

Indian neutrality may be neutrality between rival passions, hates, and fears, but never between right and wrong. When aggression took place in Korea we, in accordance with our policy, supported the resolution of the Security Council. But when it appeared that the scope of operations might extend beyond Korea we felt this was wrong and that we could not associate ourselves with it. Though our warning that if the 38th Parallel was crossed by U.N. forces China would join the North Koreans was disregarded, and the inevitable happened, India did not waver in her loyalty to the United Nations. Nor did she ever suggest that she would resign from her support of the U.N. resolution on Korea.

We felt, and we did not hesitate to give expression to our opinion in the General Assembly of the United Nations, that it was essential from the point of view of Asia and the world that new China should be admitted to the U.N. This did not and does not mean approval of her foreign policies. It is simply the recognition of a reality which can lead to a better political climate for the solution of world problems.

With the ending of conflict in Korea tensions have lessened but the truce is only the first step in what threatens to be a long and difficult road toward a comprehensive settlement. It is a challenge to statesmen both in the East and West. It is unreasonable to expect unanimity of opinion on momentous issues but disagreement can be softened by an effort at mental understanding.

India has tried to follow in all modesty what she considers the right path and has tried to understand others' viewpoints. She does not claim infallibility of judgment, nor does she recognize such infallibility of judgment and monopoly of rectitude in any other country. . . . The crisis of the world requires every country to search its conscience and seek the ways of action which lead to the peace which we all desire. We must not sacrifice tomorrow because of the passions of today.

THIS SOUL-CHERISHING WHISPER

by Shabbir Hasan Khan Josh

On our tongue is the talk of high values,
but our thoughts are low . . .
The enemy is on our head
but we are fighting among ourselves . . .
In the cold, bleak atmosphere of night
I hear a whisper
like the soft humming of the breeze
when it passes beneath the stem of a fern,
or the gentle flutter of the wings of Gabriel from heaven,
or the distant patter of rain heard in a dream,
or the mysterious awakening of the melodies of the stream by the dawn,
or the soft murmur of air in a vast desert . . .

How describe (the significance of) this soul-cherishing whisper?

Though dormant, the East is eagerly awaiting the morrow,
The soul of Asia is ready to be awakened.

Translated from the Urdu by G. Yazdani

TALKS WITH INDIA'S VICE-PRESIDENT

DR. SARVEPALLI RADHAKRISHNAN

by NANCY WILSON ROSS

I

I REMEMBER very well the first time someone spoke to me about Dr. Sarvepalli Radhakrishnan. I had been taking part in one of those gloomy conversations, so typical of our times, in which Toynbee is reviewed, Spengler is reappraised, where everyone questions if the world situation is or is not hopeless, if it is really the final *Untergang*. The man who mentioned Dr. Radhakrishnan was a transplanted European scientist, an authority on the behavior of anthropoid apes. He said, "No, I do not entirely despair of the world — not, at least, when I learn that India has sent as ambassador to Russia its leading philosopher, a world authority on comparative religions, Dr. Radhakrishnan."

It was some years later that I met India's great scholar. The meeting took place in India in February, 1953 at his residence in Delhi. By the time I met Dr. Radhakrishnan I knew more about him. I knew that he had been for many years Spalding Professor of Religion and Ethics at Oxford University, that he had served on the faculty of many of his own country's leading universities, both north and south, and that the English had knighted him. (He may be addressed as Sir Sarvepalli as well as Dr. Radhakrishnan.) Finally I was aware that he had managed, in spite of his prodigious research and his scholarship, to participate actively in public life; that he was not only the vice-president of India but had also presided over UNESCO Conferences.

For that first interview my husband and I taxied from the Cecil Hotel in Old Delhi to a villa in the residential section of New Delhi. It was only a

thirty-minute taxi ride, but it seemed, as we looked out on the intensely vivid life of India's sprawling capital, to encompass a far greater time span. Here was the immense faded-red grandeur of Delhi Fort, a city in itself, dating back to the Great Moguls; here were the shiny new government buildings; and, out of sight of our driver's pointing finger but well within the city's environs, were countless tombs, temples, cenotaphs, minarets, pillars, palaces, mosques, mausolea, observatories, fortresses, ruined cities — relics of all those conquering waves of Muslims, Persians, Saracens, Afghans, Marathas, Imperial British, and followers of Gandhi's satyagraha that have swept in turn over northern India.

Laid against this shorthand historical chronicle were the street scenes of contemporary Delhi where the old and the new have a disconcerting way of melting into one another at exactly the same moment in space-time. These constantly shifting paradoxes provide the traveler in present-day India with endless material for amazement and speculation. On our way that afternoon we passed the gigantic Broadway-type advertisement for *Jhansi Ki Rani*, one of India's first color films, a supernationalistic "epic" about a hard-fighting Rani who resisted the British to the bitter end. Near the billboard stood a half-naked sadhu, his body painted in black and white stripes, asking directions of a smartly uniformed policeman. We drove along a street with a sign reading NO BULLOCK CARTS PERMITTED, but around the corner two carts were pushing their slow, patient way through a melee of taxis, bicycles, and people. People: so many of them! Layer upon unfamiliar layer: beggars, lepers, veiled ladies from the Punjab, a swami in a yellow robe with his begging bowl, turbaned Sikhs, their black beards veiled in colored chiffon, Pakistanis in

NANCY WILSON ROSS, author of *The Left Hand Is The Dreamer*, *Time's Corner* and other novels, recently visited India and the Far East collecting material for a book on Buddhism which will be published next year.

karakul caps, government clerks in British tweed coats and thin white dhotis, beautiful women like wind-blown flowers in their bright, floating saris . . .

As we slowed for a traffic light a man in a dusty white turban and loincloth ran alongside the car. As he ran he lifted a flute and blew a few thin, enticing notes, supplicating us, as he did so, with his eyes. When we stopped for the red light he removed the flute and called in a high, sweet, faintly eerie voice like a bewitched choir boy's. What did he want of us, and what did he have concealed in those heavy, braided bags over his shoulders? "Cobras, mem-sahib," said the driver. "He wants you to see his pet cobras. He is a snake charmer from the hills." But the light turned green and we pushed on toward the quiet district where the vice-president of India resides.

Dr. Radhakrishnan met us at his front door. He was wearing the loose, white, hand-woven garment made of khaddar which Gandhi made familiar to the West. After seeing off the Indian visitors who had preceded us, he extended a long, flexible, and expressive hand to greet us vigorously. His voice had none of the almost birdlike timbre that many Indian voices retain even after they acquire an Oxford accent — which Dr. Radhakrishnan does not have.

A servant led us into the drawing room; a room both Western and modern in feeling; the color tones all light and bright in keys of green, blue, and yellow. On the walls were modern landscapes; the inevitable photograph of a smiling Gandhi with the wreath of marigolds around his shoulders. On the mantel was a small figure of a Buddha. Tea was brought and without any preliminary chitchat Dr. Radhakrishnan began to talk.

2

HE spoke first, very kindly and graciously, of a book he had been told I was planning to do — a book on Buddhism for the Western world. (It was this project of mine which had led Madame Pandit, Prime Minister Nehru's sister, to arrange our meeting.) Dr. Radhakrishnan said he was "glad, very glad" that such a book was being done. When I told him I could only dare to embark upon the task by calling it a "primer" of Buddhism he began to speak simply and feelingly of the meaning of Buddha's message for the world, and also of Socrates, Jesus, Mohammed — the great teachers who have, by their lives and utterances, "brought the world into a new orbit and wrought inward changes," who have "left a legacy interwoven into the fabric of men's minds."

As he talked I noted something I was to note even more markedly at our second meeting: an inclusive rather than an exclusive quality to his thinking, a way he has of raising any subject above the narrowly specific into the philosophically gen-

eral, without losing direct focus or evading any point. As I observed how he quietly minimized the differences between peoples and cultures, emphasizing always their similarities and the likenesses of the messages of all great world teachers, I began to feel that everything he said was closely related to the teeming Indian life through which I had just driven, the swamis, the sadhus, the "Kipling's India" policemen, the veiled women, the snake charmers, the Sikhs who do not cut their hair — and also all the vestiges of ancient cultures that lie on every hand to remind one of the long, cyclic history of humanity, serving to check among the people of the Indian subcontinent that characteristic so typical of Western man, the tendency to consider "today" the only "reality."

Yet in spite of Dr. Radhakrishnan's air of profound tolerance there is nothing withdrawn or coldly impersonal about him. Indeed his vigor, a certain impression of physical force that he conveys, and his quick, warm sense of humor, lend added emphasis to his tolerance. Listening to his strong, calm voice I felt that I could well understand how he, a man publicly opposed to war, violence, and all forms of subjugation, spiritual as well as physical, had been able to go as his country's envoy to Stalin's Russia and there to talk to the Man of Iron as he was talking now to us. Further, I could see how, in the hottest days of Muslim-Hindu violence and antagonism, he dared to speak at Muslim universities — never on the political issues that were so tragically splitting the country, but always on a higher level; lifting young minds for a few moments above the present turmoil to the plane of eternal values — those values that regularly seem to "disappear" but are as regularly "rediscovered." For Dr. Radhakrishnan — like Socrates about whom he knows so much — might also be accused of "corrupting" minds by insisting that they boldly examine all points of view; and, like Socrates, it is plain that he would not, *could* not, withdraw from this activity no matter what the penalties or dangers.

Because of the freedom with which he spoke to us we felt able to talk freely in return. I even ventured to question him about India's Republic Day parade which we had just recently witnessed in Delhi. We had been amazed — even somewhat disturbed — at the distinctly military tone of the festivities; regiment after regiment marching past, fighter planes flying overhead, even Indian equivalents of our WACS — all of which had formed for us an unpleasant contrast to the "cultural floats" depicting the many peaceful and provincial ways of life of this richly diverse land.

Dr. Radhakrishnan acknowledged his own unease. "I, too, questioned myself during that parade: 'What are we doing? Is this what India stands for?'"

I asked him if he would be prepared for India

to go down rather than see her enter the world's armament race. His reply came without hesitation. "Yes, if India went down for the right reasons, went down, not merely out of weakness, but out of remaining true to some higher ideal."

And he added, "It is not *necessary* that India or any country survive. What is important is the soul and heart and spirit of man. What is survival in an armed camp? Can this kind of experience be life's meaning?" Then, speaking of Gandhi, whom he once described as "that lonesome man who embodies the conscience of humanity," he said that this great political saint had seen the truth that if man grows accustomed to the "savage excitements and brutalities of war and believes them to be normal there will soon be no humanity left in our race."

But he made it clear that he did not consider passive indifference any tool for the problems of our day. He has said in writing, "All religions proclaim with one voice, though in many languages, that we are summoned not to a light-hearted saunter or even to a journey where we can always walk with clasped hands of understanding and friendship, but to a battle where we have to fight the forces of stupidity and selfishness."

And finally, on the difficult subject of India and "preparedness," Dr. Radhakrishnan made a point which states very aptly his position in the practical world of politics. "From the very *lowest* point of view," he said, "from the point of view of sheer expedience, it makes no sense for India to enter the arms race."

When we left he walked with us to the front steps. It was late afternoon. The birds were already singing their evening songs in the green trees of the small garden. Outside the gates the professional laundryman, who had been using the clean, sunny area outside the vice-president's wall as drying space for his laundry, was gathering up his garments. As we thanked Dr. Radhakrishnan for the time he had so generously given us, and felt our hands clasped again in that warm, vigorous grip, I had a momentary sense of his aloneness — the aloneness of the man of superior intellect who has chosen deliberately not to live apart from human struggles in the aloof world of abstract "ideas," but in the very thick of the current conflict.

3

THE next time I saw Dr. Radhakrishnan was in New York City, on the thirty-fourth floor of a great hotel. He was wearing now not the white khaddar in which I had first seen him but the dress in which Nehru usually appears, the long, plain, tunic-like coat with high collar and buttons down the front. Behind his white head I could see, in the far distance, like one of those miniature landscapes in a Renaissance portrait, a view of the lake in Central

Park and a few green trees. I remembered the green trees of his garden in Delhi and the birds at their evening songs. The trees here were far off and there were no birds. We were in the very center of a city of stone and steel.

We spoke for a moment or two about his travels in America. He told me laughingly that he had just addressed a graduating class of girls at the University of Virginia, and had told them they must be prepared to find their future husbands a combination of "savage and baby" and must learn to deal successfully with these two different kinds of creature. He then spoke of an address he had given at McGill University in which he had used Thomas Jefferson's epitaph as his theme. I had to confess that I did not remember this epitaph and he recited to me the three things that this great American felt he could, at the end of his life, take enough pride in to inscribe on his tombstone: that he had been the author of the Declaration of Independence, that he had helped to hold down religious prejudice in his state of Virginia, that he had founded the University of Virginia.

"These represent the three great fundamental freedoms," said Dr. Radhakrishnan, "social, religious, intellectual. If these three freedoms, these great values of all civilizations should be lost, what would be 'won' by any conflict in which one country or another might seem to win?"

We were right back at the same place where we had parted in Delhi.

But I said that I had for him today a specific question on which I wished him to speak his thoughts. This question had been suggested to me by some recent prophecies of Arnold Toynbee to the effect that when — within the next fifty years — the "whole face of the planet will have been unified politically through the concentration of irresistible military powers in some single set of hands" then this would be the signal for a great spiritual rebirth. The nineteenth-century emphasis on technology, with which man had been living for many years, would be supplanted in the twenty-first century by a strong countermovement from technology to religion. In this reflowering, India might lead, for, said Professor Toynbee, the center of power would "ebb back from the shores of the Atlantic to the Middle East where the earliest civilizations arose 3,000 to 6,000 years ago" and from which also, all religions have come.

Specifically, in relation to this prophecy, I asked did Dr. Radhakrishnan feel that India had some secret of vitality and endurance which might be of value to the world today, a world standing at the crossroads, in one of those cyclic "times of troubles" about which Professor Toynbee theorizes, facing a possibly immeasurable human catastrophe? Would India's undying interest in the values of the soul survive? Would India offer the sick world some healing message, some spiritual help?

As Dr. Radhakrishnan answered I was again struck by his characteristic manner of approaching a subject. He formed his reply by enlarging the idea embodied in the question; lifting it up and out, away from the specific into the general; making the answer fit a larger frame of reference.

"If there is any one distinctive quality of our age," he began, "it is the getting together of different parts of the world. In the future man will not talk of our age as the age of wars, rumors of wars, and economic dislocations, but as an age in which different parts of the world have come to 'jostle' each other, and thus the fundamentals and the different attitudes of life have been drawn into closer intimacy." Here he paused and repeated, "This is the most prominent characteristic of our age."

After a moment he went on. "If this 'closing up' is to result in an effective human community, how is it to be brought about? There are some people who say that as science and technology have been responsible for the shrinking of our horizon may they not be the cementing forces of the new world?"

Again he paused briefly before continuing with special emphasis. "Civilizations are built not on mechanical devices but on basic values. They cannot be built by bread and techniques alone. A human being is not to be regarded as a mere lump of flesh and bone, controlled by conditioned reflexes and social pressures, not merely an economic being — though there are fundamental economic needs to be satisfied. We eat in order to live and we wish to live on planes other than economic also. In other words, we have to admit the reality of a spiritual dimension. Man is not merely body and mind but also a soul.

"Mere intellectual knowledge is not sufficient for welding the people of the world into a single human community. The fundamentals of a civilization are spiritual. The unfortunate part of it is that religions have so departed from their original purity, have lost their dynamic vigor, have degenerated into arid and exclusive sects. They love those who follow their doctrines and disciplines and are indifferent to those who follow other doctrines and disciplines. Sometimes in the name of dogma and rites, which did duty for true spirituality, they persecuted, burned, and tortured those who did not accept their point of view. Religion in *this* sense of the term cannot serve as the basis for a future world. It is here that perhaps India's outlook may be of some little use." He paused and looked directly at me over his glasses. "Note the words 'some little use,'" he repeated, with emphasis.

"India does not bother much about the historical formulations and denominational expressions of religion which are merely guides to adventure and experience on the spiritual plane. India holds that to pass from word to vision is each individual's

personal adventure. The higher we rise in the spirit of religion, the more do the differences diminish. . . . Just as when we reach a hilltop, the landscape we all see is the same, so the angles of approach, the paths of ascent, do not matter when we reach the ideal of religious life.

"In this respect," he said — and he moved one hand and raised his brows above his glasses, apparently indicating that he referred to India's emphasis on the spiritual search as a personal adventure, an individual journey to its universal view — "in this respect, India has stood for a spiritual as distinct from a dogmatic approach to religion. When our country is said to be secular it does not mean that we lay stress on material comforts, worldly interest, knowledge, and power. We make out rather that we stand for a religion which is deeply spiritual and not narrowly dogmatic. A practical demonstration of this view of life is to be found in our country where so many types of religious expression flourish side by side."

(And I found myself thinking of all the many different kinds of mystics, saints, swamis, sadhus, sanyasins, masters, yogis, priests, all the variety of mosques, minarets, ashrams, towers of silence, sacred caves, temples, shrines, churches that I had myself been aware of in a limited sojourn in India. I saw India's new national flag with the ancient emblem of the great Buddhist emperor, Asoka, the sacred chakra, or "wheel," which was also a symbol of a spiritual "center." I saw Prime Minister Nehru's beautiful, sincere face under the canopy at a recent Buddhist gathering in Sanchi when he was not ashamed to speak over a microphone before thousands about his troubled heart, his "confusion," to admit that he had come to Sanchi as a "seeker": "I try to see light and try to search for it. Often I stumble down, but I get up and go forward." And I could see Dr. Radhakrishnan's serene face under his white turban on that same occasion — which was the return of the relics of two of Buddha's leading disciples from their long sojourn in England at the Victoria and Albert Museum. I could hear him saying what he had said then about Buddha's enduring message to "be compassionate, be merciful, be self-controlled"; about Buddha's reiteration to his disciples of the theme which was also that of Christ, "Seek and ye shall find.")

4

BUT now Dr. Radhakrishnan was not outside the ancient stupa at Sanchi addressing a mass audience. He was a solitary, sixty-four-year-old man giving an interview on the thirty-fourth floor of a famous New York hotel. Looking down, clasping his expressive, muscular hands together, he continued as though pulling the words from the depths of his being.

"If today we are trying to build up political unity through the United Nations, economic understanding through international banks and monetary funds, it is time for us to think of a more enduring basis for world unity through a concentration and mobilizing of the forces of its spirituality. In this perhaps the fundamental insights of India's spirituality may be of some advantage to the world."

He had made his formal reply. Did I have anything further to ask? I said yes, that someone had requested me to speak about a recent television broadcast made by Bishop Fulton J. Sheen, the distinguished ecclesiastic who is the head of the organization for the propagation of the Catholic faith in the United States. Bishop Sheen, on one of his regular telecasts, had spoken of Buddha, had referred to him as a great teacher, but had added that Buddha himself had said that "there was one to come after him greater than he and his name would be Love." This was presumed to refer to Jesus Christ. As a great Buddhist scholar, what would Dr. Radhakrishnan think of this?

And again Dr. Radhakrishnan's reply was characteristic of his fundamental attitude, that of a tolerant seeker for the wider view. "The important thing is not which teacher came first, which second. The important thing is not who preached, or who preaches love, but who can practice it. Who among us can endure deep suffering without malice?" (I thought of Gandhi blessing his assassin as he died.) "Our need is for greater souls among us, for as St. James said, 'Faith without works is dead.'"

I opened the notebook I had brought and asked, "Could I quote something from one of your essays that I have copied out; something that seems to be particularly pertinent?"

I read: "If we should wish to build a society in which evildoers are transformed into higher beings, into brothers forgiving one another, and thus free themselves from falsehood, guilt, and crime, we must practice love. The believer today is called upon to stand up against the old and the outworn. . . . The mystery of life is creative sacrifice. It is the central idea of the Cross, which was such a scandal to the Jews and the Greeks, that he who truly loves us will have to suffer for us, even to the point of death. It is the truth central to all living religions. The victory over evil through suffering and death we have not only in the garden of Gethsemane, in the palace of Gautama, the Buddha, in the cell where Socrates drank the hemlock, but in many other unknown places."

When I had finished reading he nodded. "You may quote," he said. And then he gave me his

characteristic smile, a smile that has something both warm and wry about it, as though he sees that life — and in particular history — is indeed something of a jokester. "You may quote whatever you like from my written words." He emphasized the word "written" perhaps because he had — though leaving the decision up to me — indicated that he would prefer me not to quote him on Stalin, President Eisenhower, and other world figures with whom he has talked in confidence, and about whom I had questioned him. He gave as his reason for this caution the explanation that perhaps public men, with grave responsibilities, need to feel that they can upon some occasions, to certain people, unburden their minds freely without thought of subsequent publicity and possible misinterpretation. Dr. Radhakrishnan has had his own share of misquotation and misinterpretation. One feels that he personally has learned to accept this as a part of the price one must pay for voluntarily leaving the study and entering public life.

In a small book he once wrote on Gandhi, Dr. Radhakrishnan quoted India's great political saint in phrases that seem to me to be equally applicable to him.

"My motive has been purely religious. I could not be leading a religious life unless I identified myself with the whole of mankind, and this I could not do unless I took part in politics. The whole gamut of man's activities today constitutes an indivisible whole; you cannot divide social, political, and purely religious work into watertight compartments. I do not know any religion apart from human activity."

Dr. Radhakrishnan, like Gandhi, draws into the orbit of his appreciation, understanding, and gratitude, all great world teachers, honoring by quotation, and precept, all those founders of world religions who have left humanity its most priceless heritage.

Once again I made my good-bys and left Dr. Radhakrishnan to the next appointment on his crowded American schedule. As I looked back from the doorway of his hotel suite to see his hand raised in farewell, his distinguished white head silhouetted against that distant view of the one small green spot in a city of gray stone, I felt that I had been in the presence of a great transition figure. I seemed to see in this generous but essentially lonely man a prototype of the possible leaders of the future; those men who, with highly developed spiritual sense, and equally developed social sense, may come to serve humanity in the new age eventually to be born from our current "Time of Troubles."

THE BARBERS' TRADE UNION

A Story

by MULK RAJ ANAND

I

AMONG the makers of modern India, Chandu, the barber boy of my village, has a place which will be denied him unless I press for the recognition of his contribution to history. Chandu's peculiar claim to recognition rested, to tell the truth, on an exploit of which he did not know the full significance. But then, unlike most great men of India today, he had no very exaggerated notion of his own importance.

I knew Chandu even in the days when he wore a piece of rag in the middle of his naked, distended-bellied body, and when we wallowed together in the mire of the village lanes, playing at soldiering, shop-keeping, or clerking and other little games which we invented for the delectation of our two selves and of our mothers, who alone of all the elders condescended to notice us.

Chandu was senior to me by about six months, and he took the lead in all matters. I willingly followed, because truly he was a genius at catching wasps, and at pressing the poison out of their tails, tying their tiny legs to cotton thread and flying them, while I always got bitten on the cheeks if I dared to go anywhere near the platform of the village well where these insects settled on the puddles to drink water.

When we grew older, he still seemed to me the embodiment of perfection, because he could make and fly paper kites of such intricate designs and of such

balance as I could never achieve. To be sure, he was not so good at doing sums at school, perhaps because his father apprenticed him early to the hereditary profession of the barber's caste and sent him out cutting hair in the village. But he was better than I at reciting poetry, any day, for not only did he remember by rote the verses in the text book, but he could repeat the endless pages of prose so that they seemed like poetry.

My mother resented the fact that Chandu won a scholarship at school while I had to pay fees to be taught. And she constantly dissuaded me from playing with him, saying that Chandu was a low-caste barber's son, and that I ought to keep up the status of my caste and class. But whatever innate ideas I had inherited from my forefathers, I certainly hadn't inherited any sense of superiority. Indeed, I was always rather ashamed of the red caste mark which my mother put on my forehead every morning, and of the formalized pattern of the uchkin, the tight white cotton trousers, the gold-worked shoes, and the silk turban in which I was dressed. I longed for the right to wear all the spectacular conglomeration of clothes which Chandu wore — a pair of khaki shorts which the retired Subedar had given him, a frayed black velvet waistcoat decorated all over with shell buttons, and a round felt cap which had once belonged to Lalla Hukam Chand, the lawyer of our village.

And I envied Chandu the freedom of movement which he enjoyed after his father died of plague. He would do the round of shaves and haircuts at the houses of the high-caste notables in the morning, then bathe and dress and steal a ride to town, six miles away, on the foot rest of the closed carriage in which Lalla Hukam Chand traveled to town.

MULK RAJ ANAND was born in the Punjab in 1905, but now lives in Bombay, where he edits *Marg*, one of the world's finest art magazines. As a young man he studied philosophy in England, taking his doctorate at London. Since then he has become one of India's most prominent and progressive literary figures, publishing many volumes of fiction, as well as books on poetry, the theatre, and art.

But Chandu was kind to me. He knew that I was seldom taken to town, and that I had to trudge three weary miles to a secondary school in the big village of Joadiala with the fear of God in my heart, while he had been completely absolved from the ordeal of being flogged by cruel masters as he had left school on his father's death. So he often brought me some gift or other from the town, a paint brush, or gold ink, or white chalk, or a double-edged razor knife to sharpen pencils with; and he would entertain me with long, merry descriptions of the variety of things he saw in the bazaars of civilization.

He was particularly detailed in his description of the wonderful English styles of clothes which he saw the Sahibs and the lawyers, the chaprasis and the policemen wearing at the District Court, where he had to wait for the journey home at the footman's bar on Lalla Hukam Chand's landau. And, once or twice, he expressed to me the secret wish he had to steal some money from the pitcher where his mother kept the emoluments of his professional skill, to buy himself an outfit like that of Kalam Khan, the dentist doctor, who, he said, performed miracles in the town, fitting people with rows of teeth and even new eyes. He described to me the appearance of Kalam Khan, a young man with hair parted on one side, dressed in a starched shirt with an ivory collar and bow tie, a black coat and striped pantaloons, and a wonderful rubber overall and pump shoes. And he recounted to me the skill with which the magician unpacked an angrezi leather handbag, and flourished his shining steel instruments.

Then he asked my advice on the question of whether, as a barber educated to the fifth primary class, he would not look more dignified if he too wore a dress in the style of Dr. Kalam Khan. "For though I am not a highly educated doctor," he said, "I learned how to treat pimples, boils, and ulcers on people's bodies from my father, who learned how from his father before him."

I agreed with his project and encouraged him with the enthusiasm that I felt for everything that my hero thought of or did.

2

ONE day I was thrilled to find Chandu at the door of my house in the morning. He was dressed up in a white turban, a white rubber coat — a little too big for him, but nevertheless very splendid — and a pair of pump shoes in which I could see my face reflected in clear silhouette. He had a leather bag in his hand. He was setting off on his round, and had come to show me how grand he looked in his new outfit.

"Marvelous!" I said. "Marvelous!"

And he rushed off towards the house of the landlord, whom he shaved every morning, with me following admiringly behind.

There were not many people about at this time,

so I alone witnessed the glory of Chandu, dressed up as a doctor, as he strutted up the street, carefully warding off the cow-dung cakes which the village women stuck to the walls, and the dirty water which flowed through the drains. As we entered the home of the landlord, we met Devi, the landlord's little son, who clapped his hands with joy, and shouted to announce the coming of Chandu, the barber, in a beautiful heroic dress like that of the Padre Sahib of the Mission School.

"Ram! Ram! Ram!" said Bijay Chand, the burly landlord, taking his hand to touch the sacred thread which hung over his ear since he had just been to the lavatory. "The son of a pig! He is bringing a leather bag of cowhide into our house, and a coat of the marrow of — I don't know, some other animal, and those evil, black angrezi shoes. Get out! Get out! You son of the devil! You will defile my religion. I suppose you have no fear of anyone now that your father is dead!"

"But I am wearing the clothes of a doctor, Jagirdar Sahib," said Chandu.

"Go away, you swine, go away and wear clothes befitting your low status as a barber. Don't let me see you practicing any of your newfangled notions, or else I will have you flogged!"

"But, Lalla Bijay Chand!" Chandu appealed.

"Get away! Get away! You useless one!" the landlord shouted. "Don't come any nearer, or we will have to treat the whole house with the sacred cow dung to purify it."

Chandu returned. His face was flushed. He was completely taken aback. He rushed towards the shop of Thanu Ram, the Sahukar of the village, who kept a grocer's store at the corner of the lane. When I got to the head of the lane, I saw the Sahukar with one end of the scale in which he had been weighing grain lifted in one hand, abusing Chandu in the foulest way. "You little swine, you go disguising yourself as a clown when you ought to be bearing your responsibilities and looking after your old mother. You go wearing the defiled clothes of the hospital folk. Go and come back in your own clothes! Then I shall let you cut my hair!" And, as he said so, he felt for the ritual tuft knot on top of his head.

Chandu looked very crestfallen, and ran in a wild rage past me, as if I had been responsible for these mishaps. I nearly cried to think that he hated me now just because I belonged to a superior caste.

"Go to Pandit Permanand," I shouted after him, "and tell him that these garments you are wearing are not unclean."

"Ho, so you are in league with him," said Pandit Permanand, emerging from the landlord's home, where he had apparently been summoned to discuss this unholy emergency. "You boys have been spoiled by your school education. It may be all right for *you* to wear those things because you are going to be a learned man. But what right has that

low-caste boy to such apparel? He has got to touch our beards, our heads, and our hands. He is defiled enough by God. Why does he want to become more defiled? He is a rogue!"

Chandu had heard this. He did not look back but ran off in a rush, as if he were set on some purpose which occupied him more than the abuse which had been the cause of his flight.

I was very disturbed about Chandu's fate all day, and on my way back from school I called in at the hovel where he lived with his mother.

His mother was well known for a cantankerous old woman, because she, a low-caste woman, dared to see the upper-caste people as they never dared to see themselves. But she was always very kind to me, though she spoke to me too in a bantering manner, which had grown on her through the suffering and humiliations of sixty-odd years. She said, "Well, you have come, have you, to look for your friend. If your mother knew that you were here, she would scratch my eyes out for casting my evil eye on your sweet face. And you, are you as innocent as you look or are you also a sneaking little hypocrite, like the rest of your lot?"

"Where is Chandu, then, mother?" I asked.

"I don't know, son," she said, now in a sincere, simple manner. "He went up town way, and says he earned some money shaving people on the roadside. I don't know what he is up to. I don't think he ought to annoy the clients his father served. He is a child and gets funny notions into his head and they ought not to be angry with him. He is only a boy. You want to see him, and to go out playing, I suppose. Very well, I will tell him when he comes. He has just gone up the road, I think."

"All right, mother," I said, and went home.

3

CHANDU whistled for me that afternoon, in the usual code whistle which we had invented.

"Come for a walk to the bazaar," he said. "I want to talk to you." And hardly had I joined him, when he began: "Do you know, I earned a rupee shaving and cutting hair near the court this morning. If I hadn't had to come back on Hukam Chand's carriage early in the afternoon, I should have earned more. But I am going to teach these orthodox idiots a lesson. I am going on strike. I shall not go to their houses to attend them. I am going to buy a Japanese bicycle from the gambler son of Lalla Hukam Chand for five rupees, and I shall learn to ride it and I shall go to town on it every day. Won't I look grand, riding on a bicycle, with my overall, my black leather shoes, and with a white turban on my head, especially as there is a peg in front of the two-wheeled carriage for hanging my tool bag."

"Yes," I concurred, greatly thrilled, not because I imagined the glory of Chandu seated upon a bicy-

cle, but because I felt myself nearer the goal of my own ambition. I felt sure that if Chandu acquired a bicycle, he would at least let me ride to town on the back wheel or the front bar. He might even let me learn to ride myself, and lend me the machine every now and then.

Chandu negotiated the deal about the bicycle with an assurance that seemed to me a revelation of a capacity for business such as I had never suspected in him from the reckless way of spending money which had always characterized him. And then he said to me in a confidential voice, "You wait for another day or two. I shall show you something which will make you laugh as you have never laughed before."

"Tell me now," I insisted, with an impatience sharpened by the excitement of the tense association of my whole self with the spirit of his adventure.

"No, you wait," he said. "I can only give you a hint at the moment. It is a secret that only a barber can know. Now, let me get on with the job of learning to handle this machine. You hold it while I get on it, and I think it will be all right."

"But," I said, "that is not the way to learn to ride a bicycle. My father learned to ride from the bar at the back, and my brother learned to ride by first trying to balance on the pedal."

"Your father was a top-heavy balloon!" said Chandu. "And your brother is a long-legged spider. I," he continued, "was born, my mother tells me, upside down."

"All right," I said. And I held the bicycle for him. But while my gaze concentrated with admiration on the brilliant sheen of the polished brass, I lost my grip and Chandu fell on the other side with a thud, along with the machine. There were peals of laughter from the shop of the Sahukar where several peasants congregated round the figure of the landlord. And then the Sahukar could be heard shouting: "Serves you right, you rascally son of the iron age! Break your bones and die, you upstart! You won't come to your senses otherwise!"

Chandu hung his head with shame, and muttered an oath at me: "You fool, you are no good!" though I had thought that he would grip me by the neck and give me a good thrashing for being the cause of his discomfiture. Then he looked at me, smiled embarrassedly and said, "We will see who has the last laugh, I or they."

"I will hold the machine tightly this time," I said earnestly, and picked it up.

Chandu struggled on to the bicycle as I exerted all my strength to hold it tight. Then he said, "Let go!"

I released my grip. He had pressed the pedal with a downward pressure of his right foot, hard, and as the wheels revolved, he swayed dangerously to one side. But he had pushed the other pedal now. The machine balanced, inclining to the right a little, so that I saw Chandu lift his rump from the saddle

in the most frightening manner. He hung precariously for a moment. His handles wobbled dangerously. He was tottering. At this juncture, a mixed noise of laughter and sarcasm arose from the congregation at the shop and I thought that Chandu would come to grief with this confusion, if not on account of his utter incapacity. But by a curious miracle Chandu's feet got into the right rhythm for pedaling, his handle adjusted itself to his stiff hands and he rode off, with me running behind him, bursting with enthusiastic "Shabashes." A half a mile's run, and he repeated the trick.

Though I was very eager to share the joy of his newly acquired skill, I didn't see Chandu the next day, as I was taken to see my aunts in the village of Verka.

But on the third day he called for me, and said that he would show me the joke he had talked of. I followed quickly, urging him, "Tell me what it is all about."

"Look," he said, hiding behind the oven of the village potter. "Do you see the congregation of men in the Sahukar's shop? Try and recognize who's there."

I explored among the various forms and, for a moment, I was quite baffled.

"Only the peasants, sitting round waiting for the landlord," I said.

"Look again," he said, "you idiot, and see. The landlord is there, his long-jawed face dirtied by the white scum of his unshaved beard!"

"Ha! Ha!" I shouted hilariously, struck by the contradiction of the big thick mustache, which I knew the landlord dyed in a red dye, and the prickly white bush of his overgrown mane. "Ha! Ha!" I roared, "a sick lion! He looks seedy!"

"Sh!" warned Chandu, "don't make a row. But look at the Sahukar. He looks like a leper with the brown tinge of tobacco on his walrus mustache which I once used to trim. Now you run by the shop and call 'Beavers, beavers!' They can't say anything to you."

I was too impetuous a disciple of the impish Chandu to wait to deliberate.

"Beavers! Beavers! Beavers!" I shouted as I ran by the shop. The peasants who were gathered round it burst out laughing.

"Catch him, catch him, the little rogue!" shouted the Sahukar. "He is in league with that barber boy, Chandu!"

But, of course, I had climbed up a banyan tree,

from where I jumped on to the wall of the temple and shouted my slogan at the priest.

The rumor about the barber boy's strike spread, and jokes about the unkempt beards of the elders of the village became current in every home. Even those who were of the high castes, even the members of the families of the elders began to giggle with laughter at the shabby appearance of the great ones and made rude remarks about their persons. And it was said that the landlord's wife threatened to run away with somebody, because, being younger than her husband by twenty years, she had borne with him so long as he kept himself in trim, but was now disgusted with him beyond the limits of reconciliation.

Chandu did good business in town during these days, and saved money, even though he bought new clothes and new tools for himself. The village elders threatened to have him sent to prison for his offenses, and ordered his mother to force him to obey them or they would commit him to the police for a breach of the peace. But Chandu's mother had, for the first time in her life, touched the edges of prosperity, and she told all of them what she thought of them in a language even plainer than that in which she had always addressed them. Then they thought of getting the barber of Verka to come to attend them, and offered him an anna, instead of the two pice they had usually paid to Chandu.

But Chandu outwitted them. He had conceived a new and more wonderful notion, even better than those he had thought up before. Having seen the shop of Nringan Das, the barber in the town, he applied his brain to the scheme of opening a shop himself in our village, right at the head of the bazaar. He would do it in partnership with the barber of Verka, who was his cousin, and with Dhunoo and the other barbers near our village. He proposed this extraordinary idea at a special meeting of the caste and by that gift of gab which he has managed to convince them that it was time the village elders came to the barbers rather than that the barbers should dance attendance upon the lords.

CHANDU BROTHERS

Hairdressing and Shaving Saloon

That is the proud legend that stands today on the sign outside my friend's establishment. And it has been followed by a number of other similar unions of working people in our parts.

THE FICTION WRITER IN INDIA

His Tradition and His Problems

by R. K. NARAYAN

ALL imaginative writing in India has had its origin in the *Ramayana* and the *Mahabharata*, two very long and very old epic poems, written in Sanskrit, perhaps as much as five thousand years ago. An author would pick up an incident or a character out of one or the other and create a new work with it, much as Shakespeare transmuted Holinshed's *Chronicle* or *Plutarch's Lives*. Kalidasa's *Shakuntala* (fifth century A.D.), one of the world's masterpieces, was developed out of an incident in the *Mahabharata*. Tulasidas rewrote the *Ramayana* in Hindi, Kamban in Tamil, and Kumaravyasa retold the *Mahabharata* in Kannada, each one according to his own genius. Each of these authors dedicated his lifetime to the fulfillment of one supreme task, etching the stanzas with a stylo on dry palm leaves hour after hour and day after day for years, before a book came into being.

The completion of a literary work was marked by ceremony and social rejoicing. Economic or commercial considerations had no place in a writer's life, the little he needed coming to him through royal patronage or voluntary gifts. The work was read aloud to the public, assembled in a temple hall or under the shade of a tree. Men, women, and children listened to the reading with respectful attention for a few hours every evening. A literary work lived not so much through the number of copies scattered over the world as in the mind and memory of readers and their listeners, and passed on by word of mouth from generation to generation.

R. K. NARAYAN is one of India's leading novelists and short story writers. He was born in Madras in 1907, but now lives in the city of Mysore. Narayan writes in English, but the sources of his inspiration are often the country people in the villages of South India. His novel *The Financial Expert* was recently published in this country.

These traditions were modified by historical changes. Let us skip a great deal of intervening history and come down to British times. The English language brought with it to India not only a new type of literature but all the world's literature in translation. Indian writers were exposed to new forms such as the novel and short story. These not only revealed new artistic possibilities for a writer but also stimulated his social awareness. Thus while many stories dealt with impossible romance, melodrama, and adventure, others exposed the evils of certain social customs such as early marriage, the dowry system, suttee, and caste prejudices. Many of the realistic Indian novels of this period of British influence are in effect attacks on the orthodoxies of the day. They suffered from didacticism, of course, but they had a core of artistic quality, so that many books of the Victorian period are still readable although their social criticisms are out of date.

Between the era of British rule and the present we might note a middle period when subject matter became inescapably political. All of India's energies were directed to the freeing of the country from foreign rule. Under this urgent pressure the mood of comedy, the sensitivity to atmosphere, the probing of psychological factors, the crisis in the individual soul and its resolution, and above all the detached observation, which constitute the stuff of fiction, were forced into the background. It seemed to be more a time for polemics and tract writing than for storytelling. Since the attainment of Indian independence in 1947 this preoccupation is gone, and the writer can now gather his material out of the great new events that are shaping before his eyes. Every writer now hopes to express through his novels and stories the way of life of the group of people with whose psychology and background he is most familiar, and he hopes that this picture

THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY

...y appeal to his own circle but also to a
audience outside.

The short story rather than the long novel has been the favorite medium of the fiction writer in India. Perhaps this is because its brevity makes it the most suitable for the variegated material available. But more likely it is simply because the writing of a short story takes less time. The writer of a novel has to spend at least a year's labor on it. This complete surrender is something few can afford, since most writers can write only part-time while doing something else for a living. Fiction writing as a full-time occupation has still to be recognized in India. Why is this so?

Above all there is the problem of language. Its complexity can be understood if we consider that there are fifteen major languages in India in which writers are doing their jobs today in various regions. Every writer has to keep in mind first his own regional language, then the national language, which is Hindi, next the classical Sanskrit, which thoroughly pervades all Hindu culture — it is far from a “dead” language — and finally English, which has shaped our new literary forms. Some of the regional languages are understood only within limited boundaries and cannot provide more than a few thousand readers for a book. Only book sales on an all-India, multilingual basis could yield royalties sufficient to give writers a livelihood. But to make that possible the urgent need is for an organization, a sort of literary clearing-house and translation service, which could give a writer a country-wide audience whatever might be the original language of his writing.

Indian book publishing must be revitalized. Under existing conditions there is little general pub-

lishing in the country. There are many publishing firms, to be sure, but they are most concerned with the manufacture of school texts, which alone, by diligent maneuvering can give a publisher (and incidentally his author) a five-figure public.

On the other hand, it must also be admitted that all is not well with the reading public. A certain amount of public apathy for book-buying is depressingly evident everywhere. Only a part of this can be attributed to the high price at which most good books are sold. A visiting American publisher recently asked me how many copies of my novel *Bachelor of Arts* (available here in the Pocket Book edition costing only a rupee and eight annas — that is, about thirty American cents) have been sold in my own home town of Mysore. I suggested two hundred as a possible figure.

“But what is the population of your town?” my visitor asked.

“Over two hundred and seventy-five thousand.”

“How many among them have enough education to read a novel like yours?”

“At least five thousand,” I ventured.

“And how many among them know you personally and like your work in general?”

“Probably almost all of them.”

“How many could afford to pay a rupee and eight annas for your book?”

“Perhaps all of them.”

“In that case what prevents five thousand copies being sold here rather than two hundred?”

I could not answer the question. I am still thinking it over. I think it is for experts in the book trade to discover a solution. Only when that is done will the major problem of the fiction writer in India be solved.

PRISONERS

by Humayun Kabir

I came to your home. I had thought I would beg of you
A little of the sweetness you have in your heart
To soothe the heartburn and the restlessness of life,
That the star of love might shine in my cool, silent sky.
The pain which day and night burns deep in me,
The discontent and lack of peace that weigh
Like chains on the feet and check the forward urge,
Put up barriers against the heart's desires —

The same chains, the same bonds bear heavily on you,
Your desires, your hopes return to you frustrated, vain.
Baffled by the prison bars my rebellious, embittered mind
Longs evil and good alike in one common ruin to hurl.
Men and women we look helpless at each other's face.

MORNING IN DELHI

A Story

by AHMED ALI

1

NIGHT lies over the city, covering it up like a blanket. In the dim starlight, roofs and houses and by-lanes lie asleep, wrapped in a restless slumber, breathing heavily as the heat becomes oppressive or shoots through the body like pain. In the courtyards, on the roofs, in the by-lanes, on the roads, men lie on their bare beds half naked, tired after the sore day's labor. A few men still walk on the otherwise deserted roads, hand in hand, talking; and some have jasmine garlands in their hands. The smell from the flowers escapes, scents a few yards of air around them, and dies smothered by the heat. Dogs go about sniffing the gutters in search of offal; and cats slink out of narrow by-lanes, from under the planks jutting out of shops, and lick the earthen cups out of which men have drunk milk and then thrown them away.

Heat exudes from the walls and the earth; and the gutters give out a damp stink which comes in greater gusts where they meet a sewer to eject their dirty water into an underground canal. But men sleep with their beds over the gutters, and the cats and dogs quarrel over heaps of refuse which lie along the alleys and crossroads.

Here and there in every mohallah the mosques raise their white heads towards the sky, their domes catching the starlight. The minarets point to heaven indicating, as it seems, that God is all-high and one. . . .

Still a few shops of the milk sellers are open, and someone comes and buys a couple of pice worth of

milk, drinks it, and throws the earthen cup away to be licked by cats who steal out of dark corners. And still a beggar or two goes by begging alms, singing in a doleful voice his miserable songs, tapping the slab-paved streets with his bamboo stick, or whining in front of doors, "Give in the name of God, mother, and may thy children live long." Or a belated flower vendor sells jasmines in a sing-song voice, putting one hand on his ear, holding the basket to his side with the other, shouting in resonant tones, "Buy the flowers of the jasmine." But the city lies indifferent or asleep, breathing heavily under a hot and dusty sky. And hardly anyone stops the flower vendor to buy jasmines or opens a door to satisfy the beggar. The nymphs have all gone to sleep, and the lovers have departed.

Only narrow by-lanes and alleys, insidious as a game of chess, intersect the streets and the city like the deep gutters which line them on either side, and grow narrower as you plunge into them, giving a feeling of suffocation and death, until they terminate at some house front or meet another net of by-lanes as insidious as before.

Such a net of alleys goes deep down into the city, leading to Mohallah Niyaryan, which has a net of by-lanes of its own. One branch comes straight on, tortuous and winding, growing narrower like the road of Life, and terminates at the house of Mir Nihal. As you look at it only a wall faces you, and in the wall a door. Nothing else. As you enter the house through the vestibule you come into an inner courtyard. Right in front is a low kotha and under it two small rooms. On the left is a raised platform made of bricks, behind it an arched veranda, and behind that a long room. On either side of the veranda and the platform are small rooms, and by the side of the entrance is the lavatory, then a nar-

AHMED ALI, formerly a Lecturer in English at Calcutta University, left India at the time of partition and is now a member of the Pakistani Diplomatic Service in Karachi. This story is part of his novel *Twilight in Delhi* which was published in London in 1940.

row bathroom and the kitchen black with smoke. In the center of the courtyard an old date palm tree raises its head up towards the sky, and its long leaves clustering together conceal a part of the sky from view, and its trunk, curved and sagged in the middle, looks ugly and dark. At the foot of the date palm a henna tree is growing, and sparrows have built their nests in its branches. Two earthen dishes hang from it, one full of water, the other of grain for the sparrows and wild pigeons who have built their nests in the cornices of the veranda and in the thick red and white curtains hanging above the arches.

By the wall of the kotha are wooden couches with a reddish sheet covering them; and on the platform and in the courtyard are some beds covered with white bed sheets which glow in the dim light of a kerosene lantern.

An old lady in her fifties is lying on one of the beds with her head cloth lying near her on the bed. On another bed are lying Mehro Zamani, her youngest daughter, a girl of fourteen, healthy and plump, and Masroor, a young boy of about thirteen, a nephew.

"It must be eleven o'clock, and your father has not come back yet," Begam Nihal says to her daughter. "You'd better go to sleep. It is very late."

"No, mother," her daughter says to her, "the story you were telling us was so good. I am not sleepy. Tell us another."

The old lady fans herself and says, "You have heard enough for today."

"But, aunt, do tell us the story of the king who had turned into a snake," says Masroor, turning on his stomach and looking at his aunt expectantly.

"We have heard that," says Mehro Zamani as she fans herself. "Ammma, tell us what happened in the Mutiny. You were once telling us how the Farangis had turned all the Mussulmans out of the city. Why had they done that?"

"It's a long story. I will tell you some other day," the old lady replies. "Your father will be coming soon. And the heat is so oppressive. . . ."

The young folk feel disappointed. But it is late and they are sleepy.

Mehro lies on her bed and looks up at the stars, and vague thoughts come into her mind, thoughts of kings and princes and soldiers. She thinks of a man far away whose proposal has come for her hand. What can he be like? She wonders. She has never seen him. But they are extremely rich people, she has heard; and Meraj — that is his name — is very fond of shooting. And she associates him with the prince in the story with whom the princess was in love. But the thought of leaving the home, her father and mother, brothers and relations, comes into her mind. She heaves a sigh, and feeling dejected and downcast closes her eyes.

Masroor has already gone to sleep.

Begam Nihal sits up, finds her dome-shaped paan

case, puts lime and katha on a betel leaf, then adds finely cut areca nut, some cardamom, a little tobacco, rolls it up and puts it in her mouth. Then she lies down again and begins to fan herself, occasionally fanning her daughter too. . . .

2

HAI, HAI, what has happened to my fan? Bi Anjum, are you awake? Have you seen my fan?" comes a voice from the kotha.

"What do I know of your fan?" the other voice replies. "It must be on your bed."

"It is not here."

"Then it must have fallen down. . . ."

Then silence descends upon the house. A gust of hot wind blows, and the leaves of the date palm rustle. The lantern flickers, but the flame steadies again.

Shams' newly married wife, the granddaughter-in-law of the house, who sleeps on the platform with her husband, wakes up, and taking a bowl fills it with water from the earthen pot. As she goes back and lies down, the front door creaks and a man clears his throat in the vestibule. Begam Nihal sits up on the bed, covers her head with her head cloth, and calls to the maidservant, "Dilchain, O Dilchain, get up. The master has come."

Dilchain gets up with a start as Mir Nihal comes in. He is tall and well built. He is wearing a white muslin coat reaching down to the knees and an embroidered round cap is set at a rakish angle on his bobbed head. His white and well-combed beard is parted in the middle, giving his noble face a majestic look.

"You went out today without taking your food," Begam Nihal says to him in a slightly annoyed tone, "and have kept me waiting. It must be past midnight."

"It is only eleven," he replies in an apologetic way. "I heard the clock strike just at the corner of the by-lane."

Dilchain brings the food from the kitchen. Begam Nihal spreads the food cloth on the wooden couch. Mir Nihal takes off his coat, washes his hands, and sits down on his feet, not cross-legged, to take his food. Begam Nihal begins to fan him.

From the pigeon house in the corner comes a sudden fluttering of wings.

"What is that?" Mir Nihal asks.

"It must be a cat."

The pigeons flutter again. Mir Nihal gets up and, picking up the lantern, rushes to the pigeon house. He raises the lantern high and throws light inside through the bamboo wall of the pigeon house. He sees nothing wrong and comes away. But in a moment the pigeons flutter, more frightened than before.

Mir Nihal goes back, opens the door of the pigeon house, and putting the lantern inside looks all

around. Something like a black rope creeps behind a wooden pigeon box. "It's a snake. Bring my stick, Dilchain," Mir Nihal shouts to the maid-servant who rushes into one of the low rooms under the kotha. As she goes in the noise of a pot falling comes from the room and a woman's frightened "Ooi." The snake creeps from behind one pigeon box to another.

"Hurry, Dilchain. Hurry up!" Mir Nihal shouts, excited.

Before Dilchain arrives with the stick the snake has moved to the bamboo wall. Kicking against a bowl which is lying in her way Dilchain hurries with the stick. Mir Nihal moves a box from its position to get the snake into open ground in order to hit it with the stick. But it wriggles out into the courtyard. Mir Nihal hurriedly comes out of the pigeon house and rushes after it. Before he can strike, the snake creeps into a gutter. Throwing away the stick Mir Nihal puts his hand into the gutter. From the wooden couch Begam Nihal shouts, "What are you doing? Look out!"

But Mir Nihal has managed to catch hold of the snake's tail, and pulling it out with all his force he jerks his hand backwards with a quick movement. The snake is seen flying in the air and the next moment Mir Nihal strikes it on the ground and leaves it. It lies there trying to move, but it is only the front half of the snake which is curling and twisting. The back half wriggles but cannot move forward. Its spine is broken. Taking the stick, he crushes the hood, and, wriggling and moving painfully for a while, it becomes motionless and dies.

From the kotha Begam Jamal, Mir Nihal's widowed sister-in-law, shouts, "Hai, hai, what was it?"

"Just a snake. I have killed it," Mir Nihal replies in a laughing voice, and the flesh on his cheek quivers with pleasure, and there is a merry twinkle in his eyes. "Thanks be to God. He saved your life. . . ."

Shams also gets up disturbed by the noise, and comes to see the snake. Dilchain, who is still inspecting the reptile and poking it with the stick, relates to him the whole story, emphasizing how the master brought it out of the gutter with his hand and broke its back.

Mir Nihal smiles and goes to the pigeon house. He finds that one of the young ones of his rare Shirazi pigeons has died. The snake had tried to swallow it but had failed. This pigeon house contains Mir Nihal's breeding pigeons. His flying pigeons are housed on the kotha of the adjoining house which belongs to the widow of his late brother-in-law, and is lying vacant.

He feels sorry for the young pigeon, which had been reared after a great many from the same pair had died. But he throws it on the heap of refuse, and washing his hands comes back to finish his meal.

Having finished his meal, he picks up his coat and

goes out to the men's part of the house. As he reaches the vestibule Asghar enters quietly walking on tiptoe. He is a tall and handsome young man with his hair well oiled and his red Turkish cap placed at a rakish angle on his head. The upper buttons of his sherwani are open and show the collar of the English shirt that he is wearing under it. He has an aesthetic look, and a somewhat effeminate grace about him. And round his wrist is wrapped a jasmine garland.

Mir Nihal stops and turns to Asghar and says in an angry tone, "Where have you been so late in the night? I have told you I don't like your friendship with Bundoo. Do you hear? Don't let me find you going there again."

But he is not in a very bad mood and goes out. Asghar takes the lantern and goes into a room, leaving the house in the dark, lit only by the dim and hazy starlight. Asghar comes out of the room, and all becomes quiet again. The date palm leaves quiver in the wind, and a shooting star leaps and is seen falling towards the earth, but is soon lost to sight behind the date palm leaves. Night holds sway over the sleeping earth.

3

ASGHAR sleeps on the roof all by himself. He goes up, lost in thought, and lies on the bed, first turning from side to side on account of the heat, then as a cool breeze begins to blow, for the night is on the wane, he fixes his gaze at the sky.

The stars shine in clusters, so many of them, ever so many, little bunches of light, twinkling away with a white radiance, holding court, as it were. And there are big stars and small stars, stars shining with a lonely luster, and stars glowing in bunches like pearls strung together in a necklace or like the forehead ornament of a beautiful brow. There are bunches of them shaped like a semicircular purse, and stars shaped like a nose ring studded on a delicate nostril. There are stars and stars, and inside the stars are cool, green worlds, and every star is a lovely maid.

As Asghar lies on his bed he feels as if he is rising, slowly, on the unseen wings of the air. He is lifted up and up towards the sky, floating in the stratosphere, free like a bird which floats without effort or difficulty. He goes up just as he is, lying on his bed, with his back towards the earth and his face towards the sky. But suddenly an unknown fear shoots through his brain. He sees the stars grow big and come down towards him from their places, huge green rocks of incandescent stone. They come down until they grow so big that he cannot see the sky. Fear overcomes him. He is hurled back and falls through empty space, and a sinking sensation comes upon him. He falls and cannot feel anything solid under his back and he is mightily afraid.

Then he falls no more, and moves up again in-

stead. He becomes light and travels with ease up towards the sky. He flies upwards and the stars do not seem big, nor do they come down. At last he is up there, and one by one the stars seem to move and begin to dance, and out of every star a beautiful maiden is born, and the starry maidens dance around him. Their glowing bodies are shapely. As they dance, round and round, their long dark hair waves in the breeze. They all come towards him, and with beautiful twinkling eyes tempt him towards them. He resists, but unconsciously, against his will, he too begins to dance and moves his legs and arms in the graceful gestures of the dance, until he finds that he is dancing all alone with his erstwhile sweetheart, Mushtari Bai, the dancing girl. He is oblivious of the other stars, oblivious of himself and of Mushtari Bai who comes near him dancing around, but he turns away, and is interested in his own body, in love with his own flesh and the movements of his own arms. . . .

But as slowly as it had come upon him the vision vanishes, and when he awakes he finds himself on his bed gazing at the stars. But where is the Milky Way? It used to be here just over his head. Where has it gone? Thinking of the Milky Way, he falls asleep.

But he awakes again. Or is it a continuation of the vision? He looks up at the sky. There is the Milky Way back again, stretched out from one end of the sky to the other, a bright line of incandescence, broadening out or narrowing to a straight line, going on and on and on until it fades in the far distance near the horizon.

He thinks how the Prophet Mohammed once walked on the Milky Way for that eternal moment in Paradise, consecrating the very path on which he walked, making it holy and pure and white with his feet that trod to God. And he feels that he too is walking on the Milky Way, on and on and on, until he becomes conscious of another presence, a lithe and handsome figure walking ahead of him on the other white track. He recognizes the figure to be Bilqeece, his friend Bundoo's sister, walking with a heavenly grace, her hair spread out and her gaze fixed in front of her. His heart begins to beat and he follows her until he overtakes her, and arm in arm they go on. But soon the road comes to an end, and in front there is a void, deep and dark and dim. As he looks down its abysmal depth his head begins to reel, and beads of perspiration come upon his brow. He turns to say something to the girl, but she is not there. Upon the brink of that void he finds himself alone, and an unknown fear grips his heart.

As he turns, a big star, greener and brighter than any he has seen, floats before his vision. He moves towards it and the star smiles. Arms and legs form themselves out of the star. They become a beautiful woman and she begins to dance. He also starts dancing. As they dance they come near, and he

sees in the star the face of Bilqeece; dancing they fall into each other's arms. Their mouths search each other and meet in a kiss. The star vanishes and the sky melts, and he is one with his sweetheart, knowing a heavenly bliss which is not of this earth. . . .

Asghar opens his eyes for a while and sees the Milky Way stretched out above him, and by the side of the Milky Way a big, green star, twinkling bright; and he falls asleep with the picture of the star dancing before his eyes. . .

4

THE WORLD came to consciousness with the resonant voice of Nisar Ahmad calling the morning azaan. Far and wide his golden voice rang, calling the faithful to prayer, calling them to leave their beds and arise from sleep — a rippling voice full of the glory of a summer dawn. As yet it was dark and the stars twinkled in the cool and restful sky. Only on the eastern horizon there was a sense of birth, as yet far away, hidden from the prying eyes of men. But the azaan carried forth a message of joy and hope, penetrating into the by-lanes and the courtyards, echoing in the silent atmosphere.

Men heard his voice in their sleep, as if far away in a happy dream. Some woke up for a while then turned on their sides and curling once more about themselves fell into a fresh slumber. Or they got up from their beds and, rubbing their eyes, groped for their bowls and went to wash.

In response to the azaan, as it were, the sparrows began to twitter one by one, in twos and threes, in dozens and scores, until at last their cries mingled and swelled into a loud and unending chorus. The dogs were awakened from sleep and began a useless search for refuse and offal, going about sniffing the very earth in search of food.

A cool green light crept over the sky. The stars paled, twinkled awhile, then hid their shy faces behind the veil of dawn which opened out gradually and the waxing light of day began to illumine the dark corners of the earth. A forward sun peeped over the world and its light colored the waters of the Jamuna, dyed them rose and mauve and pink. Its rays were caught by the tall minarets of the Jama Masjid, glinted across the surface of its marble domes, and flooded the city with a warm and overbearing light.

The sky was covered with the wings of pigeons which flew in flocks. These flocks met other flocks, expanded into a huge, dark patch, flew awhile, then folded their wings, nose-dived, and descended upon a roof. The air was filled with the shouts of the pigeon fliers who were rending the atmosphere with their cries of "Aao, Koo, Haa!"

This went on in the air and on the housetops. Down below on the earth the parched gram vendors cried their loud cries and, dressed in dark and dirty

rags, went about the streets and the by-lanes, with their bags slung across their backs, selling gram from door to door. And the beggars began to whine, begging in ones and twos or in a chorus. They stood before the doors and sang a verse or just shouted for bread or pice or, tinkling their bowls together, they waved their heads in a frenzy, beating time with their feet, singing for all they were worth:

Dhum! Qalandar, God will give.

Dhum! Qalandar, God alone!

Milk and sugar, God will give.

Dhum! Qalandar, God alone. . . .

They were ever so many, young ones and old ones, fair ones and dark ones, beggars with white-flowing beards and beggars with shaved chins. They wore long and pointed caps, round caps and oval caps, or turbans on their heads. And there were beggars in tattered rags and beggars in long robes reaching down to the knees. There were beggars in patched clothes and beggars in white ones. But they had deep and resonant voices and all looked hale and hearty. The house doors creaked, the gunny-bag curtains hanging in front of them moved aside, the tender hand of some pale beauty came out and gave a pice or emptied the contents of a plate into their bowls and dishes, and satisfied they went away praying for the souls of those within. . . .

Men went about their work with hurried steps; and from the lanes the peculiar noise of silver leaf beating silver and gold shot forth like so many bottles being opened at the same time. And to cap it all the tinsmiths began to hammer away on corrugated iron sheets with all their might. And the city hummed with activity and noise, beginning its life of struggle and care.

5

BEGAM NIHAL had already got up, and, having finished her prayers, sat on a small wooden couch reading the Koran in rhythmic tones, moving gently to and fro. Mehro had also got up and sat on the platform performing her ablutions; and Masroor was getting ready to go to school. Shams was still asleep; but his wife was up. And from the kotha could be heard the voice of Begam Jamal saying angrily to her widowed sister-in-law who lived with her, "You have made my life a misery, Bi Anjum. I have neither rest nor peace . . ."

As the parched gram vendor came near the house Begam Nihal turned round and without opening her lips began to attract Dilchain's attention by muttering something like the dumb. One who was not accustomed to her habit could not have made head or tail of what she said. But Dilchain understood her. She was cleansing the pots in the kitchen, fumbling with her hands in the ashes, then crunching the inside of the pot with the help of hemp string made into a knot. As Begam Nihal mumbled

again Dilchain dipped her hands in a bowl of water and murmured, "There is no peace for me, O God."

But she got up and came near her mistress, who took out a pice from under her prayer cloth and gave it to Dilchain, asking her to buy gram.

Masroor came out of the room, books under his arm, wearing a dirty sherwani, dirt and oil on the lower part of his Turkish cap, and quietly went out by the door. Mehro, having finished her ablutions, was busy at prayer.

The sparrows chattered on the henna tree, and from the date palm a crow croaked in a hoarse and heart-rending way his monotonous cries. . . .

Mir Nihal went to the kotha where his flying pigeons were kept. He released the birds, and as they all came out he rushed at them with a flag tied to a bamboo stick in one hand. He shouted at the birds, "Haa, koo!" and off they went. They were ever so many, black ones and white ones, red ones and blue ones, dappled and gray, beautiful wings stretched out in flight.

The pigeons circled over the roof, then seeing their master's flag pointing towards the east where Khwaja Ashraf Ali's flock of rare, dappled pigeons was circling, they flew in a straight line shooting like an arrow. As they neared the Khwaja's flock they took a dip and suddenly rose upwards from below the other flock, mixed with the pigeons, and took a wide detour. They would have come home, but Mir Nihal put two fingers in his mouth and blew a loud whistle, and the pigeons flew away in one straight line.

Khwaja Ashraf Ali began to rend the air with his cries of "Aao, aao," but to no purpose. Mir Nihal's flock along with Khwaja Sahib's flew far away, mixing and intermixing with other flocks, forming a huge mass which grew smaller and smaller in the distance. The other pigeon fliers were also howling and shouting, calling their pigeons home. Many pigeons separated from the flock and, joining their wings together, shot towards the roofs. Only a few of Khwaja Sahib's pigeons came home in ones and twos; the others were still flying with the rest, far away. Mir Nihal stopped whistling and sat looking in the direction where his flock had flown. Khwaja Ashraf Ali stood there peeping over the protection wall, still shouting to his pigeons to come back home.

After a long time, as it seemed, a dark patch appeared over the house tops in the distance, growing bigger and bigger as it neared. With its approach the noises increased and became more hysterical. As it drew near Mir Nihal's house, Khwaja Ashraf Ali bellowed and howled, calling his pigeons home. He could be seen standing there, shouting and waving his hands. He was throwing handfuls of grain in the air to attract the attention of the birds. But as the flock drew near home from the west it had to pass over Mir Nihal's roof. He put his hand

in an earthen pot which was full of water and grain and threw some water in the air. His pigeons descended on the roof; but many other pigeons, recognizing that it was not their home, separated. A small flock went towards Khwaja Sahib's house, and many others flew away in other directions.

As Mir Nihal's pigeons sat on the roof picking grain he saw that some new pigeons were also there, and a few of them were dappled. Mir Nihal smiled to himself, a smile of satisfaction and victory. He threw a little grain inside the loft and the pigeons rushed in, the new ones included. He shut the door, then catching the new ones he put them in another loft and released his flock.

Khwaja Ashraf Ali stood there and his close-cropped head could be seen peeping over his wall towards Mir Nihal's house. Now and then as some pigeon of his which had gone astray came into sight he shouted. But Mir Nihal sat there happy beyond measure, giving his pigeons grain mixed with clarified butter. Other pigeon fliers were shouting, and the sky was full of wings, ever so many. . . .

But as the heat became intense and a hot wind

began to blow, the voices died down one by one, and the pigeons were not seen in such great numbers. The sky became bronzed and gray, dirty with the dust and sand which floated in the air. The kites cried shrilly, and the grating noise of tram cars far away sounded more dreary and dull. A heart-rending monotony and a blinding glare crept over the earth. People went inside the rooms and closed the doors. Drowsiness came upon every living thing. The dogs hid in cool corners, and the sparrows found shelter in the shade of trees or inside their nests in the walls. Only now and then the wild pigeons flew in and out of the veranda, cooed awhile, and added to the feeling of monotony.

Even when the sun stood lower down in the sky, the heat remained intense, and the glare hurt the eyes. The wind moaned through the houses and the by-lanes and rustled heavily through the desolate trees, and the sound of tinsmiths beating iron sheets and the cries of vendors and ice-cream sellers sounded more disquieting and dull. But as the sun went still lower down people came out and went about their work.

SONNET FOR MUSIC

by P. Lal

I was stronger than you are, but living
is cruel, and loving is crueler, he said;
I was swifter and fiercer, but sinning
sears, and thought saps; his white head
was bowed; I was swifter in running,
more violent in loving; I had spread
more laughter than you gave or are giving,
he whispered; and when he turned, his eyes were red.

Thoughts ran like tremors in my mind,
I was wise, but wisdom goes; I was mad,
but sanity comes; when I looked, I did not find;
when I saw, I did not see; when I laughed, I was not glad;
fanaticism shone in his eyes; he bowed his head;
he was an old white man, but his eyes were red.

THE POMEGRANATE PRINCE

A Folk Tale of Bengal

1

ONCE there were a king and a queen who had a prince. The queen's life was kept in a pair of dice, and the ogress who lived in the palm tree near the palace knew that. But the ogress could do nothing about it.

One day when the king was out hunting and the prince was playing dice with five friends, the ogress, disguised as a beggar woman, came to the prince and begged the pair of dice from him. The prince did not know the secret of the dice and he gave them to her without a thought. The ogress blew on the dice three times and they flew away. Who knew where? In her room the queen fainted. The ogress hurried to her and gobbled her up. Then, disguised as the queen, she seated herself in her place.

The king came home at the usual hour that day. As on other days, the queen served him with the greatest care. Only the prince noticed that, while they were eating, a drop of saliva fell from his mother's tongue. He shuddered. The prince could not eat any more and got up in silence. Nobody else knew.

Years passed, and the king had seven more sons. He celebrated the birth of each of the young princes. Only the eldest prince noticed how the top of the palm tree withered from day to day and no birds sat on it. The prince said nothing.

The seven sons grew up. The king duly performed the rites connected with their partaking of rice for the first time, the shaving of their heads, the initiation of the sacred thread, and so forth.

This traditional fairy tale has been translated from the Bengali by Bishnu Dey and Lila Ray. It comes from a collection called Thakurmar Jhuli, or "Grandmother's Bag of Stories," and is typical of the tales Bengali women have told their children for generations. Bengali is the language of about eighty million people living in the northeast part of India, and in East Pakistan.

"Now let us travel abroad," said the princes.

"How can you go without the crown prince?" asked the king and informed his eldest son.

"Why have you forgotten me, your elder, my brothers? Come, let us set out together to visit strange lands," said the crown prince and, mounted on a kingly winged horse, he joined the others.

The eight brothers, dressed befittingly, sallied forth from the palace with their companions.

From the roof terrace the ogress queen saw them go. What a calamity! The crown prince was going with them. She ran headlong to her room and opened a casket. In the casket was the Thread-conch snake. The ogress cast a spell: —

Thread-conch, Thread-conch, whose voice is like the conch shell,

Tell me today where the life of the prince is kept so well!

The snake was as slender as a thread but the sound of its voice was like a strong blast blown on a conch. Spreading its narrow hood it answered in this deep voice: —

Where is your life kept, O queen, and where mine indeed?

The life of the prince is in the pomegranate seed.

The queen bade the serpent: —

Beyond the borders of the realm of Death
Dwells the Lady of the Dice.

Bear this that I have written to her there.

For my seven sons seven maidens fair

I must have. Let not him get the dice

Who accompanies them.

Thread, stop my stepson's breath!

And the serpent, leaning on the wind, flew away over the trees with the letter.

Then the ogress cast another spell: —

O Horse with wings, O royal-winged steed,

In the kingdom of the Lady of the Dice

On grass and water you will feed.

The ogress hurried up the thousand steps of the

palace staircase and stopped at the top, asking, "Staircase, to whom do you belong?"

The staircase answered:—

To him who goes up
Or him who goes down.

The ogress then said, "Split into two that this pomegranate seed may lie in the crack." The pomegranate seed dropped beneath the thousandth step and was shut away in darkness there. The ogress, comforted, lay down on her milk-white bed and went to sleep.

The eight princes were in a distant forest when, with a clap, the eyes of the crown prince went blind. The prince cried out, "Brothers! A scorpion has bitten me! I die!"

The sun went down. A rain storm came with the darkness. Nothing could be seen in the forest, nothing heard. The crown prince was left behind. The companions of the princes were dispersed. And the horses of the seven flew before the wind of the storm.

2

MEANWHILE the ogress dreamed: Thread-conch must have crossed the border of the land of death by now. But the snake had tired traveling all day over the trees. When night came it thought of rest. In a neat royal garden Thread-conch entered into a fruit on one of the trees, curled itself up comfortably, and went to sleep.

Now the princess of the country used to partake of the fruit of that very tree every day. The gardener brought it to her as usual. And as on other days the princess ate it. She swallowed the serpent and the letter of the ogress with the fruit.

What did the princes know of the letter or the message? Who knew the routes by which the winged horses flew? When the day dawned they saw that their eldest brother was not with them. They thought perhaps he had lagged behind. They drew up their horses and dropped the reins to wait for him.

No. The day passed and the night but their brother did not come. "What if he has gone on ahead?" asked one of them.

"That's right!" they said and flew forward again.

Their horses were enchanted and carried them straight to the house of the Lady of the Dice. The Lady of the Dice was waiting, dressed in all her finery in her decorated chamber with flags flying at the gate. Any one who could defeat her at dice would be welcomed in wedlock by the Lady herself and her six sisters. "Who are you?" she asked the princes.

"We are princes of such-and-such a country, come on foreign travel," they answered.

"Really!" she said. "You look like ogres or their kin. Do you know of my vow?"

"We do not."

"I have made this vow about the dice. If you are men you must play and I shall test you to see whether you are ogres or their kin."

He who wins
Wins our wedding garland.
He who loses
Shall be our food!

The princes said, "Test us!"

The Lady of the Dice called for the letter. "If you are ogres or their kin you will have a message with you."

"What letter?" asked the princes. "We have no message."

"Then play."

The princes lost the game of dice. The seven sisters cut up the seven princes, their seven horses and all, into small pieces and ate them noisily. After the meal they once more turned into beautiful women. Of what had the ogress queen dreamed and what had happened! Who can say if she felt it so far away?

Bearing the blind prince upon his back the kingly horse flew on and on through the dark and stormy night. Somewhere, somehow, the prince lost his grip on the reins and fell. His horse too fell upon a mountain and turned into stone.

There was a town where the prince fell. In the evening at the palace in this town thousands of drums and pipes of all kinds sounded. Torches were lighted in every home, on every tower, in every street. Flags were flown and there was festivity.

In the morning all was hushed. Then began weeping and lamentation. People beat their breasts in sorrow and cried out, dashing hither and thither. The country was flooded with tears, the kingdom submerged in grief.

And again, no sooner was it midday than the royal elephant came out in splendid trappings and the people, heaving a sigh of relief, went about their meals. Everybody in the town then came out and lined the streets.

The royal elephant went up and down, up and down, at last picking up some one and setting him upon the throne on his back. At once drums beat, conch shells sounded, trumpets blew. Guards, ministers, privy councilors, and soldiers accompanied the chosen man and made him king. He was married to the princess. Again there was merrymaking.

The next day only bones were found in the bed-chamber of the princess. Of the king there was no trace. How many kings had come, how many gone! But a kingdom must have a king; so a king was crowned every day. The princess did not know and no one could understand what it was that devoured the kings.

The royal elephant was running through the town. "Make way! Make way!" shouts rang through the streets. "Stand in line!"

The prince had regained consciousness. He heard the noise and sat up. He did not know where he

was or which way he ought to go; he was unable to understand what it was all about. Confused, he remained where he was.

The elephant passed the lines of people without touching any one. Speeding down the streets he caught up the prince and placed him on the throne. "The King! The King!" shouted the people. With shouts of triumph they crowned the blind prince their king.

At length the pomp of the coronation, the splendor of the various ceremonies, the courtly gatherings, the granting of audiences were all over and people slept in the land of A-King-A-Night. The town was silent. No guards stood at the doors. What was the use? Every one knew what would be found the next day. Watchmen no longer kept watch. The princess was deep in sleep.

Only the prince was awake that night of dread. There was not a sound in the palace or outside, the earth was hushed — not an insect nor a bird was stirring. A fatal sleep overlay the world that fatal night. In the room the lamp glowed and the prince's heart throbbed. Not a sound broke the hush.

Suddenly the sleeping princess cried out and swooned. A flash of lightning broke through the room; the walls burst open. The frills of lace and gold were ripped from them. The prince was pricking with fear. Grasping the hilt of his sword firmly he got on his knees and demanded, "Who is it?"

He could see nothing, neither the light in the room, nor the flash of lightning, nor the princess as stiff as wood. And from the nose of the sleeping girl a thin hairlike serpent came coiling out. It thickened instantly to a thread . . . a string . . . a rope . . . an enormous python. And the python roared like a full blast blown on the conch shell.

The palace shook. The sword in the prince's hand rattled. "I know not," he cried, "who you are. Whatever you may be, devil or ogre, as I am a true prince, as I have not sinned, this sword which I whirl about me unseeing will strike you!"

No sooner said than done! The Thread-conch, flashing fire from its poison fangs and spreading its thirty-two hoods, swayed up at him and the prince's sword, shattering the chandelier in the room with its clanging, descended upon the serpent's hoods. And the prince *saw* — a snake! Lightning was playing about the room; smoke enveloped everything. The prince swung his sword about him. "I can see!" he cried. The python was severed in seven places. And that very night, in the palace of the ogress queen, the thousandth step on the staircase was burst asunder; the life of the prince rose up in a golden pomegranate tree with a thousand branches. The king's capital was shaken as by an earthquake — gurrh-gurrh, durh-durh! In terror the ogress became a mouse and ran squeaking away. The queen's body again lay in a faint. From the city, from the kingdom, rose a wail of sorrow. What was this?

In the realm of A-King-A-Night people gathered as usual to lament their king. They saw — O Wonderful! Wonderful! They saw the King! The King was alive today! They could not contain themselves for joy. And they saw, lying on the floor, a many-hooded serpent cut in seven pieces. "How horrible!" They realized that it was this serpent which had devoured so many of their kings. "Burn it!" they cried.

When they put it into the fire they discovered the letter inside. The letter was brought to the king. He read it and turned to the princess. "Princess," he said, "I cannot loiter here. I am afraid my seven brothers have been eaten by ogres. I must go."

The people of the kingdom were sorry. "We have got a King at last only for him to leave us!" They kept watch for his return.

3

THE pomegranate prince traveled on and on and came to a mountain. As he climbed it he came upon his horse. No sooner did the prince touch him than the horse came alive and whinnied. "Come, let us go now," said the prince.

Through the land of Death where the darkness strikes against one and stones fly on the wind the prince went undeterred. "What is the speed of the wind to him who rides a kingly winged steed?" Like an arrow of thunder sped the winged horse.

Farther on they came to the Cowrie-shell Mountain. The horse could not walk upon it. His hoofs slipped — chutchut, rutarut! "My bird!" said the prince. "Don't stop! Speed on!" And like an arrow of thunder sped the horse. The mountain of cowries was ground to dust beneath his hoofs that night.

Then they came to the Bone Mountain. Beneath it flowed the turbulent waters of the river of blood, waves of blood, billows of blood, washing with a sound like kolokkol. Trunkless skulls showed their teeth, laughing, and bones rattled against bones — katakat, katakat. One had to close one's ears. The prince said, "My bird! Don't be afraid! Shut your eyes and speed on!" Beneath the horse's hoofs the bones clattered — khat-khat-khatang, ehhar- r-r-r- chhat! They were beaten to husks.

The night came to an end and the prince saw, in the distance, the palace of the Lady of the Dice.

Flags flew at the gates and on the flags was written:—

To him who wins the game of dice
We, the seven sisters,
Shall give the marriage garland.

"I shall play," shouted the prince.

When he sat down to the game the prince was surprised to see that the dice were his own. He played and lost but he noticed a mouse came and turned the dice over. The prince grew thoughtful.

The Lady of the Dice said, "Well, prince, play again!"

"Take my horse for today," answered the prince. "I'll play tomorrow." He got up and the horse was eaten by the sisters.

The next day the prince went to a village and brought back a kitten. He sat down to play and said, "Come, begin the game."

So they sat and played. The mouse came and tried to approach the dice again and again but the sight of something seemed to frighten her back.

The prince took the dice: —

Back to the hand which owns you
Have you come at last, O Dice.
Where have you been so long?
Eating whose milk and rice?

The prince threw the dice. In a twinkling the Lady lost the game. "Give me back my horse," said the prince. The Lady brought the horse.

They began to play again. The Lady lost a second time. The prince said, "Give me a horse like my horse, a prince like myself."

The Lady brought a prince and a horse. He recognized his brother and his brother's horse. They played again and one by one the prince won his seven brothers, their seven horses, the land, estates, palace, and everything that belonged to the Lady of the Dice. At last he demanded the mouse and the pair of dice. But the Lady would not part with them easily. The prince released the kitten and the

kitten tore the mouse to pieces. The lamps in the room went out. Where was the palace, the kingdom, and all the splendor? The prince still held the dice in his hand. The seven sisters had changed into seven worms and he saw them lying there, dead.

"Prince!" said the dice. "Let us go home!"

The eight brothers sped homewards on their eight winged horses.

The queen sat up in the royal palace. "How long I have slept!" she said. "Where is the prince?"

Where is the prince? The drums of victory had begun to beat. The dust of the road darkened the day. The eight princes, riding in formation on eight winged horses, were coming home. The crown prince dismounted and cried, "Where is my mother? Where is mother?" The eight princes gathered round her and bowed at her feet. In the empty palace there was once more rejoicing.

"Our king set forth in search of his brothers long ago," said the people of the A-King-A-Night country as they sought him far and wide. "He was our only living king. And he has not yet come back," they said. "Here is our king!" they cried when they saw him. Then the princess moved the capital of her country to the country of her husband.

The old king knew not what to make of it all.

Early the next day the golden pomegranate tree burst into flower. And at midday the palm tree near the palace, for no reason at all, split and fell, tearing up its roots!

PRAYER

by Tambimuttu

Let me taste the silence that flows
Behind your dark eyes, O Nirvana.
The bird is heavy on the hill
And the silence fills

Its black vessels of sound.
The ladder is broken to your rooms
And two hands are flowers
Falling, falling

With the beat of the sea.
Crush the petals on the dust
And pitch the blood
On the running wind

On the running sand.
The world is vast
And you are watching, watching
Through the split in the leaves —

Drown my soul, down
Down into the night without desire —
Where the reflections are no more, no more
And rooms are broken into vast spaces.

THE INDIAN FILM

Must Bombay Follow Hollywood?

by DONALD THOMAS and HARISH KUMAR MEHRA

1

WHEN Dada Phalke, India's pioneer film director, cameraman, set-designer, make-up man, and one-man studio, first translated and produced the well-known Indian legend of Raja Harishchandra in 1913, he had no idea that he was actually creating an industry which would one day bring in millions of rupees, employ millions of Indians, and influence the thought of still more millions. The story he told was a simple one; Raja Harishchandra was a king who sacrificed his kingdom and his family on the altar of truth; the rest can be imagined by anyone who has ever seen a movie.

Today the Indian film industry is the second largest in the world. In India, 600,000,000 people see 200 movies every year. There are more than 2,000 picture houses. The earnings of the film companies equal more than twice the total income of all newspapers and publishing houses in the country. The film is unquestionably India's most powerful medium of mass communication — a fact which cannot be overlooked, no matter how disconcerting it may be to our writers and artists.

It was not always so. In the early days actors milled about among the lower strata of an inelastic society. Fathers trembled at the thought that their sons and daughters might embrace the drama, for down the years the theatre had provided livelihoods only for vagabonds and wastrels. And the technical difficulties of the first films were staggering.

DONALD THOMAS is an Assistant Editor of The Times of India in Bombay and one of the Editors of Filmfare, a fortnightly magazine with the largest circulation in India. HARISH KUMAR MEHRA is a staff writer for Filmfare who also contributes motion picture reviews to a number of other Indian publications.

Think, for instance, of the problem of music. In the dim past, when the Indian empire extended to Cambodia, music belonged only to the palace or the temple. It wore the devotional dress of the bhajan (hymn) or the courtly dress of the ghazal (lyric). It passed from one generation to another, among the ballad singers and temple attendants, in a form so strict that it was considered an impiety to make the slightest change in its two-octave notation. Its limited themes and narrow range made it unsuited to the sound track. Now all that is changed. Music directors in the great film studios evolved new, more flexible systems of notation, new instruments, new concepts of orchestration, until now the Indian film music composer works in a synthesis of ancient and Western ideas which allows him greater freedom and a greater range of techniques. Lovers of classical Indian music consider the new "film music," with its "soft" harmonics, a cultural abomination, but the masses find it very definitely to their taste.

The film in India is a child of the theatre. But it was not the well-organized theatre known in the West. It was the theatre of a few poorly financed repertory companies which toured the chief cities presenting mythological or historical dramas in a high-brow, stilted tongue. The first actors and directors were recruited from these companies, and even today the Indian film retains some of the characteristics of the traditional drama. It lays greater emphasis, for instance, upon the spoken word than upon visual effect, and the camera has yet to realize its full potential. Films like *The Bicycle Thief* and *Rashomon*, even the early comedies of Charlie Chaplin, could never have been made in an Indian studio, for in them an intelligent use of the lens conveys greater expression than the words of the script writer. For its mass appeal the

Indian film relies on lengthy and sentimental dialogue. Should interest flag, a song is introduced. The inheritance of the stage lingers on.

One of the first things a foreigner is apt to notice about Indian films is that they are too long — though no Indian film has beaten the record of *Gone with the Wind*. But it is true that the tempo of story development in an Indian film is slower than in those of England and America. Indian films are produced for a people steeped in a tradition of long and patient endurance. Here time has stood still for centuries and a couple of thousand extra feet of film are only a drop in the ocean of eternity. This is characteristic of the whole Indian way of life. Indians who are used to religious song festivals that last all night and to poems that take six weeks to recite will not be bored by a film that lasts three hours or more.

The film in India has evolved as a cultural medium in four different and distinct schools, which we call after their geographic origins.

The first is the Bengal school: On the eastern coast of India, producers in the State of Bengal set out to bring films closer to life and literature, and they made many films based on the Bengali classics. The first in the series was *Devadas*, directed by Barua. *Devadas* told the story of the influence of drink on a man's life. Since then, the Bengal branch of the industry has taken the lead in producing purposeful films of a high literary quality.

The Maharashtra school: On the western coast of India, in the city of Poona in Bombay State, the Prabhat Film Company made the first attempts to depict social and political problems of the day. Shantaram, who made his name in the Maharashtra school, is today considered one of the greatest directors of the Indian screen. His films are realistic and human; *Admi*, the story of a man who falls in love with a prostitute, is a good example. But the films of the Maharashtra school are all produced in Marathi, the language of the province, and hence they do not attract as wide an audience as the films of Bombay.

The Bombay school: About 1935, in India's most cosmopolitan city and the chief center of the film industry, Himansu Rai and his actress-wife, Devika Rani, began making pictures with the trade name of "Bombay Talkies." "Bombay Talkies" made films of an astonishingly high technical quality under the supervision of a foreign staff. Romance was the keynote, and each film was a variation on the traditional triangle.

The Punjab school: A little more than a decade ago a new trend, which now is supreme in the Indian film industry, was born in North India. The Punjab school imitated Hollywood. Music, comedy, splendor, and romance were the ingredients of every production. Now, led by the Punjab film, the whole Indian industry tries to follow the Hollywood pattern — though without the resources of Holly-

wood. Music and romance are the substance of the Indian film today.

Yet we cannot discount the wide appeal of a more serious type of picture — the so-called "socials." These "socials" are cinema stories dealing with contemporary social, political, and economic problems, and they have achieved a remarkable popularity. The reasons for this success are not difficult to understand. India is a country in transition — from medievalism to modernism, from feudalism to industrialism, from foreign rule to freedom and self-government. Indians are intensely conscious of all sorts of political, social, economic, and emotional problems. Caste and untouchability, widow remarriage, unemployment, famine, religious differences — all these are matters which impinge directly on every Indian's life. Thus the "socials," because they deal earnestly, though often sentimentally, with such problems, attract much attention. They may well prove to be an important factor in India's transition to a modern state.

Language is, of course, one of the film's major problems in India, as it is for literature as well. Films are produced in at least six regional languages — Bengali, Marathi, Gujarati, Tamil, Telugu, Malayalam — besides Hindustani, the language of North India which is more or less understood throughout the rest of the subcontinent.

This confusion of tongues does not, as one might at first suspect, cause too severe an economic problem: films produced in any of these languages can find a sufficient audience to support a thriving industry. But it does mean that any unified body of criticism and informed opinion is impossible. Consequently many Indian films still seem somewhat provincial and amateurish in their attitudes and techniques. Whether or not the educated elements of Indian society will eventually be able to produce a unified national attitude toward the films — or toward anything else — remains to be seen.

2

THE Indian film industry has grown to its present size in spite of a more rigid censorship code than is to be found anywhere else, a code which mirrors the puritan attitude of the large orthodox element in Indian society. A kiss is never registered on the screen; no emotional violence is allowed. Surprisingly, this restraint has come with "modern" times, with the era of India's independence. In the days of silent films and the early talkies, kissing and bathing scenes were included in almost every production. But now most film scenarios are love stories which could be read from the pulpit without causing the slightest stir in a religious audience.

In this respect, the Indian film industry is a strange amalgamation of Hollywood and India. Though it strives to follow the pattern of Hollywood, it succeeds only in external appearances.

JAVNI

A Story

by RAJA RAO

I

I HAD just arrived. My sister sat by me, talking about a thousand things — about my health, my studies, my future, about Mysore, about my younger sister, and so on. I lay on the mat sipping hot coffee, which seemed like nectar after a ten-mile cycle ride on one of those bare and dusty roads of Malkad. Drowsily, I listened to her, feeling strange comfort and freedom after nine hectic months in the city. When I had finished my coffee, I asked my sister to bring me another cup, not only because I wanted more of that invigorating drink, but because I really felt like being alone. While my sister went to get the coffee, I lay on the mat flat on my face, my hands stretched by my side. It seemed to me as though I were being carried away by a flood of some sort, caressing, feathery, and quiet. I fell asleep.

Suddenly, as if in a dream, I heard a door behind me creaking. But I did not move. The door did not open fully and somebody seemed to be standing on the threshold, afraid to come in. "Perhaps a neighbor," I said to myself vaguely, and in my drowsiness I muttered something, stretched out my hands, kicked my feet against the floor, and slowly moved my head from one side to the other. The door creaked a little again and the visitor seemed to recede. "Gone!" I said to myself, feeling a little sorry that I had sent a neighbor away. Outside the carts rumbled and some cawing crows circled over

the roof. A few sunbeams stealing through the tiles fell upon my back. I felt happy.

Meanwhile my sister came back with the coffee. "Ramu," she whispered, standing by me. "Ramu, my child, are you awake or asleep?"

"Awake," I said, turning my head towards the door which creaked as she shut it.

"Sita," I whispered, "there was somebody at the door."

"When?"

"Now! Only a moment ago."

She went to the door, and, opening it, looked towards the street. After a while she smiled affectionately and called, "Javni! You monkey! Why don't you come in? Who do you think is here, Javni? My brother . . . my brother!" She smiled broadly and a few tears rolled down her cheeks.

"Really, mother!" said a timid voice. "Really! I wanted to come in, but seeing Ramappa fast asleep I thought I'd better wait out here." She spoke peasant Kanarese, drawling the vowels interminably.

"So," I said to myself, "she already knows my name."

"Come in!" commanded my sister.

Javni slowly approached the threshold, but still stood outside as if I were a saint or the holy elephant.

"Don't be shy, come in," commanded my sister again.

Javni entered and, walking reverently as if in a temple, went and sat by a sack of rice.

My sister sat by me, proud and affectionate. I was everything to her — her strength and hope. She touched my head and said, "Ramu, Javni is our new servant."

I turned towards Javni. She seemed to turn away

RAJA RAO was born in Mysore State, but now makes his home in the city of Trivandrum in Travancore. He has lived for a number of years in France, where some of his books have appeared in French translation. Perhaps his most famous novel is *Kanthapura*, published in 1938. *Javni* is from the collection of stories, *The Cow of the Barricades*.

and hide her face. Her hair was growing white, and her bare, broad forehead showed pain and widowhood. "Come near, Javni," I said affectionately.

"No, Ramappa," she whispered.

"Come along," I insisted. She came forward a few steps and sat by the pillar.

"Oh! Come nearer, Javni, and see what a handsome brother I have," cried Sita.

No, I was not flattered. My big, taplike nose, and my thick underlip only seemed more monstrous than ever. Javni crawled along the floor and came a few steps nearer.

"Oh! Come nearer, you monkey," cried my sister again. Javni advanced a few feet more and, turning her face towards the floor, sat like a bride beside a bridegroom.

"He looks like a prince," exclaimed my sister.

"A god!" mumbled Javni. I laughed and drank my coffee.

"The whole town is mad about him," whispered Javni.

"How do you know?" asked Sita.

"How! I have been standing at the market place the whole afternoon, to see when Ramappa would come. You told me he looked like a prince. You said he rode a bicycle. When I saw him come by the pipal tree where the fisherman Kodi hanged himself the other day, I ran towards the town and I saw how people gazed and gazed at him. And they asked me who he was. Of course I replied, 'The Revenue Inspector's brother-in-law.' 'How handsome he is!' said fat Nanjunda of the coconut shop. 'How like a prince he is!' said the concubine Chowdy. 'Oh, a very god!' said my neighbor, barber Venkanna's wife Kanchi."

"Well, Ramu, so you see, the whole of Malkad is dazzled with your beauty," interrupted my sister. "Take care, my child. They say, in this town, they practice magic, and I have heard how many a good-looking boy has been killed by jealousy." I laughed.

"Don't laugh, Ramappa. With these very eyes, I can swear to you, with these very two eyes, I have seen the ghosts of more than a hundred young men and women — all killed by magic, by magic, Ramappa," assured Javni, for the first time looking towards me. "My learned Ramappa, never go out after sunset, for there are spirits of all sorts walking in the dark. And especially, never go by the canal after the cows have come home. It is a haunted place, Ramappa."

"How do you know?" I asked, curious.

"How? With these very eyes, I have seen, Ramappa, with these very eyes. The potter's wife Rangî was unhappy. Poor thing! Poor thing! And one night she was so sad that she went and jumped into the canal. The other day, when I was coming home in the deadly dark with my little lamb, whom should I see but Rangî — Rangî in a white, borderless sari, her hair all floating. She stood in front of

me. I shivered and wept. She ran and stood by a tree, yelling in a strange voice. 'Away! Away!' I cried. Then suddenly I saw her standing on the bridge, and she jumped into the canal, moaning, 'My girl is gone, my child is gone, and I am gone too!'"

My sister trembled. She had a horror of devils. "Why don't you shut up, you donkey's widow, and stop pouring out all your holy knowledge."

"Pardon me, mother, pardon me," Javni begged.

"I have pardoned you again and again, and yet it is always the same old story. Always the same *Ramayana*. Why don't you fall into the canal like Rangî and turn into a devil!" My sister was furious. Javni smiled awkwardly and timidly hid her face between her knees.

"How handsome your brother is!" she murmured ecstatically, after a moment.

"Did I not say he was like a prince? Who knows what incarnation of a god he may be? Who knows?" my sister said, patting me proudly.

"Without Javni," began my sister after a moment's silence, "I could never have lived in this place."

"And without you, I could never have lived either, mother!" Her voice was so rich and calm that she seemed to sing.

"In this blessed place everything is so difficult," Sita complained. "He," she added, referring to her husband, "is always busy with collections. The villages are few but situated at great distances from one another. Sometimes he goes away for more than a week, and I should have died of fright had not Javni been with me. And," she added, a little sadly, "Javni understands my fears and my beliefs. . . . Men, Ramu, can never understand us. . . ."

"Why?" I asked.

"Why? I cannot say. You are too practical and irreligious. To us everything is mysterious. Our gods are not your gods, your gods not our gods. It is simple enough." She seemed sadder still.

"But I have always tried to understand you," I protested.

"Of course! Of course!" exclaimed my sister rapturously, and tears — ever ready — trickled down her cheeks.

"Mother," muttered Javni, trembling. "Mother, will you permit me to say one thing?"

"Yes," answered my sister indifferently.

"Ramappa, your sister loves you," blubbered Javni wiping away her tears. "She loves you as though you were her own child. Oh! I wish I had seen her two children! They must have been angels! But Ramappa, what I wanted to say was this. Your sister loves you, talks of you all the time, and says, 'If my brother did not live, I should have died long ago,' and," here she hesitated, but continued gazing at my sister, for fear she would be reprimanded . . . "and whenever we go to the

temple, she says, 'Keep my brother happy and give him long life and great learning.' Only the other day. . . ."

"Be quiet!" my sister shouted, fearing her secrets might be revealed.

"How long have you been with Sita?" I asked Javni, trying to change the subject.

"How long? How do I know? But let me see, the harvest was over and we were husking the grain, when they came."

"How did you find her?" I said, turning to my sister.

"Why, Ramappa," cried Javni, proud for the first time. "There is nobody who can work for a Revenue Inspector's family as well as I. You can ask anybody in the town, even a pariah, and he will tell you, 'Javni is as good as a cow,' and he will also add that there is no one who can serve a Revenue Inspector's family so well as Javni." She beat her breast with satisfaction.

"So it is always a Revenue Inspector's family you serve," I said smiling.

"Of course," she cried, proudly, her hands folded upon her knees. "Of course!"

"Then how many Revenue Inspectors have you served?" I asked.

"How many? Now let me see." Here she counted upon her fingers, one by one, remembering them by how many children they had, what sort of wives they had, their caste, their native place, or even how good they had been in giving her two old saris, a four anna tip, or a measure of rice.

"Javni," I said, trying to be a little humorous, "suppose I come here some day, say after ten, fifteen, or twenty years, and I am not a Revenue Inspector, and I ask you to serve me. Will you or will you not?"

She looked perplexed, laughed, and turned towards my sister for help.

"Answer him!" commanded my sister affectionately.

"But, Ramappa," cried out Javni, full of happiness, as though she had discovered a solution to the question, "you cannot but be a big man like our master, the Revenue Inspector. With your learning and your good looks, you cannot be anything else. And when you come here, of course, I will be your servant."

"But if I am not a Revenue Inspector?" I insisted.

"You must be . . . you must be!" she cried, as if I were insulting myself.

"All right! I shall be a Revenue Inspector in order to have you," I joked.

"As if it were not enough that I should work myself to death in being one," put in my brother-in-law, as he entered through the back door, dust-covered and breathless.

Javni got up and ran away as though in holy fear. It was the master!

"She is a sweet soul," I said to my sister.

"Almost a mother!" she added, smiling gratefully.

In the byre Javni was talking to the calf.

2

Two or three days in the week, my brother-in-law was out touring and on these days Javni usually came to sleep in our house, for my sister had a terror of being alone. Since it had become a habit, Javni came as usual even when I was there. One evening, I cannot remember why, we had dined early and, unrolling our beds, we lay down before evening had really fallen. Javni came, peeped in the window, and called in a whisper, "Mother, mother."

"Come in, you monkey!" answered my sister.

Javni opened the door and stepped in. She carried a sheet in her hands. Throwing it on the floor, she went straight into the byre where her food was usually kept. I could never bear that, and time and again I had quarreled with my sister about it. But she would not argue about it. "They are of the lower class, you cannot ask them to sit and eat with you," she would say.

"Nonsense!" I said. "How can you say that? Are they not like us, like any of us? Only the other day you said you loved her as if she were your elder sister or mother."

"Yes!" she replied angrily. "But affection does not ask you to be irreligious."

"And what, pray, is being *irreligious*?" I continued, furious.

"Irreligious! Irreligious! Well, eating with a woman of a lower caste is irreligious. And, Ramu," she cried desperately, "I have had enough of quarreling all the time. In the name of the mother who bore us, can't you leave me alone?" And she began to cry.

"You are inhuman!" I spat, disgusted.

"Go and show your humanity!" she grumbled, and hiding her face beneath the blankets, she wept harder.

I was really too much ashamed and too angry to stay in bed. I got up and went into the byre. Javni sat in the dark, swallowing mouthfuls of rice, slowly, like a cow chewing its cud. I came and stood beside her, leaning against the wall. She stopped eating and seemed greatly embarrassed.

"Javni," I said tenderly.

"Ramappa," she answered, confused.

"Why not light a lantern when you eat, Javni?"

"What use!" she replied, and continued to munch her rice.

"But you cannot see what you are eating!"

"I cannot. But there is no necessity to see what you eat." She laughed as though amused.

"But you must!" I was angry.

"No, Ramappa. I know where my rice is, and I

can feel where the pickle is, and that is enough!"

"Suppose you come with me into the hall," I cried. I knew I could never convince her.

"No, Ramappa. I am quite well here. I do not want to dirty the floor of the hall."

"If it is dirty, I will clean it," I shouted, exasperated.

She was silent. In the darkness I saw her shadow near me, thrown by the faint starlight that came from the garden door. In the corner the cow was breathing hard, and the calf was nibbling at wisps of hay. It was a terrible moment. The whole misery of the world seemed to be weighing on me. And yet — and yet — one seemed to laugh at all the suffering.

"Javni," I said to her softly, "do you eat at home like this?"

"Yes, Ramappa." Her tone was sad.

"And why?"

"The oil is too expensive, Ramappa."

"But surely you can afford that."

"No, Ramappa. It costs an anna a bottle, and that lasts only a week."

"But an anna is nothing," I said.

"Nothing! Nothing!" She seemed frightened.

"Why, my learned Ramappa, it is what I earn in two days."

"In two days!" I was much too surprised to say anything.

"Yes, Ramappa. I earn a rupee a month." She seemed content.

I heard an owl hoot somewhere, and far, far away, somewhere too far and too distant for my rude ear to hear, the world wept in its silent suffering.

Javni sat and ate. The mechanical mastication of the rice seemed to represent her, her life — her whole existence.

"Javni," I said breaking the silence, "what do you do with the rupee?"

"I never take it," she answered, laughing.

"Why don't you take it, Javni?"

"Mother keeps it for me. Now and again she says I work well, and adds an anna or two to my funds, and one day I shall have enough to buy a sari." She seemed happy.

"And the rest?" I asked.

"The rest? Why, I'll buy something for my brother's child."

"Is your brother poor, Javni?"

"No. But, Ramappa, I love the child," she said tenderly.

"Suppose I asked you to give it to me?" I laughed, for I could not weep.

"Oh, you will never ask me, Ramappa, never. But if you should, I would give it to you." She laughed too, content and amused.

"You are wonderful!" I murmured.

"At your feet, Ramappa!"

She had finished eating, and she went into the

bathroom to wash her hands. I walked out into the garden and stood looking at the sparkling stars. There was companionship in their shining. The small and the great clustered together in the heart of the quiet blue. What did they know of caste? . . . Far away a cartman chanted forth:

The night is dark,
Come to me, mother,
The night is quiet,
Come to me, friend.

The winds sighed.

3

ON the nights Javni came to sleep with us, we usually gossiped a great deal about village affairs. Javni always had news to tell us. One day it would be about the wife of postman Subba who had run away with the Mohammedan of the mango shop. Another day it would be about the miraculous cure of barber Venkanna's wife Kanchi, during her recent pilgrimage to the Bilgiri temple. My sister always took an interest in these things. Javni made it a point to find out everything about everybody, and she gossiped the whole evening until we both fell asleep.

My sister usually lay by the window, I near the door, and Javni at our feet. She slept on a bare wattle mat, with a cotton sheet for cover, and she never seemed to suffer from the cold of the rainy evenings. On one of these nights when we lay gossiping, I pleaded with Javni to tell us a little about her own life. At first she was shy and hesitant; but when my sister urged her, and I had long been pleading, she accepted, still rather unwillingly. I was all ears, but my sister was snoring away after a while.

Javni was born in the neighboring village of Kotéhalli, where her father cultivated the fields in winter and washed clothes in summer. Her mother always had work to do, as there were child-births almost every day in one village or another and, being a hereditary midwife, she was always sent for. Javni had four sisters and two brothers, of whom only her brother Bhima now remained. She loved her parents and they loved her too, and when she was eighteen she was duly married to a boy whom they had chosen from Kalkad. The boy was good and affectionate, and he never once beat her. He too was a washerman, and, "What do you think?" said Javni, proudly. "He washed clothes for the Maharaja when he came here."

"Really!" I exclaimed, encouragingly, and she continued. Her husband was, I have said, a good man, and he really cared for her. He never made her work too much, and he always cooked for her when she fell ill. One day, however, as the gods ordained, a snake bit him while he was washing clothes by the river, and in spite of all the magic that barber Venkanna applied, there was no hope, and

he died that very evening, crying to the last, "Javni, Javni, my Javni."

I should have expected her to weep here; but she continued without any exclamations or sighs. Then came all the misfortunes, one after the other, and yet she knew they were nothing, for over us all, she said, Goddess Talakamma moved and reigned.

Her husband belonged to a family of three brothers and two sisters. The elder brother was a wicked fellow, who played cards, and got drunk two days out of three. The second was her husband, and the third was a haughty, young brute, who had already, it was known, made friends with the concubine Siddi, the former mistress of the Rangappa priest. He was married and he treated his wife as though she were a beast of burden; once he actually beat her till she was bleeding and unconscious. There were many children in the family, and since one of the sisters-in-law lived in the same village, her children too came to play in the house. But Javni lived on with them, working at home as usual, and doing her little bit to add to the family funds.

She never knew, she said, how it all happened, but one day a policeman came, frightened everybody, and took away her elder brother-in-law, for some reason which nobody understood. The women were all terrified and everybody wept. The people in the village began to spit at them and reduced their crops to stubble out of hatred and revenge, by driving cattle into their fields. Shame, poverty, and quarrels followed one another. And as the elder brother-in-law was in prison, and the younger busy with his mistress, the women at home made her life miserable.

"'You dirty widow,' they would say and spit on me. I wept and sobbed and often wanted to go and fall into the river. But I knew Goddess Talakamma would be angry with me, so I stopped each time I wanted to kill myself. One day, however, my elder sister-in-law became so intolerable, that I ran away from the house. I did not know to whom to go, for I knew nobody, and my brother hated me — he had always hated me. But anyway, Ramappa," she said lowering her voice, "a sister is a sister. You cannot deny that the same mother has suckled you both."

"Of course not!" I said.

"But he never treated me like you treat your sister."

"So you are jealous, you wretched widow!" exclaimed my sister, waking up. She always thought people hated or envied her.

"No, mother," she pleaded.

"Go on!" I said.

"I went to my brother. As soon as his wife saw me, she swore and spat and took away her child who was playing on the veranda, saying it would be bewitched. After a moment my brother came out. 'Why have you come?' he asked me. 'I am

without a home,' I said. 'You dirty widow, how can you find a home to live in, when you carry misfortune wherever you set your feet.' I simply wept. 'Weep, weep!' he cried, 'weep till your tears flood the Cauvery, but you will not get a morsel of rice from me. No, not a morsel.' 'No,' I said, 'I do not want a morsel of rice. I only want a shelter, wide as my palm, to rest myself.' He seemed less angry. He looked this way and that and cried, 'Do you promise me not to quarrel?' 'Yes!' I answered, still weeping. 'Then for the peace of the spirit of my father, I will give you the little hut by the garden door. You can sit, weep, eat, die . . . do what you like there,' he said. I trembled. In the meantime my sister-in-law came back. She frowned and thumped the floor, swearing at me, and calling me a prostitute, a donkey, a witch — Ramappa. I never saw a woman like that. She has made my life — a life of tears."

"How?" I asked.

"How? I cannot say. It is ten or twenty years since I set foot in their house, and every day I wake up with 'donkey's wife' or 'prostitute' in my ears."

"But you don't have anything to do with her?" I said.

"I don't. But the child sometimes comes to me, because I love it, and then my sister-in-law rushes out, roaring like a tigress, and says she will skin me to death if I touch the child again."

"Then you should not touch it, Javni!"

"Of course, I would not if I had my own. But Ramappa, that child loves me."

"And why don't they want you to touch it?"

"Because they say I am a witch and an evil spirit." She wept.

"Who says it?"

"Both of them say it. But still, Ramappa — here she suddenly turned gay — "I always keep aside mangoes or cakes that mother gives me, and I give them all to the child. So it flies away from the mother each time the door is open. It is such a sweet, sweet thing." She was happy.

"How old is it?" I asked.

"Four," she answered.

"Is that their only child?"

"No. They have four more — all grown up. One is already as big as you."

"And the others, do they love you?"

"No, they all hate me . . . they all hate me — except that child."

"Why don't you adopt a child?" I suggested.

"No, Ramappa, I have a lamb, and that is enough."

"You have a lamb too?" I said, surprised.

"Yes, a lamb for the child to play with now, and when the next Durga festival comes, I will offer it to Goddess Talakamma."

"Offer it to the Goddess! Why Javni, why not let it live?"

"Don't speak such a sacrilege, Ramappa. You

know I owe a lamb every three years to the Goddess."

"And what does she give in return?"

"What! What!" she was angry. "All! Everything! Would I live if the Goddess did not protect me? Would that child come to me if the Goddess did not help me? Would mother be so good to me if the Goddess did not bless me? Why Ramappa, everything is hers. O! Great Goddess Talakamma, give everybody good health, long life, and all the joys. Protect me, mother!" She was praying.

"What will she give if I offer a lamb?" I asked.

"Everything, Ramappa. You will grow learned; you will become a big man, and you will marry a rich wife, Ramappa," she said, growing affectionate all of a sudden. "I have already been praying for you. When mother said she had a brother, I said to the Goddess, 'Goddess, keep that boy strong and virtuous, and give him all the joys of heaven and earth. . . .'"

"Do you love me more or less than your brother's child?" I asked, to change the subject. She was silent for a moment.

"You don't know?" I said.

"No, Ramappa. I have been thinking. I offer a lamb to the Goddess, for the sake of the child. I have not offered a lamb for you. So how can I say whom I love more?"

"The child!"

"No, no, I love you as much, Ramappa."

"Will you adopt me, Javni?" No, I was not joking.

She broke out into a fit of laughter which woke my sister.

"Oh! Be quiet," cried Sita.

"Do you know Javni is going to adopt me?" I said.

"Adopt you! Why does she not go and fall into the river?" she retorted, and fell asleep again.

"If you adopt me, Javni, I will work for you, and give you food to eat."

"No, learned Ramappa. A Brahmin is not meant to work. You are the 'chosen ones.'"

"No, we are not," I murmured.

"You are! You are! The sacred books are yours. The Vedas are yours. You are all, you are the twice-born. We are your servants, Ramappa — your slaves."

"I am not a Brahmin," I said half jokingly, half seriously.

"You are, Ramappa, I know you are. You want to make fun of me?"

"No, Javni. Suppose you adopt me?" I persisted. She laughed again.

"If you don't adopt me, I shall die and grow into a lamb in my next life, and you will buy it. What will you do then?"

She did not say anything. It was too perplexing.

"Now," I said, feeling sleepy. "Now, Javni, go to sleep, and think tomorrow morning whether you will adopt me or not?"

"Adopt you! You are a god, Ramappa, a god! And I cannot adopt you."

I dozed away. Only in the stillness I heard Javni saying: "Goddess, Great Goddess, as I have vowed, I will offer thee my lamb; protect the child, protect mother, protect her brother, protect master, O Goddess! protect me. . . ."

The Goddess stood silent in the little temple by the Cauvery, amidst the whisper of the woods.

4

A JULY morning, two summers later. Our cart rumbled over the cobbled street, and we were soon at the village square. Javni was running behind the cart with tears rolling down her cheeks. For a full week I had seen her weeping all the time, dreading the day when we would leave her, and she would see us no more. She was breathless; but she walked fast, keeping pace with the bullocks. I was with my sister at the back of the cart, and my brother-in-law sat in the front beside the cartman. My sister too was sad. In her heart she knew she was leaving a friend. Yes, Javni had been her only friend. Now and again they gazed at each other, and I could see Javni suddenly sobbing like a child. "Mother, mother," she would say, approaching the cart. "Mother, don't forget me. . . ."

"I will not. No, I assure you, I will not." Now my sister too was in tears.

"Even if she should, I will not," I added. I too would have wept had I not been self-conscious.

When we reached the river it was already full morning. The ferry was not plying because it was summer and there was so little water that we could wade across. The cartman said he would rest the bullocks for a moment, and I got out to breathe the fresh air, and more, to speak to Javni.

"Don't weep," I said to Javni.

"Ramappa, how can I help weeping? Will I ever see again a family of gods like yours? Mother was kind to me, kind like a veritable goddess. You were so, so good to me. And master . . ." Here she broke again into fits of sobs.

"No, Javni. With a heart like yours, who will not blossom forth into godhead?" I murmured.

But she simply wept. My words meant nothing to her. She was nervous and trembled over and over again. "Mother, mother . . ." she would say between her sobs. "Oh, mother. . . ."

The cartman asked me to get in. I jumped into the cart with a heavy heart.

"Hoi . . . hoi . . ." cried the cartman. And the bullocks stepped into the river.

Till we were on the other bank I could see Javni sitting on a rock and looking towards us. In my soul I still seemed to hear her sobs. A huge pipal tree rose behind her, and across the blue waters of the river and under the vast sky above her, she seemed so small, so insignificant. . . .

POETRY IN INDIA

Its Heritage and New Directions

by TAMBIMUTTU

1

PLAYS in India often seem to Westerners like pretty long-winded affairs. Well, as a matter of fact, they are. What many Westerners really can't quite grasp, though, is that Indians like them that way — the longer the better. They want their money's worth. If one of the characters on the stage interrupts the action of the drama for half an hour to deliver a recitative on a theme only problematically related to the action of the play, bravo! that is very fine. Brilliant improvisations are what excite an Indian audience most, and everybody goes home delighted with the night's entertainment.

And when I say a night's entertainment, I speak advisedly. In India the curtain goes up at ten o'clock in the evening and may not come down until eight hours later, if then. I remember one performance in which the great Indian baritone, Subbiah Bhagavathar, was appearing with an excellent supporting cast. Early in the piece he and the heroine of the drama (which was mostly sung) fell into an argument in impromptu verse. With tremendous virtuosity and brilliance the pair debated back and forth, composing as they went. New melodies were introduced with the orchestra cleverly accompanying. At last, when it was almost five o'clock in the morning, the frail woman was worn out, and she knelt before the gifted baritone and begged his forgiveness in a charming extempore song. The applause was more enthusiastic than it would have been if the billed play had been performed.

One of India's most active young poets, TAMBIMUTTU has published four volumes of his own poetry, two in his native Ceylon and two in London, where he founded and edited the magazine Poetry London. At present he is living in New York and working on an anthology of Indian verse.

This incident illustrates an aspect of Indian poetry which should, I think, be emphasized above all others — namely, its folk quality. I don't mean to say that Indian poetry is exclusively folk poetry, for by that term Westerners usually mean a kind of homely verse, mostly of unknown origin, which is handed along in a purely oral tradition from one generation to another. Indians have a pure folk literature too, of course — poems and tales that derive from the old epics and the shadowy consciousness of the past. But I am concerned here with India's written, formal poetry, the works of her conscious artists. And the point I want to make is that, even during the periods when the art of writing has been governed by exceedingly formal, sometimes artificial concepts, there has been a high degree of popular participation in the art, even in the rural villages.

It has been said sometimes that Indians turn to poetry because they lack other popular forms of entertainment. This cannot possibly be true since India has the second largest cinema industry in the world, and besides, her festivals, her pageantry, her village folk dancing are second to those of no other country. I am sure the real reason is to be found simply in the Indian's love of language. He is brought up in a country where he hears a dozen major languages and scores of dialects. He appreciates differences and similarities among them, and he is particularly sensitive to the good qualities and fine points of his own language. Then too, India has an extraordinary tradition of oral teaching. Many who cannot read will know thousands of lines of verse by heart, so much has the faculty of memory been developed through the generations. An Indian singer may have a repertory of hundreds of long and complicated songs stored in his head.

The Indian's love of words is shown especially in his appreciation of extempore poetry. He believes that his poets should be able to compose on the spot, whenever an occasion arises, and in fact some of India's poets, for example in the South country, are remembered just for this ability. Tirupati and Venkata, two of the most popular poets in the Telugu country before World War I, went from village to village and court to court giving impromptu performances which were greatly relished by their audiences.

Similarly, the institution of the mushaira, or gathering of poets, is one of India's liveliest expressions of love for poetry. A mushaira is a meeting of poets and listeners, perhaps in a hall or theatre but often in the open. One by one the poets rise to recite their newest verses. The audience applauds wildly if the verse is good, if there is a touch of wit or real beauty in the language, and the poet will be asked to repeat his best lines several times. The mushaira is primarily a North Indian custom — in the time before the British conquest mushairas were held at the Mogul emperor's court and poets were limited to the ghazal, a verse form of Persian origin which used couplets in a very strict metrical scheme — but it also flourishes nowadays in other parts of India and the poets may read or recite their new work, whatever its form or language may be.

The poets of India have continued much longer than in most Western nations to be bards, men skilled in language who have made their living by traveling and presenting their wares directly to their audiences. Any analogy between East and West is open to a hundred confusions and misinterpretations, but I don't think it is too much to say that something like the spirit of the troubadours has persisted in India almost to the present day.

2

THE modern period in Indian poetry, which may be said to have begun about one hundred years ago, witnessed first a phase of extreme Westernization, then one of slow recovery from it. The English language and its literature were introduced to India largely through the missionary schools. By 1850 many Indian poets were writing in English; others who wrote in their own languages were imitating English subjects and forms. Many translations of English poems into the vernacular languages appeared — Goldsmith's "Deserted Village" and Gray's "Elegy" and odes and lyrics from Palgrave's *Golden Treasury*. Vernacular poetry did not get the attention it deserved.

It must be said flatly that much of the English verse written by Indians during this period was very bad. Which is no more than one would expect. To most Indians, English was — and still is, even

though it is widely used among educated people — a text-book language, learned with considerable pains. Consequently, English verse by the Indian poets of the nineteenth century was often awkward, artificial, or downright ungrammatical. Furthermore, the excesses of Victorian poetry in England awoke in Indian readers a very strong native feeling for the extravagant and the unreal. Unable to distinguish between the basically sound and the merely pretty in English verse, Indians imported a great fund of vague, sentimental, and facile Romanticism, which corresponded very closely with the old rose-and-nightingale tradition of the Lucknow and Delhi court poets. Indian poetry became sickeningly full of feet like lotuses, faces like the full moon, and chakora birds drinking in the moonlight.

But by 1890 Indian poetry had entered a new phase. More and more Indian poets gave up writing in English and turned back to their own languages. They were still inclined to write in the English manner and to use English themes. Even the unsuitable English forms were carried over; sonnets and blank-verse meditations were written in Urdu and Bengali. But because they were dealing with their own languages, the poets wrote better verse, and gradually they reverted to native subjects and traditions for their material. Love of the Indian landscape pervaded all the vernacular writing, and as the nationalist movement gained momentum, some Indian poets even began to incorporate political and social ideas in their work.

After World War I, a new influence on Indian poetry came from the West. The French symbolists, Wilfred Owen, T. S. Eliot, and Ezra Pound, were studied and imitated. Many very good translations were published, and Indian poets applied to their own languages the devices of association, symbol, and irregular meter which they learned from the new poets of the West.

But although, under this new influence, Indian poetry tended to become more complex and perhaps more "literary" in form, the poets did not make the mistake of abandoning their own languages or their own subjects. Those poets who maintained the best standards in their work and did not deviate from the high seriousness that is required of all real poets, achieved great popularity among the Indian people. There is not space here to mention many names; but such poets as Mohammed Iqbal and Rabindranath Tagore have acquired audiences far beyond their own languages and even beyond India. Iqbal, a Muslim, has been acclaimed a national hero in Pakistan.

Now that Indian independence has at last been accomplished, poets are turning with ever greater enthusiasm to the native and colorful life of India. There is every indication that India has a growing national literature which may equal any of the glorious periods of Indian art in the past.

A PERFECT COUNTRY

by B. Rajan

Death has not come to this country.
These perfect hills were never gentle with sin.
They did not know the drumming of the autumn
Red with the flaw of love's experience.

But also in this country
Grown out of time, grown deathless in enormity,
Your words, set down into a snare of violence,
In all crime find their cadence testified.

And darkening into a crimson stillness
The blood creeps softly, sedulously in.
Do you dream then of heaven or of hell
When the muscles of the cliff close in around you?

Or do you dream of the hill's immaculate pattern
And the expectancy of eager years?
Do you dream of a heart inviolate, merciless,
Which was not hammered into calm and pity?

An Eden never lost is never known.
The white tombs of its sure and settled logic
Tell of all action murdered into stillness
While day eats out each island with disaster.

While only the desolate baying of the blood
And vengeance steals across your private country
Whose clear perfection finds your death unknown.

THE MAN WHO DIED OF A FEVER

by Srinivas Rayaprol

Faith moves mountains they said
And put a book of prayer
Beneath his head
But the fever was stronger

And burnt a yellow hole in the page
Let the Angels guide him they said
And they opened the windows wide
But the sunlight shrank on the floor

And the fever stood like night
Beside the sheets of his bed
And when at last he lay dead
They looked sadly at his bed
It must be so, One shook his head
For his soul was dark as lead.

FOUR POEMS

by Buddhadeva Bose

TO AN UNKNOWN DEAD

I could never have believed her dead
When they carried her along the afternoon street,
Followed by mourners, themselves so purified,
That their bare, unhurried, unhesitant feet

Seemed to tread on air. And two or three in a closed
Slow-pacing car, sitting erect, and gazing straight ahead,
Seeing nothing. The traffic made way; passers-by paused.
But I could never, never believe her dead.

Beautiful and calm, her face held up
To the stooping sun, beautiful, open,
Full and whole she was like a fruit just ripened,

Without embarrassment, effort, or hope;
No longer waiting for something to happen,
But final, perfected, ready to drop.

FROGS

The rains have come, and frogs are full of glee.
They sing in chorus, in deep, jubilant voices.

Nothing to fear today: no drought, no dearth of worms,
Nor serpent's jaw or stones of wanton boys.

Cloudlike, the grasses thicken; in the fields the lush waters stand;
Louder leaps their hour of brief immortality.

They have no necks, but their throats are rich and swollen;
And O, what sleek bodies, what cold gemlike eyes!

Eyes staring upwards, fixed in meditation,
Ecstatic, lidless, like rishis' gazing on God.

The rain has ceased, the shadows slant,
Hymnlike floats their singing, on the slow, attentive air.

Now dies the day in silence, but a somber drone
Perforates the twilight; the thin sky leans to listen.

Darkness and rain; and we are warm in bed;
Yet one unwearied phrase mingles in our sleep —

The final sloka of the mystic chanting,
The croak, croak, croak of the last fanatic frog.

DO YOU REMEMBER AN INN, MIRANDA?

Surangama, do you remember that little room?
The blue sky poured in at the window, and the stormy wind
blew to the swing of the sea.
Do you remember?

The sea dancing with its million waves opened out
from horizon to horizon,
and the little room grew delirious with the shouting
and shattering of the waves.
Do you remember?

Ah, we were clamorous, we were drunken with each other.
We were the storm that filled the horizons.

Many a time did the broken moon return to us sawing the black
sky with light and scattering the crowd of stars,
and often on narrow nights did the moon creep stealthily up
the sky, drawing up the sea in a flood-tide
and in a blind surge of blood-tide drowning us.
Do you remember, Surangama, do you remember?

We were torn by the arrows of a hundred insolent suns,
and a hundred days we blotted out with kisses,
and gaily we killed the infant light at dawn
in that little tumultuous room, do you remember?

We had the swing of the sea in our blood when, at the end
of night, we brought the dead moon back to life.
We had the steps of the storm in our heartbeat when, gaily
we killed the savage infant suns.
We were swept away in a blind surge, in a fathomless flood of kisses.
Do you remember, Surangama, do you remember?

OTHER MASTER

Lord, you have granted to each his kingdom:
In the jungles of Bengal the flaming tiger,
The eagle astraddle on the Alpine crystal,
The great, hot whales in icy oceans,
These have their kingdoms, and not only these.

The buffalo neck-deep in the washerman's bog,
The full-throated frog, the fly of pestilence,
The crow in the cloud on a windless day —
Each has his kingdom none else can reach.

Lord, in your world of freedom's dominions
Am I, the maker of song, alone
Condemned to the daily bread and the grinding
Self-repeating wheel of the moments?
Or have I, like the race horse and lap dog, forfeited
My kingdom for another, a crafty master?

THE MUSIC OF INDIA

And Its Role in Indian Dance

by NARAYANA MENON

1

INDIAN music is a very ancient art and has a three-thousand-year-old tradition behind it. This represents perhaps the longest unbroken record of any cultural tradition we know. Countries like China and Egypt have longer records of history and culture. The *Catalogue Général des Antiquités Égyptiennes du Musée du Caire* published recently by the Egyptian Government gives accurate descriptions and pictures of musical instruments 4000 years old, and indications of a musical notation which point to an art at a high stage of development. But somewhere in the history of Egypt the link with this historic past is lost, and contemporary Egyptian music cannot be related to its past.

It is this continuity of growth that is the most remarkable thing about Indian music. Long before the Christian era it had developed not only definite laws of theory and practice, but even comprehensive theories of appreciation. The ancient pandits studied carefully the physical stimulants to aesthetic enjoyment. They analyzed the nature of emotion (Bhava); the conditions and the themes which produce the emotions (Vibhava); the visible signs and results of such emotion (Anubhava); and even the nature of the subconscious mind, the involuntary emotions (Satvabhava). Their methods were rational and, what is more, they put their conclusions to good practical use. The Greeks did

this on a small scale. They realized, for instance, that the Doric mode was dignified and manly, and taught the Spartan boys nothing else. They were careful of the use of the Lydian mode which they thought voluptuous, licentious, and orgiastic. Strabo, the Greek philosopher, may have been thinking of this when he acknowledged the debt of Greek music to India.

The beginnings of Indian music are shrouded in mythology. We are told in the old legends that the seven notes of the scale and the primary rhythms were revealed by the god Vishnu himself, and it was believed that singing, playing, and dancing exemplified his various forms. Thus it was only natural that music should have grown and developed as an adjunct of religious worship and that India's temples should have been her great conservatories. To this day the orthodox Hindu musician thinks of his music as devotional.

From the study of ancient treatises on music which have come down to us, such as Bharata's fourth-century *Natya Sastra* and Sarangadeva's thirteenth-century *Sangita-Ratnakara*, we know how little Indian classical music has changed since early times. To be sure, when the Muslims came down into India about the twelfth century they brought with them the subtle and highly developed melodic scales of the Persians, but this influence never became more than a superstructure on the robust body of Hindu music, and in South India, where the penetration of Islam was least, the traditional Dravidian forms retained their purity almost untouched.

Perhaps the most distinctive characteristic of Indian music — the quality that makes it at first sound so strange to the Western ear — is that it is purely melodic. By pure melody I mean melody

As Director of All India Radio's Delhi Station, Dr. NARAYANA MENON has developed on the air programs of outstanding quality devoted to classical Indian music. He is not only a distinguished musicologist but also a literary critic, author of a book on the poet Yeats. Dr. Menon was born in Malabar and took his doctorate at Edinburgh University.

that neither needs nor implies harmony. Harmony affects the structure of melody itself, and it has become almost impossible for the Westerner to conceive of melody without the implications, tacit or explicit, of a harmonic system.

In Western music, a melodic line is really the top or surface line of a carefully constructed harmonic structure. Thus in the building up of melody, the harmonic implications of substantive and passing notes, and the relationship of these, play an important part. Beyond this, Western melody has a tendency to develop round notes which are harmonically related to the tonic.

Indian melody, on the other hand, is made up of notes which are related purely by their continuity. If melody of this kind sounds exotic to the Western ear, it is probably because the West has lost the sense of *pure* melody and cannot take in melody neat, as it were. The Indian use of quarter tones is also relevant here. There is no such thing in Indian music as an exact quarter tone, such as those used by Alois Haba or Bloch. But Indian musicians do use in certain ragas sharps which are sharper than those of the diatonic scale and flats which are flatter. It is not the number of notes we use that is important. The important thing is how small an interval we can successfully employ.

The bases of Indian music are raga and tala. Perhaps the nearest English equivalent for raga is the term "mode." The Persian maqam is much the same thing. But our raga is a far more definite concept. In a raga not only are the notes used within the octave important but even the sequence in which they are used. The result is great strictness within great variety. According to a classification which dates from the seventeenth century there are seventy-two fully septatonic ragas. In all these the fifth is constant. Thirty-six have true fourths, thirty-six augmented fourths.

Then there are a number of derivative ragas, some pentatonic, some hexatonic. Some of these use five notes going up, but six or seven coming down the scale and vice versa. Consider now that this music is seldom written. Indian musicians, handing down the tradition from generation to generation, have developed such extraordinary powers of memory that they carry several hundreds of these ragas in their heads.

Tala is the rhythm of Indian music. And like the raga it obeys strict laws of pattern. Tala is asymmetric as well as symmetric. Often a bar is made up of 4-2-2, as in the southern Adi Tala. Variations of talas can be in either geometric or arithmetic progression. A variation of the tala given above might be 5-2-2 or 3-2-2. There are accented and unaccented parts of a bar. Thus in the Adi Tala, the first, the fifth, and the seventh beats are strongly accented. All this is possible in Indian music because it is not forced to accept symmetries of rhythm which harmonic planning necessitates.

Within this well-defined framework, this fitting together of pitch and beat according to rigid laws, the Indian musician improvises. And it is the brilliance of his improvisation — what he can do by sheer virtuosity *in spite of* the restricting rules of the game — which is the glory of our great artists.

Is not the highest art extemporaneous? The art of improvising was current in Western music until recently and all the great masters such as Bach, Handel, and Beethoven, up to and including Liszt, were famous for their improvisations. The only corresponding musical activity in the West today is the improvisation of jazz. But here the improvisation develops along certain chord sequences, while in Indian music it is confined to the melodic line. Variations in rhythm, of course, are common to both.

Another of the key elements in Indian music is the dominant role of the voice. Indian music is sung music, even when played by instruments, because the music is basically vocal in conception. It is not that we lack instruments — in variety India probably has more than the West, and the best of them are capable of subtleties of intention and nuance beyond any I have heard anywhere in the world — but simply that the human voice is still the finest instrument there is for the kind of music we have.

2

IN THE pattern of Indian culture, music and the dance, the visual arts and poetry are all governed by the same attitudes. Indian music bears the same relationship to Western music as Indian dancing does to Western ballet, and for that matter much the same sort of relationship as Indian literature does to that of Europe or traditional Indian art to European art. In all these, the insistence, in India, is on emotional sincerity as against intellectual sincerity in the West; on the lyrical impulse rather than on the dramatic impulse; on intuition rather than on reason; on contemplation more than on action. The result is a subjectivism which is opposed to Western objectivism.

Many factors are at the root of such a development, and it is perhaps beyond the scope of a short essay such as this to go into any detailed analysis of the reasons. But let me illustrate it from the dance. The fundamental difference between Indian dancing and Western ballet consists in the way in which a given idea is realized. In Indian dancing, the dancer (like the musician in Indian music) is the center, the figurehead of the idea, and the dance emanates from him. In European ballet the idea of the dance is projected on the dancers. It is an objective realization of the idea by the creator of the dance, the choreographer, who uses the dancers as a vehicle for the expression of his ideas.

This makes the Indian dancer, within a strictly



Kathakali, the traditional dance-drama of South India, goes back two thousand years to the great religious epics which are the basis of Hindu culture. Dancers mime the stories of the ancient myths while singers chant the tale in verse, accompanied by gongs, bells, and drums.

Here a "good man" (perhaps one of the Pandava brothers, heroes in the *Mahabharata*) is conversing with his wife. Kathakali actors never speak, but use mudras, a sign language of the hands with a gesture for every Sanskrit word. Female roles are taken by boys.



Drawings by R. Monk.
Text by Faubion Bowers.



On the left is Hanuman, the heroic “monkey god” of the *Ramayana* epic, making obeisance to a Brahmin priest who is giving his benediction. The dancers’ startling make-ups of green, yellow, black, and browns take many hours to put on.

The sister of Ravana, the mythological demon-king of Ceylon, is shown here in all her grotesque horror. Kathakali is usually performed at night, often in the open with flaming torchlamps for illumination. Sometimes the performances go on until dawn.



Kathakali is at once sophisticated and barbaric, poetic yet violent. Here an evil mother drives herself to kill her own child. As the stories unfold the emotions of the audience rise to fever pitch.

traditional code, a creative artist in the fullest sense of the word; whereas in European ballet the dancer's role is an interpretive one, to infuse and bring life to the choreographer's conception. This also makes Indian dancing essentially a solo affair. Even when there is a group of dancers, as in the more dramatic forms of Indian dancing, like the Kathakali of Malabar, the dancing takes the form of a series of solo performances. Groupings are unimportant. There is no plastic relationship in the lines, which are related purely by their continuity. The wide, sweeping lines of the ballet are absent. Minute gestural effects become important.

These gestures, or mudras as they are called, are the essence of Indian dancing. They are a very comprehensive language and any story or incident or any shade of emotion can be satisfactorily expressed through them. Two well-trained dancers can carry on a conversation on any topic in everyday life by using these gestures. The eloquence of the mudras is the eloquence of poetry, not the realistic eloquence of prose. They suggest, but never imitate. They evoke a mood, but never state it.

In Western ballet conventional movements such as an arabesque or entrechat or pirouette are freely used by a choreographer to express certain ideas or types, not to mention the clever and dramatic use of the mime. But does not convention often become an embarrassment, even an impediment? Even in such a poetic ballet as *Les Sylphides* the male dancer looks slightly ridiculous. It is this hidebound convention which has led to new growths in the dance styles of the West — movements led by such dancers as Mary Wigman, Martha Graham, Kurt Jooss, who go completely outside the conventions of classical ballet to revitalize the new dance.

Since India is not simply one country but a whole subcontinent, it is only natural that her main tradition of the dance should have developed unevenly and become divided into distinct schools of varying individuality in different regions. The most important schools are: the Bharata-natyam of South India, the Kathak dances of Upper India, and the Kathakali of Malabar. Less famous perhaps, but significant, are the Manipuri school of the Northeast, of which Mr. Bowers writes in these pages, and the masked dances of Siraikela and the States of Orissa.

Bharata-natyam probably represents the purest and oldest form of the Indian tradition. It descends, of course, from temple dancing, but nowadays it is presented as a recital, with a program usually lasting about three hours. Bharata-natyam is always executed by one single dancer, usually a woman, and there is hardly any décor or change of costume. The music for it consists of a singer, or singers, and a group of drummers. The sung music functions like a commentary on the dance except when the nattuvanar, who directs the performance, calls out the

bolos of the rhythm which the dancer's feet execute.

If the intricacies of rhythm in Indian music escape the uninitiated, the rhythms of Indian dance are even more subtle and difficult. In the Kathak school the role of the percussion is especially important. The drummer anticipates every step of the dancer and the result is like two musicians playing in unison, the bells on the dancer's feet synchronizing with the beat of the drums. Facial expression — abhinaya — is also a highly developed element in the dance. The Kathak school shows strong Muslim influences. Its elegance and its sophistry were derived from the Mogul Court, but its complicated rhythms are of indigenous origin.

Kathakali, which literally means "story-play," is the most dramatic form of Indian dancing. Here the gestures and technique of Bharata-natyam have taken on a more masculine vitality. Kathakali employs many dancers and many types, acting out themes drawn from the old Sanskrit epics. It is usually performed out of doors and the dancing is likely to last the whole night through. Kathakali is as violent and exciting as Bharata-natyam is subtle and lyrical.

3

THE relationship between music and dancing is nowhere closer than in the Indian tradition. This tradition must be understood in the context of Indian life and thought. Its present theory and practice are the logical development of a consistent process, a process which has been distinctive and which is an integral part of Indian history and culture. To listen to Indian music and judge it in terms of Western music or some other system will mean missing the point and reaching absurd conclusions. It will be like judging Beethoven or Brahms in terms of raga and tala. Questions of style, of interpretation, of finer and subtler points of execution cannot be discussed in any recognizable international terms. Aesthetics and attitudes can. Music is *not* an international language. All this talk of music being an international language is a myth. Of course it may be true of limited areas such as Europe or Southern India or the Middle East — areas which have a common musical system but different spoken languages. But I have heard too much of Egyptian, Javanese, and Chinese music — not to mention the various national styles of Europe — to believe that cosmopolitanism in music is possible.

And values differ so widely. Take the voice for instance. Most Europeans think that Indian voices sound artificial, harsh, strained, and nasal. Yet that is precisely what most Indians think of Western voices — artificially produced, strained, and nasal. What either of them will think of a Chinese operatic singer, I dare not say. Of course there are voices which can be appreciated the world over — Paul Robeson's, for instance, or the late Ustad

Faiyaz Khan's. But the attributes of a voice will be determined by what the voice is expected to do. Only a fully trained Western soprano can sing the aria of the Queen of the Night from *The Magic Flute* and only an Indian musician can do the *Viriboni Varna*. Stress on particular values, too, is important.

The quality of the voice as such is comparatively unimportant in Indian music. In India the voice is no more an asset to a singer than, say, good handwriting is to a poet. *What* a musician sings is far more important than *how* he sings it. Every singer is a creative artist in the fullest sense of the word. In the West, a singer is a vehicle for the expression of the composer's ideas, and very often — as in many operas — a voice is used just like any other instrument. In the course of a BBC discussion with Sir Steuart Wilson I said: "In Europe a young man decides to become a singer if he has a good voice; in India a young man decides to become a singer if he is musical." Sir Steuart admitted it was perhaps an exaggeration, but only the exaggeration of a vital truth. How can one apply the same tests for such widely differing conceptions?

Music is the most abstract of all the arts. And it has the least verisimilitude to nature. Poetry has words which can be understood or translated, at least partly. Painting and sculpture (except in the most abstract modern works) have recognizable

forms which approximate our visual experiences. But in music we have no such aid to apprehension. The knowledge of (or at least an awareness of) the system of which the music is a part is the only guide. One can come to grips with it only through constant hearing. One must listen and listen a great deal — with discrimination and with intelligence. Only then will subtleties of nuance and style begin to take shape in one's mind.

If I lay stress on the necessity for what amounts to a total immersion in our music it is certainly not in an attempt to discourage Western music lovers from approaching it. There is much in our ragas which can give pleasure at first hearing, especially when the hearer is prepared to listen with his emotions — even to listen from his subconscious, if he must, forgetting for the moment all that he has been conditioned by Western music to expect. I have an American friend who could not hear enough of our music when he visited India and who told me that a Kathakali performance on the Malabar Coast moved him as profoundly as any dance he had experienced in the West. No, if I urge long listening, it is only because I know that the time will be well spent and the effort rewarded. Within its limits, Indian music is limitless. It offers riches to the ear, the mind, and the heart which are no less fabulous than the other storied treasures of the East.

AFTERNOON MAGIC

by Nayantara Sahgal

Sun-patterned lawn,
Soft air embroidered with street vendor's song,
Dry curling leaves lie scattered all around,
While others on their boughs await the sound
Of whispered invitations which will charm
Them earthwards, pirouetting to the ground.
Black hedge crisscrossed with bright hibiscus flowers —
All weave a tapestry of velvet hours.
The garden and the dusty road beyond
Are slumbering under some strange witch's wand.
This is not peace,
It is a spell designed
To quell the fever of a weary mind,
And while the mind succumbs, to slowly start
A restless languor stirring in the heart.

DANCE AND OPERA IN MANIPUR

The Survival of Ritual Theatre

by FAUBION BOWERS

I

NOWHERE in India do people practice the arts of dance, drama, music, and their combined form, opera, so widely as in the princely state of Manipur. Perhaps, too, no other area of India has been quite so cut off and remote. Manipur is in Assam, the northeasternmost corner of India. Bordered by Burma, Bhutan, and East Pakistan at its outer frontiers, it is surrounded by the swirling convergence of nine separate mountain ranges (the highest peak is the lowest of the Himalayas). In these encircling hills the Nagas live, aboriginal peoples, of whom some still go naked, some continue to head-hunt, and others as yet are unaware of the use of fire.

Near the heart of this curious country, just off center, lies the oval valley of Manipur, a paradise of civilization amid barbarism. Indians conquered the country culturally millennia ago; but ethnologically, the fair skin and Mongolian cast of feature remain. Physically the people are closer to Burma and Tibet. The name Manipur means literally "diamond-place," and the origin of the word goes back to a myth that tells how the snake-god who lives at the center of the earth saw the loveliness of the place and in an orgiastic ecstasy sprayed out a mist of sparkling, gleaming diamonds. Today, while there are no gems of value — and the existence of a gold mine is apparently only legendary — Manipuris call their Lai Haraoba dance and their Ras

Lila opera the country's two most precious jewels.

Separate, disconnected villages speckle the countryside. A few clusters compose the towns, and the capital, Imphal, is a fusion of six or seven villages which until recently even spoke slightly different dialects. The Lai Haraoba is essentially a village dance. The whole village participates in it and its purpose is to ensure the continued productivity of the land. During almost any month of the year (the winters are always mild, the rains rarely too heavy, and the summers never torpid) somewhere, in some locality, this dance is being given. For one month each year the performances are repeated, and the event is not only socially compulsory but a religious necessity as well. Manipuris are convinced of the dance's efficacy, because their land is so rich it grows practically anything and the country imports virtually nothing. Now that modern modes of transportation have reached them, the Manipuris have become small-scale exporters — of rice, indigo, orchids, and turmeric.

Manipur is a nation of dancers and it naturally follows that the Lai Haraoba should be a community, group affair. Manipuris put it this way: "Every girl who weaves can dance." To them, this saying implies that it would be as unthinkable for a woman not to dance as it would be for her not to be able to make her own clothes. Since dance is a part of the Manipuri marriage ceremony, a man automatically assumes his place as a partner.

Before a Lai Haraoba receives its annual performances — the time is never fixed as it depends on when the village has enough leisure and money for the celebrations — word of mouth alerts the whole countryside. When traveling around Manipur, any afternoon a few hours before sunset, if you see groups of people in their finery walking along a

Last year FAUBION BOWERS traveled throughout India studying the Indian Dance and his book on the subject will be published here this fall. He is also the author of a work on Japanese Theatre, having served as an aide to General MacArthur during the occupation. He was born in Oklahoma in 1917 and is married to the Indian writer Santha Rama Rau.

country road and follow them, you will very likely happen on this dance.

All the women — ranging from little girls to great-grandmothers — dress in the national, formal panek. This is a wrap-around of deep purple, with tiny parallel lines woven into it to look vaguely like a snake coil (another souvenir of the snake at the core of the earth). Wide borders of fine embroidery hang at the bottom just below the ankles. These are family heirlooms handed down from generation to generation until the cloth rots away with age. Around their bare shoulders the mature girls and women wear a thin, gossamer scarf of white. When a man approaches, or when they begin to dance before the gods, they drape it to cover their heads as well. Some of the leading dancers wear the bride's crown — a gold headband dangling with short slivers of silver like phonograph needles. The Muslim women, a small but colorful minority, dress with startling flamboyance. One woman, I remember, wore four layers of different colored cloths — a purple, turbanlike headdress, a blue scarf, a red sash, and a yellow skirt. The old women, widows and grandmothers, shave their heads entirely and look rather like Buddhist priests; young unmarried girls trim their hair so as to have long bangs in front which lengthen around the sides until at the back the straight hair hangs down to their shoulders. Around their necks nearly all the women wear sacred rosaries of balsam seeds or strings of little gold beads.

The men are turbaned, feathered, and trousered in clean white dhotis which wrap around their hips and shins and, pulled between their legs, leave their calves exposed in back. Most of them are bare-chested; others drape a long piece of thin, white, starched muslin toga-fashion over their naked shoulders. Both men and women mark their faces with the formal caste marks of the Manipuris — a long, thin smudge of sandalwood paste along the bridge of the nose and two round lumps on each ear lobe. Some of them wear on their foreheads an intricate design of two feet, heel to heel, with the soles decorated with curlicues and Sanskrit words.

Most villages have grown up near streams and rivers. The winding path of the water makes the rows of houses on the banks look romantically disordered, like a fairy-tale drawing. At various points the people have dammed the flow to catch fish or to keep their ducks from being carried downstream. Over the bridges which connect the two parts of the village, a thatched roof provides shade as well as a charming appearance.

Each village of Manipur must have a dance arena where the annual Lai Haraoba takes place. If the village is wealthy enough, a dung-plaster godown will contain brass masks representing the King of the East and his bride-eternal (commonly recognized today as prototypes of the Hindu Siva and Parvati), the gods before whom the dance is

enacted. Manipur also worships Krishna, the most important incarnation of Vishnu, and since 1700 Vaishnavite Hinduism has been the official state religion and directly presided over by the Maharaja.

As the villagers and spectators arrive the dance begins. The ritual is begun by the maibis, another indication of the ancient, pre-Hindu origins of this dance. A maibi is a woman who possesses supernatural qualities and the power of divination. At some point in her life she has been seized by strange forces inexplicable to all except other maibis, and has been taught the dances and incantations which only maibis know. They have no connection with the temples or organized religion and their position has been likened to that of witch doctors. Among their chief functions, they count the conducting of the Lai Haraoba. The more expensive the maibi, the better the dance.

At intervals the maibis change their costume. Not long after the dance has begun they appear in white uniforms (looking rather like hospital attendants) with a sacrilegiously gaudy sash tied around their waists. Dressed in this way, they bring out from the godown the brass masks and swaddle them in yards of cloth which make them look as if they have bodies. The maibis do an arm-waving and foot-stomping step which appeases the heavens with their rains and the earth with its nurture. The villagers then begin dancing in force. They start with about a dozen little girls, who imitate the maibis' dance before the masks, and as the dance progresses, the groups get progressively older.

When the women have finished, the men form a circle in the center of the arena and begin shouting and making gestures. The whole village then dances together. The women in a huge semicircle move in a clockwise direction; the men step counterclockwise around them. Led by the maibis, they gesture and gesticulate, posture and pose. The movements have an erotic significance but they are always graceful. The soft flow of Manipuri dancing has been described as being "gentle as velvet and forceless as a smile." Lai Haraoba means literally "to please the gods." The Manipuri sees it primarily as a recognition of the relation between his own procreation and the creativity of his earth. Before night falls, the day's performance ends and the villagers disperse to return to their homes.

2

MANIPUR could, with equal justification, be called a nation of musicians. The visitor to the country is made aware of this fact at every turn. If you are driving over the countryside — often there are no roads, only cross-country tracks straight through paddy fields — and your car has trouble, the driver while he pumps a tire or tinkers with the carburetor will begin to sing folk songs. The Manipuri has a

wide vocal range but to increase it, men use falsetto as freely as the natural voice. Much of their singing is in trills and tremolos, related somewhat to a yodel but more delicate and dulcet. If the repairs on the car are more serious and require a long wait for some reason or other, then you will probably be regaled with drumming on the hood of a rather brilliant sort. Syncopes, counterbeats, thuds, and rumbles all flow rhythmically and musically one into the other. In the town of Imphal, where the water supply is distributed through a series of strategically located public water taps, the din in the morning is deafening. As the water boys and girls line up and wait their turn at the spout, they all seem to be in competition to see who can pound out the louder and more intricate rhythm on their water cans.

The Manipuris harness the best of this general musicality, and coupling it with their most advanced and evolved dance forms produce an opera which they call Ras Lila. Lai Haraobas are popular entertainments in the sense that all the people dance in them. Ras Lilas are popular too in the sense of being nationwide and well attended, but because of their exhausting length (they start after midnight and continue until dawn) and their extreme complexity (a performer must be able to sing, dance, and act), even in this land of artists, a specially trained class of professionals has evolved to perform in them. Broadly defined, a Ras Lila is an operatic and choreographic enactment of the original "divine play" between Krishna and Radha and her retinue.

In history and mythology, Krishna, before his mystic enlightenment and subsequent godhood, was a cowherd. Radha was a neighboring milkmaid and his consort. Around the two were the other milkmaids, the gopis, who shared Krishna's affection. The symbolism of this heavenly dalliance has been interpreted and reinterpreted over the centuries, and I suppose each believer works it out to his own satisfaction and in accord with his conscience. In general, to the Manipuri, the promiscuity of Krishna is acknowledged as such, and the nature of his playfulness, although it has been established that Krishna was only eleven at the time, was that of genuine sexual experience.

In an actual performance of a Ras Lila, out of deference to propriety and to enable a full flavor of spirituality unimpaired by adult, corruptive sensuality, the roles of Krishna and Radha are played by children. I have seen some performed by children of seven or eight, and others by youths of twelve and thirteen. In some Ras Lilas, an adult performs Krishna, but in this case a woman takes the part. "Every man here is married to a Radha and every woman to a Krishna," one Manipuri once explained to me, "and to discuss our beliefs and faith is like talking in public about our marital life." The Manipuri's religion has a privacy that is unique in India.

Manipuris regard the Ras Lila as so sacred as to

be virtually secret. Performances can only take place three or four times a year during the full moons of March, August, and December, and they announce the exact date on only a day or so's notice. If the Maharaja decrees a Ras Lila, he gives only time enough to erect the mandal hall in which performances are usually held. Sometimes the artists appear within the great temple of the palace, sometimes in remote spots on the side of some nearby, sacred hill, or often simply out in the open.

Muslims, including those who have settled in Manipur since the thirteenth century, were not, until a few years ago, allowed to hear even the music. White men, or korakora as they are contemptuously called, were told that Ras Lilas do not exist and were automatically excluded. Almost as if by a national conspiracy, the beauties of the Ras Lila have been kept hidden. In the only book ever written about Manipur as a general study, the writer, a long-time resident and quondam political officer in Manipur, states categorically (and in outrageous ignorance) that the Manipuris have four dances in all and among them he lists neither the Lai Haraoba nor the Ras Lila. Even the native Indian fares little better, for though he may be of the same religion, the intense orthodoxy of the Manipuri subsect amounts to a snobbism which rejects him as well.

Elaborate protocol attends each performance. The mandal hall, a straw and bamboo house open on four sides, is decorated with greenery and intricate paper cut-outs. Around three sides of this, the people lay straw mats to sit on. In the center of the hall a circle of flowers planted in a low mound delimits the dance arena. No man is allowed within this area. Under the roof only persons of rank and of course religious acceptability may sit. Nowadays, outsiders, that is Muslims, Indians, and very recently korakora, may stand off in the distance where the mats end. But once a performance is in full swing, as long as you take off your shoes, you can draw as close to the hall as the eaves of the roof.

3

A RAS LILA requires a cast of at least eight people — Krishna, Radha, and six gopis. Sometimes eight gopis play to two child stars; but for other Ras Lilas eight Krishnas perform with seven gopis and one Radha. The accompanying orchestra and chorus are also large — two conch shell players (to herald dramatic moments), several esraz (a reablike stringed instrument), drummers, cymbal groups, and singers. A pair of Brahmins sing the Krishna arias; a chorus of women sing the Radha arias; the gopis who are adult, professional artists, sing their own arias, duets, trios, and sextets.

The actual plots of a Ras Lila are thin. The theme

is selected from one of three set situations: Krishna's infidelity to Radha, her forgiveness, and their reunion; the general concord and blissful state of agreement between Krishna and Radha and their sportive play together; or the abandonment of Radha by Krishna and their reconciliation because of her threatened suicide. Dances, arias, and choruses alternate with orchestral interludes to make the form consecutive and connected.

In rough outline the development follows this pattern. A Krishna dance, a Radha dance, the dance-play between the two and then with all the gopis, the plot-argument (the separation, the faithlessness or faithfulness), the solution (the dance in mirth together), and finally at dawn, as the sun rises, the prayer and worship of the sacred fire. A flaming tray is brought into the arena and as the dancers twirl it around in the air, the audience rises and holds out their hands to receive the warmth and blessing of Krishna's sacred flame.

In full dress a performance of a Ras Lila scintillates with bright colors and decorative flashes of light and movement. The intricate costumes with their velvet hoopskirts of glittering mirrors and patterned squares of cloth, the Mongolian-looking girls with their lightly powdered brown faces and hair done high in a knot on the side of their heads, and their faces alluringly draped with a large veil of white tulle sprinkled with mica (to glitter like the diamonds of the snake who first sprayed the paradise of Manipur), and the sinewless, undulating gestures of the dancers against the vibrating, jangling orchestra are almost unbearably moving.

Manipuris seriously believe that their Ras Lila is an approximate re-enactment of the original Ras Lila as it happened thousands of years ago in the garden of Brindavan (now a near-desert place in north central India) and as it happens nightly in the heavens above with the gods. Their reaction during a performance at times becomes almost embarrassing in the openness of its expression. When the children dance well, or when the gopis sing an especially beautiful theme or dance particularly smoothly, or even during famous passages of music, the audience showers coins on the performers. In the interludes, an attendant drapes lengths of cloth over the shoulder of each artist, both as partial payment for the evening and to show particular gratification at the success of the performance. At sensitive moments, older Manipuris in full dress draw near the arena and, weeping loudly, prostrate themselves. Shaking their heads and wiping their eyes, while lying prone on the ground, they pay homage to the perfection of the performer and the beauty of the Ras Lila.

A Ras Lila entrances even the spectator who is alien to the religion. Even those who are ignorant of the theological intricacies of the Chaitanya sect of Vaishnavite Hinduism, and to whom the lore of Krishna and Radha is unfamiliar, are affected by the spectacle of a Ras Lila. Somehow, something deep within the human being is touched, and the validity of the experience aesthetically is undeniable. But the curious thing is that as you leave the mandal hall, you find yourself almost persuaded of the spiritual experience as well.

RADHA

by P. S. Rege

The blue sky is Hari
And the lone star Radha —
Lost,
She is the heart's desire throughout the ages.

The wide earth is Govinda
And the rice field Radha —
Ever-fruitful,
She is the sweet-tongued one throughout the ages.

The steadily flowing river is Krishna
And the forest bending o'er its bank is Radha —
Unquestioning,
She is the eternal repose throughout the ages.

Translated from the Marathi

THE OPIUM EATER

A Story

by IQBAL AHMAD

I

SANKI died suddenly. The news did not surprise me; he was so dangerously thin that I knew anything could carry him off. Besides, lately he had picked up the habit of eating opium. In the long winter evenings he scarcely ever left his room — a dingy hole where he lived by himself in hostile seclusion. Once or twice I invaded his privacy and found him dozing in a corner under the influence of the drug.

He had never liked people, and for company's sake he kept a parrot. His companion shared his habit. Perched on a rod, half asleep, it would nod violently from time to time. The miserable bird got so used to the opium that it would set up a terrible squawking if its pellet were not forthcoming at the appointed hour. The drug had a curious effect on it. First, it lost the glossiness of its plumage; then it grew scruffy and bald in patches and ultimately shed all its feathers. It looked obscene in its nakedness. But it was a good companion — at least Sanki thought so; and in its sober moments, it could recite a few couplets of Hafiz.

Sanki used to tell me that there were worlds beyond the clouds, even beyond the stars, and he would give glowing descriptions of them. After he had had the black pellet, he would feel his consciousness gradually dissolve into the mist, into the universal twilight. He felt he was the dark, vapory blood of the world. Visions rose before him, visions of rolling countries of twilight, warm and cloud-big men and women and the mute, slow, ecstatic mingling of their bodies. To me, it would seem that the scientists were wrong when they spoke

of the utter coldness and darkness of outer space; and the warm eloquence of the opium eater would incline me toward poetry. The winding procession of stars seemed like village girls coming from a well; star-cities rose far, far out in the depth of space.

"My friend," I would say, "you are a poet. Why don't you write about these things? Show us the soul taking a holiday, riding away on the tail of a comet, bathing in the canals of Mars, sleeping in the caves of the moon."

"Oh! Are there caves and canals up there?"

"Yes, so the scientists say."

"I shall see the next time," he would say. "I can always verify these things, you know; it's my domain."

I met him the first time five years ago at a cricket match. Tall and lean, he stood at the wicket for half an hour without swinging once, and our patience ran out. His long, lank hair fell in a fringe over his eyes. He did not bother to brush the fringe aside, even when he was batting; he preferred to peep through the black threads. His white shirt was held together in the front with black shoelaces.

Later, at the lunch table, an unceasing stream of delightful chatter flowed from his lips, and we gathered in a ring around him. He consumed half a dozen cups of tea, smoked like a chimney, and left the eatables untouched. On a request, he recited an elegy of his own composition in Persian. I marveled at his command of the language. The couplets flowed smoothly, but the imagery was bizarre and fantastic in the extreme, and there was a deliberate touch of the grotesque. It was as if a sculptor, having made a beautiful statue, slashed off the nose for a finishing touch. Afterward, he dashed off in a great hurry, the fringe of his hair jiggling up and down on his forehead.

IQBAL AHMAD was born in Agra in 1921, went to an English mission school and then to Allahabad University, where he now teaches. He writes in English, mostly in the story form.

When I saw him again, I found him sitting at a betel-seller's shop near his drab hotel. There was an Urdu translation of *Hamlet* under his arm. He showed me the book, which bore many betel-juice marks on it. "Natrajan, the university lecturer, gave it to me," he said. "He has been to England and often speaks to me of those people and their ways. I read it and found it first-rate poetry. But a suspicion has crept into my mind." Sanki paused for dramatic effect. "I think this Shakespeare was not English."

"What!" I exclaimed.

"Yes, he was not English. I can't imagine how poetry can be written in a country where people love beer and have no sun. I am told that even those poets whose identities cannot be questioned had to go to Italy to write their poetry. But about this impostor, this Shakespeare, I am pretty certain."

"Well, if he wasn't English, what was he?"

"Persian, a Persian gypsy in disguise to avoid the law, and the English had sense enough not to expose him."

I was astonished. "How can you say that?" I said.

"Look at the quality of the poetry. It's the highest, it's Persian. You can always tell by the taste. You know, the art of poetry is very close to the art of brewing, and the Persians are masters of both. Hafiz was the best of brewers. You have heard of the wine of Shiraz? Persian poetry was distilled from that wine. From the translations of English poetry I have seen, I always judged it was distilled from beer. But this Shakespeare, he tastes of the grape; yes, the grape."

Sanki continued moodily: "You know, my soul dances like a dervish when I read Hafiz. I wish you could see its joyful dance — like the sunbeam of a child's smile. Well, this Shakespeare too moves my soul to dance. There is no doubt of it, he was a Persian. And look at the name. It's a corruption of Sheikh Peero, a common name among the gypsies of Iran even to this day. Don't you agree?"

"I seem to," I said. And for a moment I really did.

"The English are a remarkable people," Sanki continued reflectively. "Look at them, nothing but a hoax! Look at the language. I am told fragments of various languages were put together and confidently called English. Look at the people. Exiles and invaders every one. But when the crowd got sizable, they were called English. Nothing but raw material, that's all, imported from every corner of the earth. English language, English people, English goods, English wealth — tell me, are they really English? Not one. They have made a legend more powerful than the dreams of Firdausi. And by the way, Natrajan agrees with me that in England there is nothing English but the weather."

I heard him with a strange kind of admiration and joy, and I said, "My friend, you speak like a scholar."

Sanki shuddered. "For heaven's sake, anything but that!" he cried. "I, a scholar? Never!"

I was taken aback.

"A scholar," he explained, "is a beast of burden — the noblest beast of burden, I grant, but a beast of burden nevertheless, a donkey. Look at your great Professor R., more meek, more long-suffering, and more obstinate than any donkey, the very quintessence of donkeyism. A yogi told me once that according to the theory of transmigration, a donkey that has not pestered too many females is reborn a scholar. A scholar, groaning under the weight of other people's thoughts — there is no fire in his soul; he is cold to the touch. You know, I was fortunate, I never went to school."

Sanki was silent for a moment, or rather, he hummed to himself. Then: "The terrible thing is that, having transmigrated, they have lost even the capacity for pestering females."

Usually my part in these conversations was simply mute admiration, but one day I said, "You know, you have a marvelous gift, why don't you make use of it? Why don't you write something really serious, something to drown the cackle of this modern poetry?"

"I am not a modest man, and I agree with whatever you say," he said. "And the fact is, I don't like modern poetry myself. It's so easily done. Write a page of prose, cut it down the middle, and you have two pages of poetry. Besides, it's so hard and fierce. I throw a handful of those lines into the hollow of my soul, and they fall like clattering marbles on a stone floor. They should burst like little bombs, but softly, filling your being with a glowing vapor. That is what poetry should do, that is its only purpose — filling the hollow in man. But, speaking seriously, I am contemplating a big poem. It will be my magnum opus. The subject will be, 'The Woman Who Was Twenty Months Pregnant.'" Then he carelessly went away, without even wishing me a good-by.

2

ONE day I was reading in the public library when I saw him come in. He stood in a corner with an undecided air, biting his nails. I went up to him. His face lit up when he saw me. "Ah, how lucky!" he said. "Look, you have to do some work for me."

"Work?" I said. "What is it?"

Sanki whispered like a conspirator. "I have solved the riddle of all history and civilization. What I need is a short historical survey of every country in the world and what its national animal is."

I looked puzzled.

"Yes, you'll have to do it," he said. "No hurry,

whenever you have the time. Let's go get a cup of tea, this place is horribly gloomy. It's more depressing than a cemetery. Souls of poets dead and gone, leather-bound and dusty souls. They should have destroyed their works before they died . . . Wait! is Hafiz in here?"

"Yes."

"Where?"

"Oh, over there somewhere." I waved vaguely.

"I shall break in tonight and get him out. Good Lord! the open-air drunkard of Shiraz must be gasping in this place."

Over tea, he told me of his discovery. "It is the destiny of every nation to strive to become its national animal. Now, take the case of India. National animal, the cow. Have you ever seen anything more philosophical and nonviolent? No, obviously not. The pursuit of our five thousand years of civilization has been nothing less than to become cows. Vedanta is the finest flower of our culture, and it is nothing but bovine contemplation. Take the Arabs. Their national animal is the camel. Have you heard the rich, throaty, bubbling cry of a camel? The Arabic language was born out of that. You don't dispute it, do you? Just listen to an Arab speak and you'll know how right I am. And the dream and ambition of every Arab has been to reach a perfection in language to match the camel. You must have heard of those incredible tales, how an average Arab can keep up a dialogue in verse for hours, how orators never repeat the same word for a whole year. The world has not known a people more language-proud than that. And what does it come to in the end? To be a camel, that's what."

I was dumfounded.

"Think of Greece," Sanki went on. "In their slave-ridden society, 'man' was the national animal, and wasn't the dream of their philosophy to perfect this animal?"

"What about England?" I said. "I think their national animal is the lion."

"What, the lion!" he cried in bewilderment. "How like the British! They never saw a lion till a few centuries back. You know, England is a tiny island with plenty of ocean around it. So their national animal should come from the sea — the dolphin, for instance . . . no, not the dolphin, the shark. Yes, it's the shark, and every Englishman knows it but won't confess it. How else can you explain England's great seafaring tradition, her imperialism and preying on others?"

"Tell me, what about America? They don't seem to have one."

"That's easy. The national animal of America is the machine; and people who have been there tell me that American civilization follows with ruthless persistence the course of making men into automatons. The movements of the machine have passed into the movements of men. You can see

the pistons move, the wheels go round. It's amazing, it's tragic, but there is no escape from destiny."

"And the lion?"

"Oh, yes. The lion is the international animal. Every civilization wants to become the lion in the end. That explains wars, and also why the English gave it British citizenship — those people have a knack of calling everything English that they like best."

He had been drinking tea and smoking all this while in nervous excitement, as if trying to find a kind of equilibrium. The amount of tea and tobacco he used to consume in those days astonished me. When he had finished talking, I said, "A fascinating idea, Sanki, but I'm afraid it won't stand the test of logic."

He flared up. "What do I care for logic? Logic is the biggest lie of all history! Bah! they should have put Aristotle to death for misleading the world with his syllogism, instead of that innocent prattler, Socrates. No man has climbed to a big thought on the ladder of logic. All two-legged animals are men. Abdul is a two-legged animal. Therefore Abdul is a man. How tragically pathetic! Even the village barber knows that Abdul is a man. Logic pretends to prove things which are obvious."

And then he left — abruptly, as was his habit.

3

I DID not see Sanki again for many months, but then one evening I caught sight of him in the pit of a cinema hall. He was holding an earthenware cup in each hand and sipping tea out of them in turn. He looked more shabby and disheveled than ever. After the film I caught up with him.

"You here?" I said, with evident surprise in my voice.

"Yes, I like this film. I have seen it seventy-three times. That surprise you?"

"Yes," I admitted, "it does."

"I thought it would. But has it ever occurred to you that the evening is a terrible time for a lonely and sensitive man? Up to thirty he can fool himself with silly entertainments — after that the game is up. The thought of my evenings makes me shudder; they wait for me like a dragon. I don't know what ugly face of my soul I see between six and ten. I don't understand it — I run like a hunted animal and usually I cannot escape. But whenever I do manage to find an escape, like this film, I cling hard to it, until that escape is no longer an escape."

We went into a tea shop and sat at a corner table. "It's a pity," he said meditatively, "no one has given any thought to this, no one has tried to find a remedy. There seems to be only one — drink. But I don't like it. Too fiery, and besides it gives me violent convulsions of the nerves

I am sure there must be some remedy, something soothing, something like soft mist to fill the chasm of the soul between six and ten."

We sat talking for a long time that night. Sanki was full of his loneliness and kept on complaining. "I wish I had a buffalo's hide and brains. The more you understand, the more miserable you are. I can feel my brain cells burning up, and sometimes the light hurts my eyes. And my most beautiful dreams, one by one they have burned to ash under my gaze, just because of the gaze. How I envy the stupid with half-shut eyes! And then this condemnation to eternal solitude, yes, so lonely and essentially separate. In my weariness I try to attach myself to people. I throw myself against the net of humanity and try to be caught in it like a flying-fox, but every time I fall to the ground. I carry the devil about in me. I seem to be in search of something, but I do not know what it is. It sounds so mad. It has ruined my life and the restlessness is killing me."

His eyes looked inexpressibly sad, and he was miles and miles inside himself. I suppose he did not even know that I was sitting there.

"I know I belong nowhere and to no one," he went on. "Even the wish for a collar and chain falls away, and again the mad quest. Last night I took a dangerous step forward. When I am at grips with higher things, thoughts lose their solidity and outline — they resemble vague forms moving in the minds of animals, like clouds at dusk; and then the roar of night. That is the end. In higher thought the will does not function at all, the cloud-forms come and go of their own will, and one is helpless like a sleeper struggling in his dream. Last night, it did not end in chaos. I managed an almost fatal step forward. I saw God! I walked off the edge of space and was face to face with eternity. It frightened me like a vast night. You know, God is a king cobra. I didn't see, but I heard him. Hiss, hiss — the black lightning of his

forked tongue. Terror held me motionless. And then the water lapped in the dark. I don't know which is God, the hissing cobra or the lapping water. Maybe both. But both are terrible. I woke up shaking with sobs. Then I lit the lamp and sat in a strange mood of sad exaltation. I could have explained to you what is good and what is evil. I had the secret in the palm of my hand. I could have pulled out the black thread that holds the beads of the stars together. But then dawn came, like a weeping woman, and I fell asleep with a cold ache in my shoulder blades."

Absently, he lit a cigarette, and both of us sat in silence. There was a hunted look in his eyes. We heard the familiar sounds of a restaurant closing for the night — chairs being piled on tables, a man cursing somewhere in the back. We rose and stepped out into the cool night. I said something, but he didn't hear me. Then I hailed a ricksha and offered to drop him at his place. He said, "No," and wandered off. He lived only for a year after that. He died at the age of thirty-one.

When I got the news of his death, I rushed to his room. He was lying in a corner, leaner than a ghost at cockcrow. He had a cruel grin on his face, and his very sharp features looked sharper than ever. The room was filthy — a few rags on the floor, a bed which apparently hadn't been slept in for a long time. A torn volume of the poems of Hafiz lay by the side of the corpse. On the floor were innumerable scraps of paper with verses scribbled on them, some partly burned and twisted. Some day, when I have money, I shall bring out a collection of my friend's poems. I put a copy of the poems of Hafiz in his grave, for, I thought, it would do his soul good; there was no one who loved and knew Hafiz better than he did.

The naked parrot lives with me now. Every evening it sets up a squawking, and I give it a pellet of opium which quiets it down. Then it sits in its corner, dreaming — I do not know what.

THE SPIRIT OF INDIA

And the Abiding Influence of Gandhi

by NAYANTARA SAHGAL

1

WHEN I was a child I often asked my parents, "When will India be free?" It was a question which worried me a great deal, for until my country was free, my parents, who were participants in Mahatma Gandhi's passive resistance movement against the British Government, would have to keep going to jail as frequently as Gandhi called upon them to do so. I was always given the cheerful and noncommittal reply that India would be free when those who fought for her freedom were worthy of it. My parents did not appear to be unduly concerned with the fruits of the struggle to which they had dedicated their lives.

As I grew up, the belief came more and more naturally to me that while the independence of India was the ultimate goal, it was infinitely more important in the immediate present that the men and women who strove for it should conduct themselves honorably, courteously, and with dignity. Unless the struggle itself was an honorable one, free from the poison of bitterness and hatred toward the opponent, independence, when it came, would be a mockery. Gandhi called his movement "satyagraha," the fight for truth. Its very name implied its moral character, and a high moral caliber was expected of those who chose to participate in it. They may often have fallen short of the standard expected of them, but before them there

always lay Gandhi's own unwavering example.

Gandhi believed that violence, falsehood, and fear were enemies of the truth. Satyagraha required different weapons, those of nonviolence, calm thinking, and quiet courage. It required another essential weapon, a word which Gandhi used unashamedly. Jesus Christ had used it freely long before him, but not many men had used it since Christ. It was love. Love when applied to politics had a strangely incongruous sound, but "Love thine enemy" was as vital a command of Gandhi's as it had been of Christ's.

I watched my parents and thousands of others like them voluntarily risk arrest and endure long prison sentences over and over again in the cause of Gandhi's peaceful revolution. Theirs was the spirit of willing self-sacrifice and self-imposed discipline which pervaded the India of my childhood. It became a part of my life and my outlook since my family was so closely associated with Gandhi, but it also influenced the lives of many million other Indians. It is necessary to understand that spirit to understand India, for it is not just a recent or a passing phase in her make-up. It is the connecting thread through all her history, and the foundation of all her religions and philosophies. It is the key to Indian character, just as one might say that a respect for parliamentary institutions is the key to British character, and the belief in individuality the key to American. It is important to remember that spirit in order, also, to understand the India which joined the ranks of the independent nations in August, 1947, to appreciate her outlook since that time, and to realize why she repeats with a passionate, almost monotonous insistence that she stands for a peaceful and ethical approach to the world's problems.

NAYANTARA SAHGAL was born in Allahabad in 1927, the daughter of Madame Vijaya Lakshmi Pandit. She received her early schooling in India but came here to college at Wellesley where she majored in history. Later she spent six months in Moscow when her mother was Ambassador to Russia. She now lives in Bombay, with her husband, a businessman, and their two small children.

The conception of achievement through renunciation is an ancient one, and not confined to Indian thought, but it was in India and through Gandhi that its efficacy in politics was demonstrated. It was Gandhi who showed that in an age of atom bombs, and wars to end wars, an age when violence was on the march on a scale unprecedented in human history, nonviolence could still solve a country's problems. More than this, he showed that it was the only ethical way of solving them, for no other approach could yield worthwhile results. How else but through nonviolence could such a firm bond of co-operation have sprung into existence between imperial Britain and an India newly emerged from two hundred years of slavery? Independent India seems almost to have forgotten that Britain ever ruled her. She chose to retain a British Governor-General during her first year of freedom, and to remain within the British Commonwealth of Nations. This would never have been possible if her freedom had been founded on violent warfare.

In an era of democracy and growing individualism Gandhi gave a new meaning to individualism. To him politics was a meaningless word. It was the individuals in politics who mattered. Independence was similarly meaningless. It was those who sought it who counted. India was for him every individual Indian, and therefore the country was no better and no worse than its citizens. Guided by him, politics in India became inseparable from ethics, and for him, the destiny of the nation itself came to depend upon the conduct of each person in it. One cannot find a parallel to this conception in the sphere of politics, because politics the world over tends to be interpreted in Machiavellian terms, and has come to be synonymous with expediency and diplomatic strategy. But one can, I think, find parallels in all great art, in every work of genius which interprets the larger realities in terms of the simple, everyday, seemingly trivial things. Gandhi understood politics in the same way that Rembrandt understood painting, and Tolstoy the art of writing. For him the individual was a microcosm of the nation, and all the nation's strength and weakness, hope and despair were concentrated in him, just as every compassionately conceived portrait of Rembrandt and character of Tolstoy is a microcosm of all humanity, reflecting within itself a wealth of human emotion and experience.

2

IF A country's past gives any indication of her future tendencies, then India's past can only indicate that her particular contribution to the world will lie in her meditative approach. It is a talent handed down to her through the centuries, for many of her outstanding heroes have been men

of peace. Not every celebrated Indian has been a philosopher, any more than every great German has been a composer, or every great Italian an artist. But Indians have always admired the quality of meditation and the ability to hold oneself aloof from material bonds, and have considered great those who possessed these faculties.

Some of India's most illustrious sons were men who, though born to great power and authority, remained unimpressed by it, and turned to philosophical matters. The *Ramayana*, an epic of ancient India, has for its hero Rama, the young prince who at his mother's bidding unhesitatingly gave up the throne to which he was rightful heir in favor of his younger brother, and spent fourteen years of difficult exile in the jungle. The *Mahabharata*, another ancient epic, presents the remarkable scene on the eve of a great battle, when the warrior Arjuna, troubled by the thought of the coming destruction, engages in a metaphysical discussion with Krishna on the purpose of war and the meaning of life. The *Bhagavad Gita*, as this famous dialogue is entitled, forms the basis of a great deal of Indian thought. Siddhartha, a prince of the fifth century B.C., like Rama, gave up his throne to lead a life of renunciation in quest of a solution to human suffering, and in so doing to become the Buddha. Asoka, a military-minded monarch, became suddenly aware of the horror and cruelty of war and remorseful of his own share in its ugliness. At the peak of his glory as a conqueror, he turned away from bloodshed, and becoming a Buddhist, pledged himself to the cause of peace. In the sixteenth century the emperor Akbar ignored the affairs of his empire to build a city, Fatehpur Sikri, where men of all religions could meet and discuss their faiths, so that he might listen and benefit by their wisdom. Gandhi was the most recent of the great, and like his predecessors he renounced all worldly possessions to live like the lowliest Indian in his search for the right path to independence.

This was the broad general outlook which colored India's view of the world on the achievement of her independence. She could be sure of her values because she had tested them over and over again at various stages of her development. Time and trial had matured them. But seen from another angle, I think her outlook on the world was still young and unformed. Up to 1947 she had actually had no "world outlook" at all. The history of her political relations with other countries was practically nonexistent. Through all the centuries of her life, she had usually lived at peace with her neighbors, and her only relationship with them had been one involving an exchange of culture through pilgrims and peaceful delegations. It is true that invaders had come to India and effected conquests, but they had been absorbed by her and had become Indians.

In modern times India's policies toward other countries had been dictated by Britain, so they were not her own. For all practical purposes India came face to face with the community of nations for the first time in 1947. The Indian outlook was, therefore, a curious blend of old and young: old because of the oft-tried values which were to direct her, and young because she was unhampered by any background of conflict or any inherited legacy of behavior. Hers was the unique and happy position of launching into international affairs with a blank slate, of regarding the whole world with friendship, and announcing that her own moral sense and no other consideration would be her future guide in matters of policy.

I do not know how such an announcement affects a world grown old in sophistication and political experience. Does it sound pretentious or appallingly naïve? If so, it can only mean that the world, though wise and aged, has forgotten the art of simple, clear thinking. Accustomed to cleverness, it is baffled by plain speaking. To an Indian, brought up as I have been in the shadow of India's national movement, yet educated in British and American schools — with a view, so to speak, of both worlds — it sounds like the most natural and logical position. As long as moral and ethical values are of significance in the life of an individual, they must surely be of even greater significance in the life of a nation, for so much more is at stake. It is as simple as that. There is no sphere of man's activity where ethics should not be his guide.

I do not believe that this declaration of India's is backed by any portentous sense of mission. In a world of conflicting ideologies and proselytizing faiths she is content to pursue her path of tolerance. Her soil has given sanctuary to many religions and ideologies, and a habit of such long standing is not easily broken. Rather, I feel that she, like every country, has her own distinct contribution to make to the family of nations. In her case that contribution is the contemplative spirit which is her heritage. It can be found in her refusal to be hustled into making decisions, and her faith in the efficacy and rightness of peaceful methods to achieve ends. Blending with this spirit and giving it vigor and clarity in the modern context is her unbiased view of a world with which she has hitherto had little direct contact. Then in addition, placed as she is on the map, she is equipped geographically, if for no other reason, to serve as a bridge between East and West. And bridges of any sort are indispensable links in these times when peace depends on mutual understanding.

Understanding is often difficult, even among friends, when they hail from vastly different backgrounds, and have been bred in different environments. This is true of Asia and the West. Apart from the fundamental difference in their approach to living — that is, the contemplative as opposed

to the practical — even their everyday problems have little in common. Asia, recently awakened to a highly industrialized world climate, finds herself far behind her Western neighbors in many important respects. Her immediate and urgent problems are of survival. She is concerned with food, housing, health, and education for her people. Any other goal she may entertain is incidental. She has come of age, but it is a solemn coming of age, heavy with the burden of pressing responsibilities. And that is not all. While coping with these trials, she must also pull her weight along with the politically mature and highly industrialized nations, and adjust herself to the international scene.

The Western world, on the other hand, has long since learned to cope with the basic problems of survival, and has turned its attention to other matters. Accustomed to a state of affairs when power was neatly apportioned among the countries of its hemisphere, and effectively controlled by them, it must now witness the stirring of a sleeping giant, and the resulting disturbance in that carefully contrived, centuries-old balance of power. It is natural for the West to be disquieted by the sudden change. It is inevitable that it should demand where the countries of Asia stand in the scheme of things, and what shape their policies will take. But it is just as natural for Asia to be unable to give a cut-and-dried reply — partly because she is, first and foremost, engaged in improving the lot of her own people, and partly because, as in the case of India, she can guarantee only her own ethical conduct and nothing else. Can one control the actions of other countries, or foretell what will be one's exact position in the face of some unknown contingency surrounded by a series of unpredictable circumstances? At best one can only give the assurance that whatever may happen, one's own attitude will always be based upon moral dictates, and each issue judged only by this yardstick.

3

WHEN a European or an American friend asks me, "Where does your country stand?" I can only reply, "Just where your country stood at the dawn of her nationhood, with perhaps many similar problems." I would say to America, for example, "In 1776 you became a sovereign, independent nation. Yet it was 1917, and three-quarters of a war involving the entire world was over, before you allowed yourself to be drawn into it. Up to that time you were occupied in consolidating your frontiers and your independence. Are you not better equipped than any country to understand India's position?"

India, with her reverence for her own traditions and culture, has at the same time a tremendous

admiration for the scientific acumen of the Western nations. She sends her young people abroad to study medicine, science, and technology. She employs foreign experts and seeks foreign advice for her irrigation and other large-scale projects. She invites foreign investment and welcomes foreign aid. The self-sufficient attitude is not hers. She is an active member of the United Nations, and her helping hand has been outstretched wherever it could be of service. Her "good neighbor" policy extends around the globe, for in this atomic age every country is a neighbor.

But the spirit of satyagraha which accomplished a unique revolution is a justly proud spirit. It seeks friendship rather than favor, it wishes to learn but not to imitate; it will take advice but not dictation. It will continue to work out its salvation in its own serene way, and by its example, perhaps, accomplish an even greater revolution — that of making nonviolence as real and workable a creed on the international plane as it has proved in India's national life. Only if this comes to pass, will the world have taken its first step toward making peace an abiding reality.

O BUSINESS WORLD!

by Amiya Chakravarty

The list is prepared:
The list of the things no one can take away —
Not even from a banished clerk.

Ordinary life in this great house: the Earth —
In which I have my portion, my own corner;
And while I live, to lift my eyes to the dawn;
When cool winds blow, to feel them on my cheek;
Cold water in pitchers, music, an eye for books,
And rain, the sudden shower that cools hot noon;
My love for my own dear ones;
And my hope, shot through with memories, to go back to Bengal.

O business world! Drive me away you may
But in my heart I hold
The immemorial joy of former lives,
Linked with the shade of ancient trees,
The courtyard tulsi flowers, the ruined temple by the river
And the bliss of speaking my own tongue;
The sight from my third-class seat in the train
Of the granary filled with grain; the banana grove,
And the path to the grass-thatched hut;
The cloudy sky, the rail-side ponds and the green hyacinths.
The waters of the Ganges at the flood; the neem-tree-shaded avenue . . .
But these, alas, are visions of my way back home by train.

O gracious woodland,
Silent witness of centuries,
Beautiful with the imprint of the mind,
To you I say:
This banishment itself
Has brought the very joy of being alive
Closer than ever.

Translated from the Bengali

A GLOSSARY OF INDIAN WORDS

abhinaya: technique of facial expression in dance.
angrezi: something British; from *angrez*: Englishman.
anna: Indian coin, worth about one cent; see *rupee*.
ashram: community of devotees withdrawn from active life for contemplation or study.
azaan: Muslim call to prayer.
Begam: title for any Muslim lady of rank.
Bhagavad Gita: most famous section of the *Mahabharata* epic; dialogue between Krishna and Arjuna.
bol: rhythmic sequence used in Kathak dancing.
Brahma: Hindu deity; the creative power in the Brahminic trinity; the universal divine spirit.
Brahmin: member of the highest or priestly Hindu caste.
chakra: symbolic "wheel of law" in the Indian flag.
chakora: species of bird like a partridge.
chaprasi: office boy or messenger.
dhoti: Hindu male garment, like a tucked-up skirt.
Dhum! Qalandar: roughly, "alms to the holy!"
Dravidian: ancient races of southern India.
Durga: Hindu deity; goddess of Death; *Durga-puja*: nine-day festival in Bengal in early October.
ekka: one-horse carriage.
Farangi: foreigner.
Gautama: one of the names of Buddha.
ghazal: metrical form in poetry; of Persian origin.
godown: small shed used for storage.
Gopi: one of the legendary milkmaids of Brindavan who loved the god Gopala Krishna.
Govinda: another of the names of the god Krishna.
gram: pulse; seed of plants such as chick-pea.
Gupta: North Indian dynasty; see Chronology.
Hari: one of the names of the god Vishnu.
hookah: water-cooled pipe.
jagirdar: one who holds a jagir — the right to collect revenue in a district; hence, a landowner.
Jainism: sect of Hinduism; Jains believe all forms of life are sacred.
khaddar: homespun cotton cloth.
korakora: Manipuri term for a white man.
kotha: upper-story house.
Krishna: Hindu deity; the eighth reincarnation of Vishnu; the cowherd god; see *Bhagavad Gita*.
Kwaja: Muslim title of respect; a learned man.
maibi: Manipuri female ceremonial dance leader.
mandal: pavilion for ceremonies or religious dancing.
Memsahib: title of respect for ladies.
Mir: Muslim title: member of the landowning classes.
Mogul: dynasty of Muslim emperors; see Chronology.
mohallah: locality or part of a town.
mudras: language of the hands in dance and art.
mushaira: gathering of poets reciting their work.
Muslim: follower of Islam; Mohammedan; Mussulman.
nattwanar: scholar or director of dance.
paan: green leaf in which betel nut and like astringents are wrapped for after-meal chewing.
pandit: learned man; Brahmin scholar.
panek: sarong-like garment worn by Manipuri women.
pariah: member of a low caste in South India; outcast.
Parvati: Hindu deity; consort of Siva.
pice: very small Indian coin; see *rupee*.
Radha: Hindu deity; consort of Krishna.
raga: a mode in Indian music.
Rama: Hindu mythological figure; hero of the *Ramayana* epic; an incarnation of Vishnu.
rani: Hindu queen or princess; rajah's wife.

rebab: two-stringed musical instrument.

rupee: basic Indian monetary unit; worth about 21 cents;

1 rupee = 16 annas, 1 anna = 4 pice or 12 pies.

sadhu: Hindu ascetic or holy man.

sahukar: rich man who lends his money at interest.

Sanchi: chief Indian Buddhist shrine; in Bhopal State.

sanyasin: Hindu monk.

sari: garment usually worn by Indian women; a long cloth draped around the body to form a dress.

satyagraha: Gandhi's principle of civil disobedience and nonviolence; literally, "holding on to truth."

shabash: "Bravo!"; "Well done!"

sherwani: long straight coat, usually black, with high collar and row of buttons down the front.

Siddhartha: one of the names of Buddha.

Sikh: member of a sect of Hinduism; Sikhs are famous as soldiers, let their beards grow and wear turbans.

Siva: Hindu deity; the "destroyer" in the Brahminic trinity, but, in other aspects, a creative force.

stupa: Buddhist mound containing sacred relics.

subedar: army non-com; hence, any deputy official.

Sudras: lowest caste in Hindu society; menials.

suttee: cremation of Hindu widows in ancient times.

Swami: title of respect for a Vedanta monk or teacher.

tala: rhythm in Indian music.

uchkin: see *sherwani*; same type of garment.

Vedas: ancient sacred scriptures of Hinduism.

Vedanta: one system of orthodox Hindu philosophy.

Vishnu: Hindu deity; the "preserver."

yogi: one who practices yoga: exercises and contemplation to unite the soul with God.

A CHRONOLOGY OF INDIAN HISTORY

(These dates have been compressed or approximated to give a perspective of Indian history in brief space.)

Stone Age relics indicate numerous prehistoric peoples in India, ancestors of Dravidians, the southern races.

2500 B.C.: In north, highest point of Indus civilization, rivaling Egypt and Mesopotamia in culture.

2400-1500: Mass invasions by Indo-Aryan peoples from north and west. Invaders did not penetrate Dravidians in south, but their religion, Hinduism, did.

1200-500: Vedic period, so called from the Vedas, scriptures of Hinduism written in archaic Sanskrit.

500-A.D. 800: Buddhist Period. Lifetime of Siddhartha Gautama, first Buddha, was 563-483. Emperor Asoka (Gupta dynasty) spread Buddhism in north around 250, but it never displaced Hinduism. Two religions co-existed until about A.D. 800, when Hinduism took over almost completely. Buddhism spread eastward to become religion of China.

522 B.C.: Darius I made Indus region a Persian satrapy. In 326 Alexander the Great invaded Punjab and Sind. Much early sea trade between India and the Mediterranean reflected in exchange of cultural influences.

600-200: Hindu culture: Sanskrit epic poems *Mahabharata* and *Ramayana* brought to final form; Buddhist culture: great art of Gandhara.

320 B.C.-A.D. 535: Unification of northern India under Gupta dynasty. Guptas had periods of eclipse to others and had to absorb invasions of Syrians, Scythians, and other tribes, while Andhras were ruling south, but reached high cultural peak in Gupta Age (A.D. 320-480). Invading Huns from north destroyed Gupta power and were in turn absorbed by those they had conquered.

500-1000: Long period of continuous conflict among many principalities. Occasionally a strong ruler, like Harsha in north, or the Pallavas in south, would carve out an empire, only for it to be lost by weaker descendants.

1000-1500: Muslim period. Within a century after death of Mohammed in 632 his followers began raiding borders of India, but it was not until about 1200 that Delhi fell and a Muslim became Sultan of India. Timur of Samarkand invaded in 1398, Babur of Kabul in 1525, establishing Mogul empire, which produced, under "Great Moguls," Akbar, Jahangir, Shah Jehan (built Taj Mahal, 1653) and Aurangzeb, a strong social system based on Islam and a high culture, remarkable for architecture. Hindu religion almost suppressed in north, but in south kingdom of Vijayanagar resisted Islam.

1498-1785: Period of European trade rivalries. Vasco da Gama landed in Malabar in 1498. For a century Portuguese dominated Oriental trade, establishing posts at Cochin and Goa. Dutch were next to develop trade with India, but were in turn pushed out by British.

1603: Sir John Mildenhall, emissary of Queen Elizabeth, secured trading rights for East India Company from Emperor Akbar. British took over at Madras in 1639, Bombay in 1661, Calcutta in 1690.

1674: Beginning with a post at Pondichéry, French became very strong in India, at one time almost driving British out. European factors intrigued with and exploited native rulers outside Mogul orbit. Robert Clive finally outmaneuvered French; battle of Plassey, 1757.

1785-1886: Period of British Empire. Gradual transition from private trading operations backed up by government forces to outright absorption into Empire. Warren Hastings, first Governor-general in 1785, defeated the Mahratta princes. Lord Cornwallis organized system for extracting revenue from India and set up courts based on British law. Successive Governors, by arms or intrigue, extended British power to borders of Afghanistan and into Burma. Following Sepoy Mutiny in 1857, East India Company was disestablished. Queen Victoria proclaimed Empress of India in 1877.

1886-1947: Period of struggle for independence. First National Congress, led by Surendranath Banerji, was beginning of overt nationalist movement among Indians.

1909: Indian Councils Act. British granted greater authority to native legislative councils, and an Indian was appointed to Viceroy's council. In World War I 1,400,000 Indians volunteered for the British army.

1917-1935: Gandhi's policy of civil disobedience made him leader of independence movement. Arrested in 1930. In 1935 British Parliament approved a new constitution.

1936-1947: Mohammed Ali Jinnah revived Muslim League to support Muslim claims against Hindu majority in National Congress.

1939-1945: World War II. Unrest in India. Gandhi, Nehru, and 60,000 others arrested. "Wavell Plan" a failure. Conservatives in England unwilling to yield.

1946: Socialist government reconciled England to giving India freedom. Cripps Mission. Nehru made Vice-president to Viceroy. Muslims demanded separate state.

1947: British Parliament passed Independence Bill, establishing two states by partition: India and Pakistan.

1948: Gandhi assassinated by fanatical orthodox Hindu outraged by his concessions to Muslims.

1949: Indian Constituent Assembly approved new constitution, containing world's most elaborate declaration on human rights, and established a federal republic.

BIOGRAPHICAL NOTES ON THE POETS

BUDDHADEVA ~~Dose~~ was born in 1908 in Bengal, where, as Editor of the Calcutta magazine *Kavita*, he has been a leader of the modern literary movement. He will be an exchange lecturer at the Pennsylvania College for Women in Pittsburgh this winter.

AMIYA CHAKRAVARTY, Bengali poet and scholar, knew well both of the great figures of modern Indian poetry: Rabindranath Tagore and Mohammed Iqbal. He will be teaching this year at Boston University and has also taught at the Universities of Kansas and Michigan.

MARY ERULKAR was born in Bombay, took a law degree at the University of London, and is now on the staff of the U.N. International Labor Office at Geneva.

SHABBIR HASAN KHAN JOSH was born in 1896 and is one of the outstanding contemporary poets writing in Urdu.

HUMAYUN KABIR was born in 1906 and educated at Calcutta and Oxford Universities. A professor and a novelist (*Men and Rivers*), he was active in India's struggle for freedom as an organizer of student and peasant movements. He is now Joint Secretary of the Ministry of Education in New Delhi.

P. LAL was born in the Punjab in 1930, educated in a Belgian Jesuit school, and now lives in Calcutta.

B. RAJAN is a Fellow of Trinity College, Cambridge. He is a Milton scholar and has edited a series of distinguished anthologies entitled *Focus*.

SRINIVAS RAYAPROL, who lives in Secunderabad in Hyderabad State, is the son of Rayaprolu Subbarao, one of the leading modern poets in the Telugu language. He studied here at Stanford University and writes in English as well as Telugu.

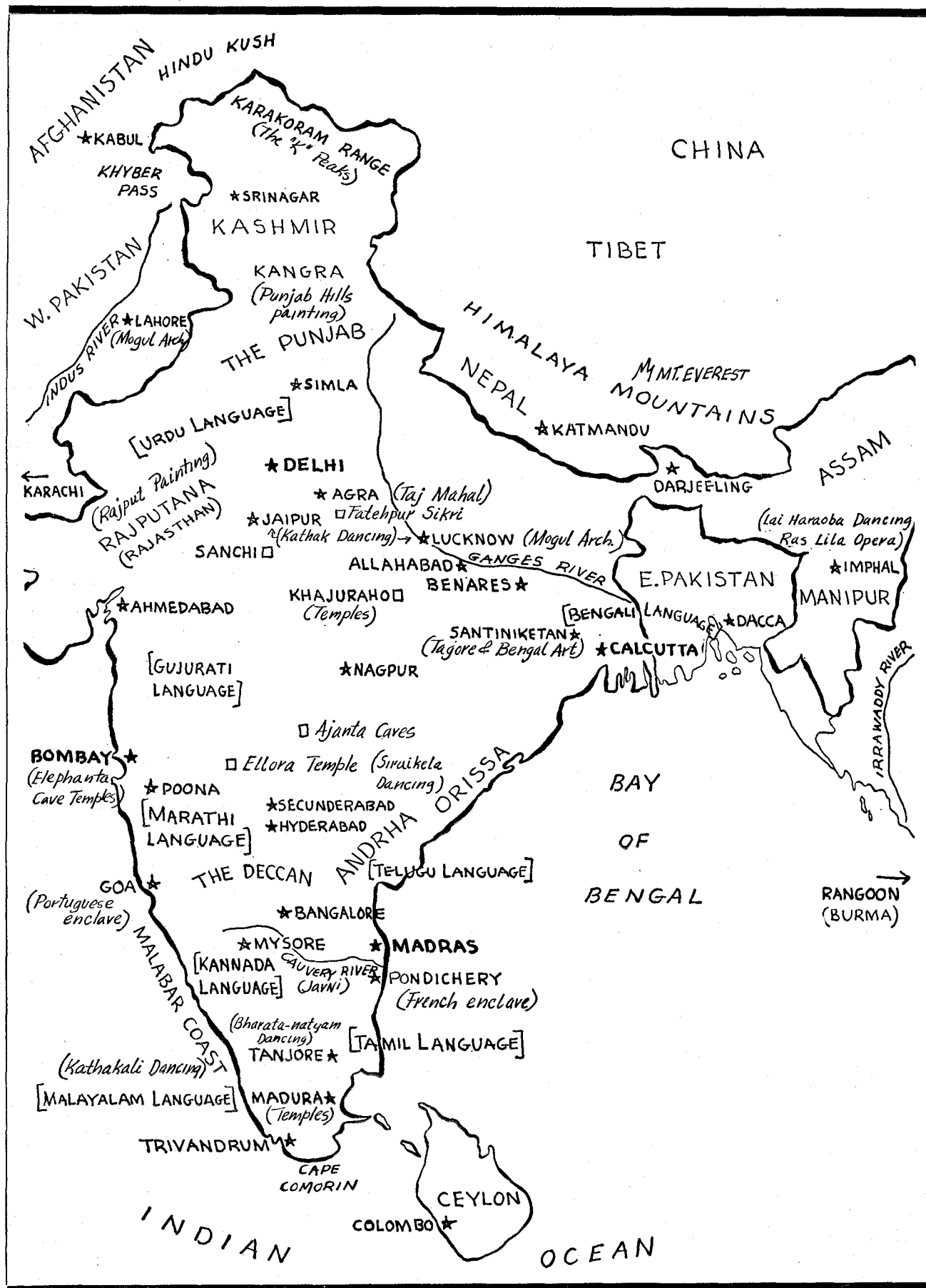
P. S. REGE, born in 1910, is a Professor at Sydenham College of Commerce in Bombay. He has published four volumes of poetry in the Marathi language and his work has been influenced by Chinese and French poetry. He was educated in Bombay and London.

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

The Publisher wishes to acknowledge with thanks the co-operation of the following editors and publishers who have granted permission to reprint here material originally published by them: D. M. Majumdar, Fredoon Kabraji, Debiprasad Chatterjee, Martin Kirkman, Jonathan Cape, The Oxford University Press, The Hogarth Press, New India Publishing Co. Ltd., The Signet Press, *The Visva-Bharati Quarterly*, *Asia*, *Poetry* and *The Kenyon Review*. The Publisher wishes also to express his thanks to the many Indian friends who contributed so generously of their knowledge and counsel. Without their help it would never have been possible to assemble this collection.

INDIAN FILMS AND RECORDINGS

A number of films on Indian cultural subjects are available for loan or rental from firms or agencies in the United States, and recordings of Indian music are also obtainable here. A list is available on request from Intercultural Publications, Inc., 655 Madison Ave., New York City 21.





"They're Changing the Guard at Buckingham Palace"

You actually revisit your childhood when you visit Britain. Once again you're standing at the Palace gates with Christopher Robin and Alice. "A soldier's life is terrible hard, said Alice." Then, hearing the bells of London Town, you fondly remember another nursery rhyme—"Oranges and lemons, say the bells of St. Clement's." Seeing the Lord Mayor's golden coach roll by, you wonder if Dick Whittington and his cat might be inside. Instead of riding a cock-horse to Banbury Cross, you settle for a cocky little British sportscar (rented for \$5 a day). Then on to Hilltop Farm in the Lake District where Peter Rabbit was born—or to Nottingham and

Sherwood Forest. By now you've graduated from the nursery to more rugged adventures. Perhaps you're at the edge of misty, moody Dartmoor—listening with Sherlock Holmes for the baying Hound of the Baskervilles, or in Kent, shivering in your boots with Pip of Great Expectations. Or you're dining at "The Spaniards" at Hampstead Heath, where the Highwayman came riding . . . riding up to the old inn door. King Arthur, Ivanhoe, Lochinvar, Robert the Bruce—all your boyhood heroes welcome you to Britain. So do the friendly people of England, Scotland, Wales and Northern Ireland. So see your Travel Agent soon and come to Britain.

For further information and free literature, see your Travel Agent or write British Travel Association, Box 7E, 336 Madison Ave., New York 17, N. Y.



TRAPSHOOTING—WITH THE BRILLIANT CARIBBEAN AS A BACKDROP

Really relax **on a GRACE LINE CRUISE** to the **CARIBBEAN and SOUTH AMERICA**

The "Santa Rosa" and "Santa Paula," especially designed for tropical cruising, provide every comfort and luxury: large, outdoor tiled swimming pools; light, airy dining rooms on top decks; excellent cuisine; gracious public rooms; beauty salons; sun decks; attractive cocktail lounges; dance orchestras; shipboard entertainment and interesting trips ashore. Every room is outside, each with private bath.

*Twelve Day Cruises from New York every Friday.
Also 16-18 Day Cruises every Friday from New York on cargo-passenger "Santas." See your travel agent or*

GRACE LINE

10 Hanover Sq., New York, Agents and offices in all principal cities.

